WEEK ENDING DEC. 10, 1927

5c

Liberty

A ... for Ev... ly

The Conqueror

In this Issue **FIT, FAT *and* FIFTY** *by* **REX BEACH**
also Stories by **ACHMED ABDULLAH** *and* **VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE**

Lifetime pen, $8.75

Radite pencil, $3.25

Lifetime pen, $8.75

Titan pencil, $4.25

Jade is Sheaffer color

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The ideal gift is a jade pen with the little white dot

The world has acquired the fountain pen habit. Every year *millions more* people are using them, in large measure due to the dependability and beauty of the Lifetime° pen. Always it is an infallible writing instrument, made of brilliant, staunch radite, capable of making three clear carbon copies. An aristocratic pocket decoration! And it is unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime. It ought to solve cleverly many of your Christmas gift perplexities.

At better dealers everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain Pen Set, $11

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Even when women confide intimately in one another

—complete and exact knowledge may be lacking

THERE is a natural bond of womanhood which leads to certain confidences, but it should be remembered that wrong information may be worse than no information at all.

Ask your physician for enlightenment concerning the practice of feminine hygiene. His judgment is based on years of training and observation. Ask especially concerning the effects of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Every physician and every trained nurse, in the course of professional work, comes in contact with cases of hardened and deadened membranes and areas of scar-tissue. These injuries are invariably traced to the continued use of caustic and poisonous compounds—the antiseptics that *seem* so safe but that actually cause untold harm.

Zonite the new way in feminine hygiene

Countless women, in their search for hygienic cleanliness, have undergone risks which they scarcely realized. This is especially regrettable when it is understood that such risks are entirely unnecessary.

During the World War a great antiseptic was discovered. In strength it was comparable with the old poisonous preparations. But in harmlessness to human beings it stands by itself. It is absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic. It will leave no scar on the most delicate membranes. This product is called Zonite, and it can be obtained in practically every drug store.

Zonite can be used confidently; that is another important thing. The bottle can be left around the house without fear of the terrible tragedy of accidental poisoning. The green-and-black Zonite bottle is a source of abiding comfort to every mother of little children.

Strength of Zonite compared with carbolic acid

Zonite, despite its non-poisonous nature, is an extremely powerful germicide. It actually *kills* the germs. In fact it is *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied safely to the tissues of the body.

When it comes to comparing Zonite with other non-poisonous antiseptics, there is really no comparison. For instance, it is *more than forty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. No wonder, then, that both physicians and women everywhere have welcomed Zonite as the solution of the problem of feminine hygiene. It is an antiseptic with the wholesomeness of an ocean breeze. There is nothing sinister in its presence in the home. Always it speaks of safe, efficient antiseptic protection.

In bottles — *30c, 60c and $1*

Free booklet prepared for women especially

Zonite can now be obtained anywhere, even in the smallest town which has a drug store. You will find full directions accompanying every bottle. But if you want a copy of the special booklet devoted entirely to the subject of feminine hygiene, sign and send us the coupon below.

This booklet is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" because it presents the truths that modern science has brought to light. It is concise, authentic and attractive.

Every self-respecting woman ought to have a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is a booklet every mother will want her daughter to read. Anyone, in fact, who should understand this important, intimate matter. Send today, using the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 10-M.
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

(Please print name)

Name _____

Address _____

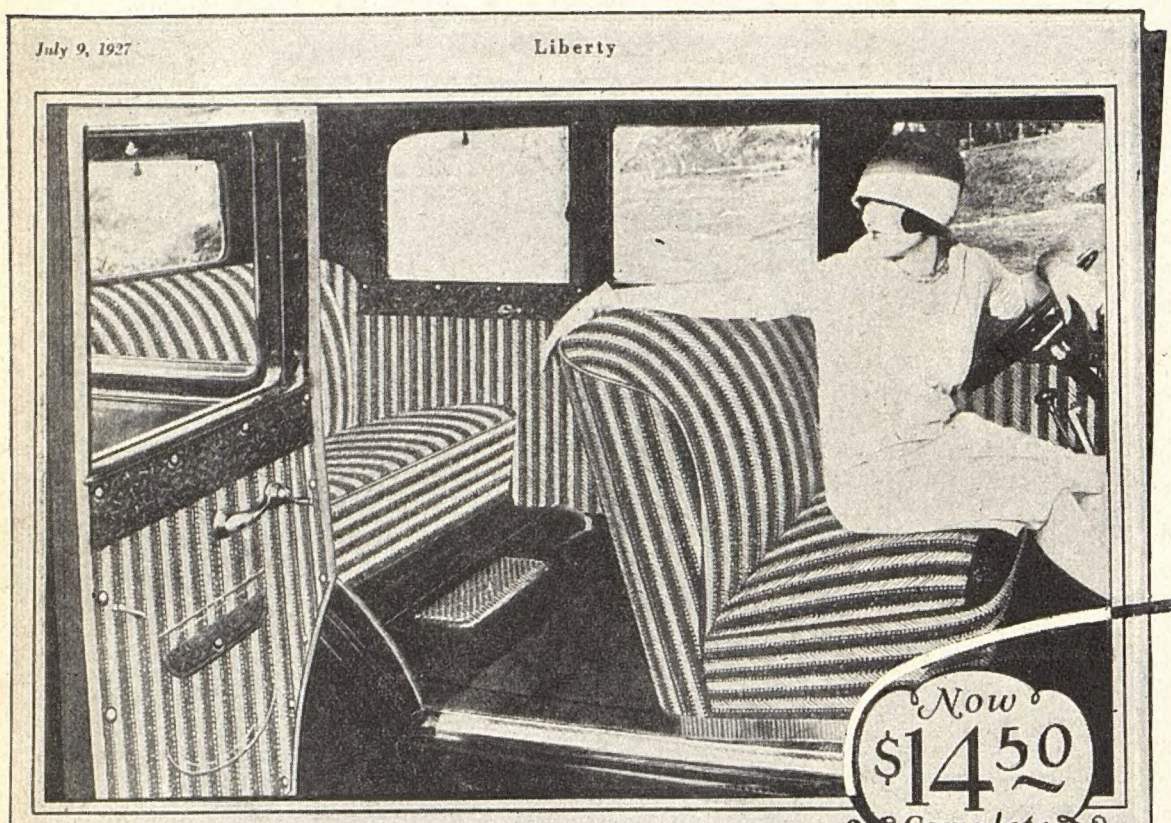
City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

Special Offering of the Famous Nationally Advertised

FANDANGO

AUTO SEAT SLIP COVERS



at Reduced Prices

$9.95 Complete

Protect and Beautify Your Car

Over 300,000 Fandango Auto Seat Slip Covers have been sold. As an inducement to have you try these famous slip covers, during this sale we are offering them at only $9.95—a tremendous saving.

Remember

FANDANGO Seat Covers contain ten pieces, for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back of the front seat is covered completely down to the floor.

FANDANGO Seat Covers are easily attached with patented snap-pin fasteners. No sewing required. Illustrated directions for attaching in each package.

Beauty

The handsome striped seat cover materials and the genuine Spanish leatherette trims greatly beautify the interior of the car.

Higher Resale Value

The condition of the interior of a car greatly affects its resale value. Famous FANDANGO Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean and attractive.

Protection

Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet and road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with FANDANGO Seat Covers.

SEND NO MONEY

If your dealer cannot supply you with New Fandango Auto Seat Covers, fill out and mail coupon to us direct.

FANDANGO Seat Covers leave the upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.

Only FANDANGO Seat Covers have the new fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers

Protect and Beautify Your Car

SUMMER with its ... protection to the ... your automobile is ... for two or three years. ... completely cover up ... tection. In addition, ... prolong the life of ...

Four Vi...

Only FANDANGOS ... *Only* FANDANGOS ... tacking or sewing. ... stery and interior ... FANDANGOS have the ... features insure perfe...

Perfect ...

FANDANGO AUTO ... the original upholst... every car to insure ...

DURANT MOTO...

FA...

AUTO...

For 4 or 5 passenger

SEDANS	COACHES
COUPES	BROUGHAMS

1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928 Models

AUBURN	JEWETT	MAXWELL
BUICK	HUDSON	OAKLAND
CADILLAC	PACKARD	OLDSMOBILE
CHANDLER	PAIGE	OVERLAND
CHEVROLET	HUPMOBILE	PONTIAC
CLEVELAND	LA SALLE	REO
CHRYSLER	NASH	STAR
DODGE	AJAX	STUDEBAKER
ESSEX	LITTLE MARMON 8	WHIPPET
FLINT	LOCOMOBILE JR. 8	WILLYS-KNIGHT

7 passenger Car, $13.95

FORDS

Models from 1917 to 1927

All models Coupes and Roadsters . . $4.95

Tudors, Sedans, Touring Cars . . . 7.95

FANDANGO PRODUCTS, INC.
200 Sixth Avenue, Dept. A, New York

Please send me one complete set of Fandango Auto Seat Covers. I will examine them and pay expressman upon delivery if satisfactory. Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

☐ Master	☐ 4 Cylinders	☐ 4 Passenger	☐ Brougham
☐ Standard	☐ 6 Cylinders	☐ 5 Passenger	☐ Sedan
☐ Special	☐ 8 Cylinders	☐ 7 Passenger	☐ Blue leatherette trim
☐ Light	☐ 2 Door	☐ Coupe	☐ Grey leatherette trim
☐ Advanced	☐ 4 Door	☐ Coach	

Your Name .....

Address .....

Name of Car .....

Model ..... *Year* .....

FANDANGO PRODUCTS, INC.

200 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

DEC. 10, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4
No. 32

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

INHERITANCE TAXES

A considerable drive has been under way of late to abolish the Federal estate tax.

The idea is to keep Washington from exercising this taxing power and let the several States attend to it according to their several notions of what is the right thing.

This would avoid the present duplication of taxes on inheritances. It would mean that the residents of each State could decide, if they liked, that their inheritances should not be taxed at all.

They could emulate Florida and the one or two other States which have no inheritance taxes. Florida prohibited such levies by constitutional amendment in 1924. Since then, it is said, many millionaires have found it an extraordinarily attractive place in which to live. But their estates still have to pay a tax to the Federal government.

As for the duplication of inheritance taxes, this is partially avoided under the present Federal law by the 80-per-cent remission which it provides.

Florida has no tax. Here Washington takes the full amount authorized by the Federal law.

But in New York and Illinois, where there are big State taxes, the government remits whatever amount is paid to the State up to 80 per cent of the Federal tax. In other words, it says: "If you have paid something to your State, we will deduct that from our bill; but we will not deduct more than 80 per cent."

We believe some such compensatory arrangement is proper. Otherwise States like Florida will throw the whole thing out of balance.

But, when you come right down to brass tax (if you will pardon the spelling), what is more equitable than an inheritance tax? No tax is pleasant, but governments must have money.

It costs something more than three billion dollars a year to administer our Federal affairs.

We have voluntarily cut off the huge revenue of a billion or more a year that might have come from light wines and beer. We may change on that some day, but not soon.

We get a good deal from legitimate, time-honored tariffs.

Then we also have a lot of nuisance taxes. We tax automobiles and theater tickets and what not. Why we should tax everyone who buys an automobile or goes to the theater, as if these were rather shameful luxuries, and avoid an inheritance tax, where the burden is least felt, we don't know.

In one respect the present Federal tax is unfair. If an estate of $1,000,000 is left to one son, it is taxed about $42,000. If twenty relatives receive it in chunks smaller than $100,000 each, it is still taxed $42,000, though an inheritance of less than $100,000 is supposed to be exempt.

But that is a detail. In general, not only is the Federal tax a wise and equitable way of raising money, but it does serve a further salutary purpose. It does tend to break up vast estates.

If an heir to a large fortune is smart, he can more than make up the amount of any inheritance tax in his lifetime. If not, the money will get into smarter hands. This, we think, is as it should be.

It is an abstruse subject, and it will be much discussed in Congress. Possibly wise counsel will prevail; possibly not.

However that may be, our belief is that the principle of applying a tax to the estate of a dead man is a wise one. We do not favor duplication of taxes, but we think a well planned compensatory arrangement takes care of that.

Before we abolish the Federal estate tax, why not do away with some of the nuisance taxes?

IN THIS ISSUE

Fit, Fat, and Fifty.....By REX BEACH 9
A famous writer boos at some bugaboos of health

Three Stars Glittered Green.....By ACHMED ABDULLAH 13
The story of a jungle god's revenge

Why I Prefer American Men.....By PRINCESS RADZIWILL 21
A former Russian noblewoman compares them with Europeans

My Fight with Richthofen.....By A. ROY BROWN 29
The Red Knight's death described by his conqueror

Beer, Love, and a Few Tears.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 39
Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer co-star in The Student Prince

Hot to Mollie.....By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE 41
In which a girl finds it's a tough life if you're not romantic

Cities of the Dead.....By JOSEPH WOLF KAYE 53
Some interesting facts about cemeteries

The Break of the Game.....By WALTER ECKERSALL 56
Offense is defense—Chicago-Dartmouth (1925)

The Nolans of Boston.....By EDWARD DOHERTY 57
The story of a mailman whose children made him famous

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 69
Mike tells what makes the ocean swell (Eleventh Spasm)

The Clock Strikes Two.....By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 75
A story of love and crime in a house of mystery (Part Three)

Why Not Use Your Bank?.....By HUGH FULLERTON 85
What it will do for you if you give it a chance

I Don't Want to Be Dignified.....By TONI, JR. 90
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

News of the World (p. 18); Poem (38); Twenty Questions (52); Fashions (65-66); For the Love o' Lil (68); Bright Sayings of Children (68); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (71); Vox Pop (72); Cross-Word Puzzle (84); Food (89).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

GHOST OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY, by LLEWELLYN HUGHES, a short story of a father's communion with his dead son on Christmas night, will touch your heart in a new spot with its tenderness and pathos.

Irene Castle weighed a career against motherhood and made her choice. You will understand why the latter won when you have read FROM DANCING SHOES TO BABY SHOES, by her famous and intimate friend, ELSIE JANIS.

COSMO HAMILTON, in HEADLINES, a short story of a manicurist who pared a famous author's secrets, shows what a determined girl with her heart set on romance can do if she is beautiful and not so dumb.

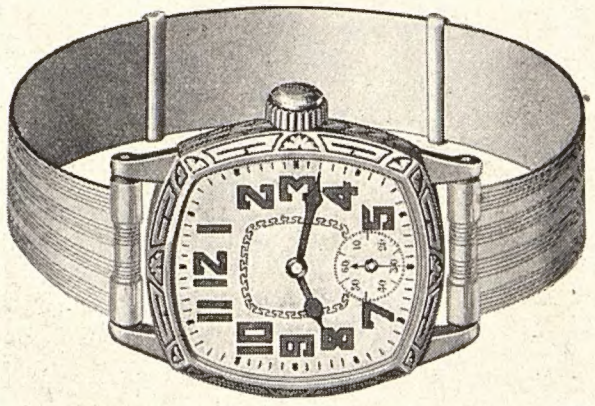
HOW TO THROW A PARTY, by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, gives you a recipe for that very thing that will curl your guests' hair and make them come back and camp on your doorstep the next night. And how!

December 10, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 32

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice-President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

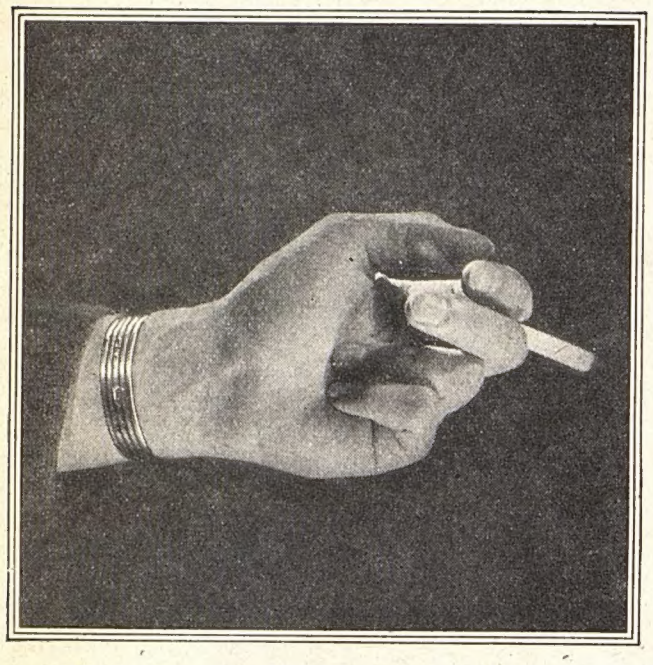
Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

So many gifts can be



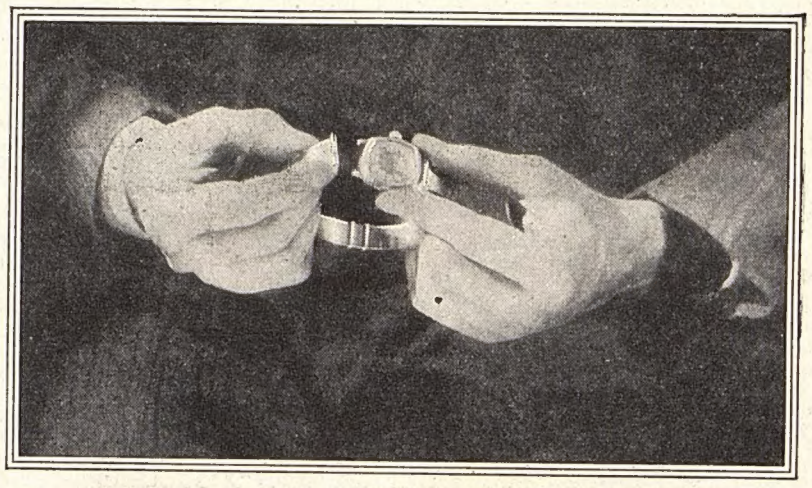
WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Olympian Model

Designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $28; Decorated, $30. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $7.50; Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

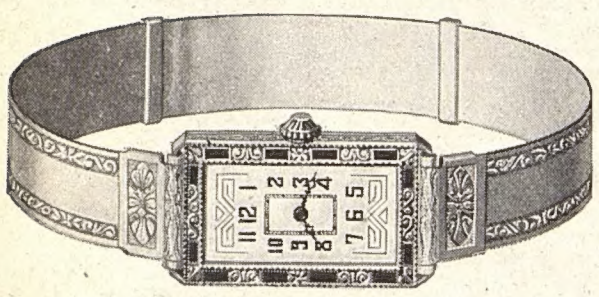


The Improved Ben Hur and Amazon models of the Wadsworth Watch Band open in the center, fasten quickly around the wrist, and are held securely by a special safety lock

All Wadsworth Watch Bands are easily attached, and the fastening is perfectly secure at all times

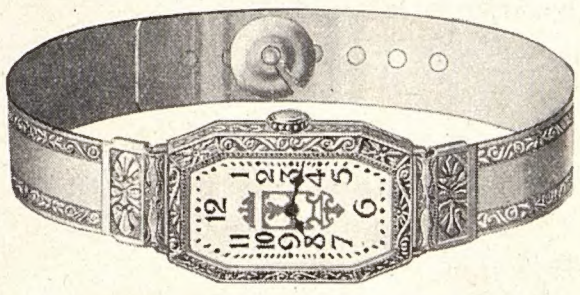


Your jeweler can attach a Wadsworth Watch Band quickly and easily to any modern strap or wrist watch



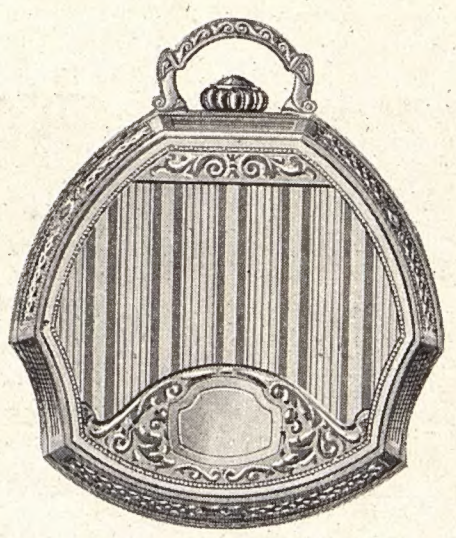
WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model

Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $20; Decorated, $25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $7.50; Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

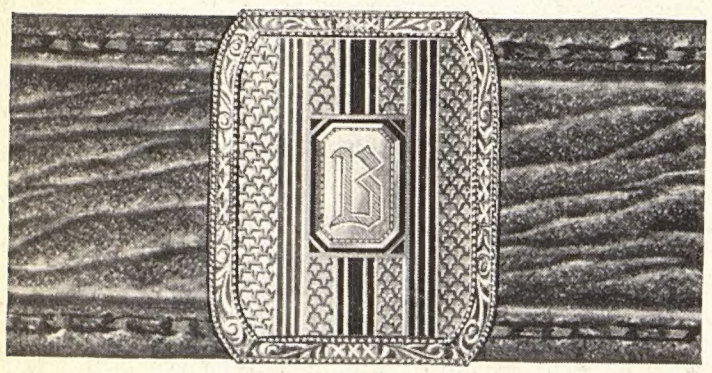


WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Amazon Model

Designed for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $18; Decorated, $23. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $6.50; Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

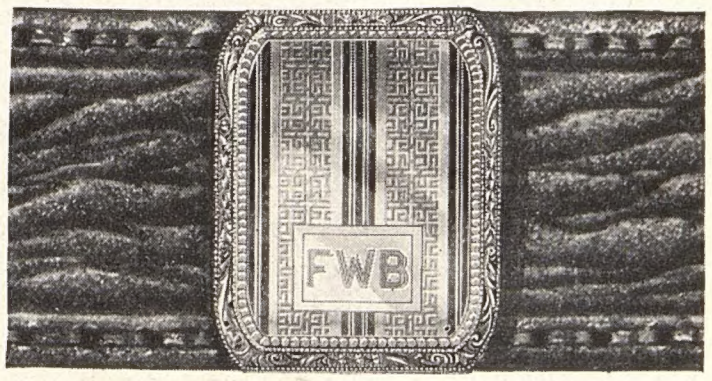


The Wadsworth Triad



The Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather. This belt buckle meets watch case standards in workmanship as well as in material

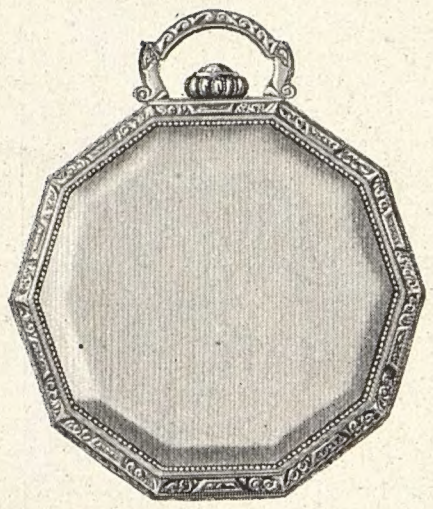
A pleasing variety of designs, truly masculine in character, will be found in your jeweler's assortment of Wadsworth Belt Buckles. Available in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain



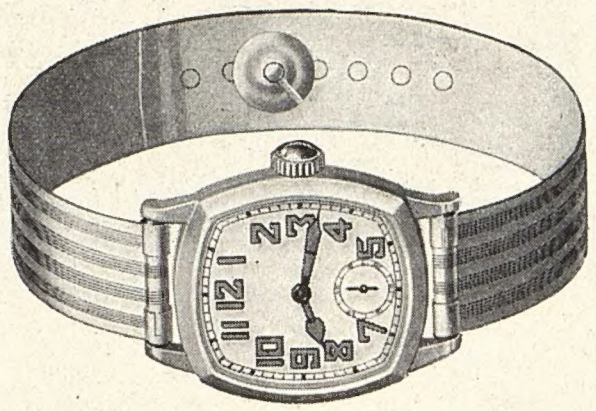
Wadsworth Belt Buckles, high in value, are moderately priced. Buckles alone, $9 to $12. Sets, $15 to $20. May also be had in sterling silver, if you prefer, at $4.50 to $7; sets, $9 to $12

selected in a single store!

Here are outstanding examples from a great variety of gifts any good jeweler can show you

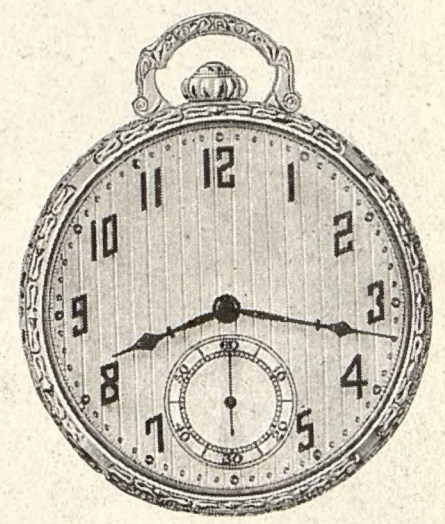


The Wadsworth Decagon

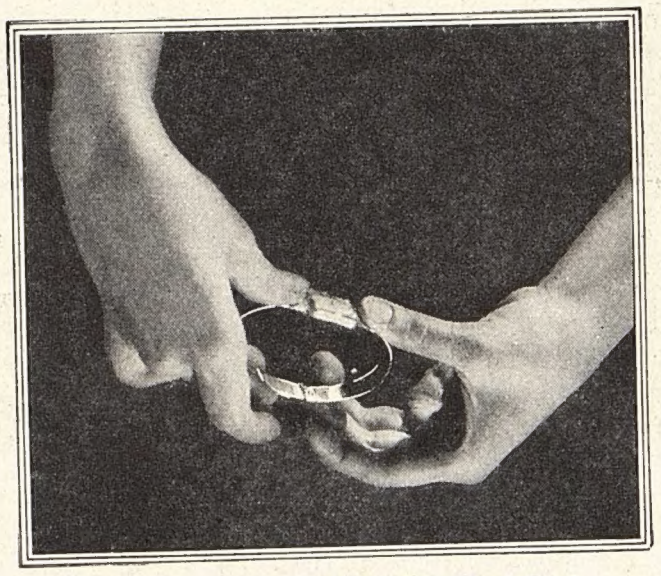


WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Improved Ben Hur Model

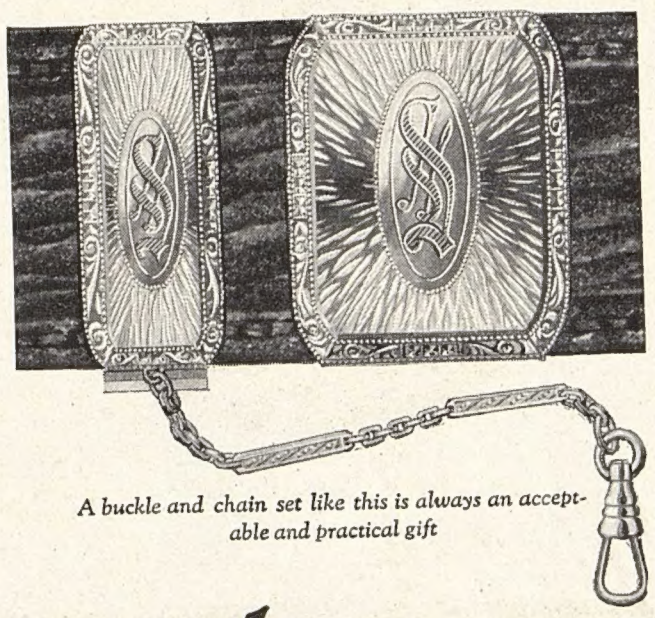
Designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $25; Decorated, $27. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $6.50; Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch



The Wadsworth Somerset



All the different styles of Wadsworth Watch Bands are of Wadsworth Quality 14 kt. gold filled or solid gold, durable and resilient for maximum wear, comfort and beauty



A buckle and chain set like this is always an acceptable and practical gift

HOW many problems you can settle this year by taking your gift list to the jeweler's!

There you will find helpful counsel—a great variety of useful, beautiful and lasting articles to choose from—a range of prices wide enough to suit every gift need.

And the character of these articles is splendidly illustrated by the three outstanding examples shown on these two pages.

To at least one person you will wish to give something especially fine this year. What could be better for such a tribute than a good watch?

Few things express the fullness of sentiment which such a gift implies. Few things can give greater pleasure, now and through the years that follow.

If it is a strap or wrist watch, the gift can be made more acceptable still by the addition of a Wadsworth Watch Band, smart, convenient, comfortable, adding a touch of distinction.

Or, as a more modest gift, for the person who already possesses a good strap or wrist watch, you can give a Wadsworth Watch Band alone, of material to harmonize with the watch itself.

And as there is a variety of styles in Wadsworth Watch Bands for both men and women, in solid gold and gold filled, you can select one for each of several people.

Another excellent gift is the Wadsworth Belt Buckle—durable, non-slipping, with a patented grip that locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

You will find that all these articles are obtainable in "Wadsworth Quality." That means that they are made by the makers of Wadsworth Watch Cases, for more than thirty-five years the consistent choice of the world's foremost watch manufacturers and importers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

Thus the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside a watch case, on a watch band or on a belt buckle, is a recognized assurance of long wear and lasting beauty, of highest grade materials and finest workmanship. Look for it when you buy.

Why not avail yourself of this practical suggestion for solving your gift problems? Ask your jeweler to show you these articles. You will find them suitable for most of the names on your gift list.

WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, KENTUCKY
OPPOSITE CINCINNATI, OHIO

Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

"I'd stick to 'Lysol' if I were you"

THERE is always a temptation to try new preparations put forward as effective for feminine hygiene.

In so vitally important a matter, it is most unwise to follow unprofessional advice. Don't be led into the grave mistake of trying those new fads in the practice of personal hygiene which come and go.

"I'd stick to 'Lysol' if I were you": that sound advice is based on the experience of physicians and hospitals and fastidious women over a period of more than thirty years.

"Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard for more than a generation in cases where germs *must* be killed. Physicians don't experiment in such cases. Don't *you* experiment. Make no mistake. Only a poison can kill germs!

Don't be misled by well-meaning but *false*, *amateur* theories. Learn the facts about feminine hygiene. Read our free booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It contains the sound professional advice and simple directions you must have. Send for it now.

In the meantime, be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions with every bottle.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Link, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1927

LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, *Sole distributors*
Department 98 Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, *your booklet,*
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

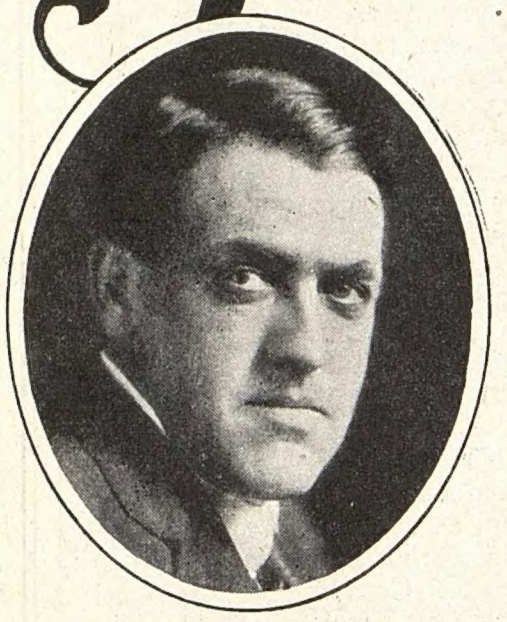
Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Fit, Fat, and Fifty

A Famous Writer Boos at Some Bugaboos of Health



Rex Beach, defender of man's expanding girth.

An Article by **REX BEACH**

Pictures by REA IRVIN

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

THERE is an old Chinese saying that runs like this: "At the age of two-score and ten the stomach of man will take on a graceful and pleasing rotundity, his arteries will harden, and his system will recover slowly from overexertion. It will be well for him then to lay off such tough sports as football and rowing, and indulge in less arduous amusements like golf and fly-fishing."

At least, I assume the Chinese have such a saying, for they have written something profound to meet every occasion. Anyhow, this is an easy way to start an article, and at fifty I'm learning to cut corners.

Please don't imagine from the last sentence that I'm seriously wasted by the infirmities of age, or infer that I have to wear suspenders with my pajamas, and that I hang over the edge when I sit down, for such is not the case. Not in the broader sense.

I'm no longer an athlete, to be sure. Nobody points me out as a fine figure of a man; nevertheless I'm as fit as the average individual of my years, and I manage to keep in reasonably good health without subjecting myself to the rigorous forms of corporal punishment which so many people practice.

I believe in exercise, but it isn't a mania with me, and at fifty I've discovered that there is a vast difference between looking fit and feeling fit.

The man who has leisure to think more than casually about his appearance is disposed to give it altogether too much thought and to mistake it for his state of health, whereas the two are only blood relatives.

The Thirty Years' War of the Middle Ages caused less mass misery than the thirty years' war of the middle-aged—that cruel, unceasing war against leaf lard which is being waged on more than one front. And I dare say many a haggard fat man and lapless matron would welcome another Diet of Worms if it would result in a waistline.

Altogether too much attention is paid to a little extra weight, and in combating it middle-aged people are likely to do themselves more harm than good. Personally, I'd rather be long-lived than long-waisted.

Recently a human weather vane sat on top of a flagpole for upward of a week—maybe it was two weeks—thereby breaking the world's record. Why he wanted to break that record, I don't know. The practical value of a waistline at fifty is about equal to the flagpole-sitting championship. It is largely a matter of pride.

When Dearest persists in his daily dozen, Angel grows suspicious of his motives.

How does it feel and what does it mean to be fifty years old? I can't speak with great authority, as I'm little more than an amateur so far; but as near as I can see, it feels almost

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIT, FAT, AND FIFTY
Continued from Page Nine]

exactly like being forty or forty-five; and it means, in my case, that my golf game is a little better than it was. Otherwise there isn't much to it.

When I was in my twenties the contemplation of old age—and fifty struck me as a very old age—filled me with a formless dismay. The prospect of physical decay awakened more dread than the possibility of failure, poverty, or the Old Folks' Home.

I was more agreeably preoccupied in trying to visualize my personal appearance at that advanced age than in anticipating the rewards I had been taught to expect as the result of a well spent half-century.

I venture to say that the ordinary young fellow asks himself, not, "How great, how good, how successful will I be at fifty?" but, "How will I feel? What will I look like?" He takes it for granted that he will be handsome, married, highly important, and inordinately rich at fifty, but it worries him not a little to think he may have false teeth and flat arches.

He's afraid he won't feel like singing when he takes his morning shower. If I had my way, nobody who sings early in the morning would be allowed to live fifty years, and that's no crotchet of old age. I have always felt that way.

He assumes, too, that he will have a lot of children, and some day will hear himself addressed as "grandpa." Not at fifty perhaps, but soon thereafter. What really spoils his day is the fear of baldness, or the certainty that he will be unable to run and jump and cut high-speed athletic capers then as now. I believe that is about how I felt when I was in my early twenties.

I couldn't see why a man at fifty shouldn't play baseball and tennis if he wanted to, provided he kept himself fit meanwhile. I proposed to keep myself fit. I still see no reason why a man shouldn't do those things if he wants to. I've merely learned, after fifty years, that he doesn't want to, and I've taken it as Nature's hint to let the matter drop.

Nature knows her stuff pretty well, and I believe many middle-aged men and women are hurrying themselves into their graves by ignoring her warnings.

THE gray-haired physical culturist who boasts that he's harder now than he was at twenty-five, the rotund business man who draws in his stomach when he sees a mirror, will argue that he exercises for the good of his kidneys—his theory being that overweight involves overwork for the vital organs.

Possibly there's some force in it, but a heart is just as vital as a kidney, and, after all, who can feel any honest affection for a kidney? Now, a heart is different.

Mind you, I'm not arguing against exercise, for, as I said before, I believe in it. I enjoy it, too, and the more vigorous it is, the better I like it. Nothing invigorates me more, gives me a pleasanter feeling of conscious power and physical well-being, than a snappy boxing bout or a good wrestling match, and for that reason I never complain of the premium I pay for ring-side seats.

I came away from the Dempsey-Firpo fracas with a springy step and a healthy glow to my skin; and when Strangler Ed Lewis clamps on his head-lock and his opponent's skull slowly assumes the shape of a kumquat—oh, boy! The blood fairly courses through my veins.

My lungs were never weak, but I have a sensitive throat. Athletics have done wonders for me. At the last heavyweight quarrel in which I took part, to the extent of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, I was heard all over the Yankee Stadium.

I merely argue against an overindulgence in exercise. My theory is this: take your exercise young and your comfort later.

It may be, and probably is, unsound; it may fail to work nine times out of ten: but it has worked for me, and that's more than I can say of some medical theories purchased from high-priced specialists. Another thing—it's easy to take.

But there I go again, talking like a man of fifty.

The ordinary young man is a healthy, vigorous animal. Under normal conditions, he exercises more or less systematically until he goes into business. Then he frequently quits cold. His danger lies in quitting too suddenly, or in resuming exercise too abruptly.

Having developed a healthy set of vital organs, he should continue to give them work to do or judiciously lessen his activities. Otherwise he will risk consequences unpleasant and expensive to treat and almost impossible to pronounce. It is pretty easy to taper off, but it is extraordinarily hard to resume exercise after forty.

Most of my school and college mates were athletic, as the word goes. They played baseball or football or tennis, or followed the particular sports that appealed to them, and they suffered from no diseases.

Pimples was about the most terrifying ailment they endured. I assume colleges today are about what they were thirty years ago, except for the modern courses in suicide.

Self-destruction, when I was an undergraduate, resulted largely from protracted religious revivals, those old-fashioned, hysterical "weeks of prayer" which upset the equilibrium of entire communities. Occasionally, too, some Teutonic citizen ate veal in August and jumped off a bridge. But as a general thing suicide was not practiced and the college death rate from that source was low.

If I had my way, nobody who sings early in the morning would be allowed to live fifty years.

After graduation, most of those young fellows had to settle down to making their livings and few of them had time to exercise anything except economy. It was then that they began laying up troubles for themselves.

I am convinced that the first ten years in business are the critical years for the average man.

The more earnest, the more ambitious he is, the more danger he runs; for it is then that he forms the habits that influence his declining years. He feels fine. New interests absorb him. He discovers that he can get along without any more exercise than cracking a three-minute egg and sprinting for the eight-seventeen express.

He firmly intends to get a lot of physical work later, when things ease up a bit; but meanwhile his lungs, heart, liver, and what-not are beginning to turn pale and lose interest in their surroundings. And, mark you, a torpid what-not can lead to anything. If life runs along smoothly for ten or fifteen years, everything does ease up, except the pants band.

MATRIMONY, that insidious destroyer of waistlines, steals upon him. It shortens his breath quicker than asthma. Nothing alters a man's rakish outlines so swiftly as a happy marriage. Complacency is a state of mind that shows on the bathroom scales.

Sooner or later the "little woman" tells him, as gently as she knows how, that she fears he is losing pride in his personal appearance. Unless Precious does something about it, he'll become actually fat.

Fancy it! Neither of them wants that, do they? No, of course not. This is said sweetly and with the best of intentions, but little does Honey Bunch dream that she has handed out a life sentence at hard labor.

Big Strong Man takes up his exercise where he dropped it years before. All his vital organs, from heart to what-not, rebel. Having lived on Easy Street so long, they refuse to budge. If he crowds them too hard, one of them ups and has a lesion, and a doctor is called in.

The doctor listens to both sides of the argument and then tells the man he'd better call it a day. He warns him never to hurry upstairs or to run for a street car, and advises a winter in Florida.

Possibly Lover has the sense to begin gradually with a deep-breathing and shallow-bending routine upon rising. This, of course, is impossible if he and the Rib occupy one room, for a man looks funny enough in pajamas when he's at rest.

If he has his own room he can get away with his calisthenics for a while, but the time is bound to come when Mavourneen will peek in to learn why Hero is always late for breakfast nowadays.

When she discovers him trying earnestly to touch his toes without bending his knees, the chances are she will laugh merrily. Laughter before breakfast is not grounds for divorce, but it should be.

When Angel comes into the dining-room with his eyes bloodshot and his neck bulging, the loud-speaker refers to him as her Rod La Rocque. As time goes on she laughingly runs through the whole list of shad-bellied moving-picture leading men, but her laughter becomes more metallic.

Having started something, she naturally resents it, and when Dearest persists in his daily dozen she grows suspicious of his motives and startles him by asking:

"Who is she?"

That is a perfectly natural question. It's an inevitable question; for no woman honestly believes that any motive except vanity is strong enough to induce a human being to stretch and to strain until he perspires. Vanity argues desire. Desire forebodes conquest.

This article is intended to be helpful. It is

my duty to point out not only the consequences of overexercise, but also the perils besieging the middle-aged married man's most casual efforts to reduce. If he intends to hew to the waistline, he must let the quips fall where they may.

He will learn that of all things abhorrent to the gentler sex, so called, perspiration is the most odious, and that the feminine mind is incapable of harboring the thought that a man may feel the urge to reduce for healthy, rather than unhealthy, reasons.

Instinct warns her that there is something vicious about it, and she is alarmed for her own safety. In order to avoid argument, Jellybean has to sweat clandestinely. He is forced to practice grunting in secret.

As an aid to his efforts, he buys a rubber belt—one of these "Why-Exercise-to-Reduce" abdominal supporters—that melts fat like magic, tones up the internal organs, aids digestion, improves the appearance, and promotes longevity.

Sunbeam, of course, discovers the thing in due time and calls it a corset. If Big Boy lives to be eighty, he'll probably hear the last of that.

AT fifty, no husband can count on either co-operation or sympathy at home in his struggle to stay the footsteps of his departing youth, for woman ages more rapidly than man and self-defense prompts her to thwart him.

If he tells her, in all candor, that he would once more like to feel loose in his clothes, native distrust warns her that he really wants to be loose in his habits. She calls his attention to the numerous unhappy marriages between old men and young women.

While he was soft and flabby she never called him old; but now that he is beginning to harden up, her ingenuity in discovering accounts of disastrous unions between rich men and chorus girls is astounding. She practically runs a clipping bureau devoted to busted romances, and the Browning case becomes her favorite bedtime story.

Perhaps the man resorts to mechanical assistance and buys an electric horse or a vibrating apparatus. This his helpmate insists upon calling his "beauty machine." Of course it's awfully noisy and shakes the house like everything, but if he finds it amuses him, it's all right with her. Nevertheless, it certainly ruins the looks of his room, doesn't it?

Then she reads somewhere that mechanical oscillation is apt to produce cancer, and is overjoyed to pass the news on to him. When he remains skeptical she tells him if he wants to have a nice big cancer, well and good: at least she has done her duty.

She remains indifferent, on the surface, until the machine blows out a fuse, plunges the love-nest into darkness, and cuts the juice off from her curling-iron heater. Then she finally speaks her mind.

Whenever a miner, incapacitated for hard work, saw me, he "went partners with me" on the spot.

There is almost no market for second-hand electrical equipment.

Unable to enjoy the discomforts of exercise in his home, the man joins a gymnasium. This gets out, and suspicion deepens to certainty. His wife wants to know if there are any women members, and one day she announces triumphantly that his depravity is exposed. She called up the club and couldn't get him. In the course of years he may live that down, along with the corset.

Two afternoons a week he tosses a medicine ball and plays squash, and now he's on time for breakfast but late for dinner. Under his eyes appear oyster-like pouches. He would prefer to sleep all day Sunday, but forces himself to play golf for the good of his figure.

If he goes to a Turkish bath he has to hurry home with his pores open. Monument-makers run Turkish baths as a side line to the marble business.

When he tries to diet, his wife conspires with the cook. His butter-and-egg bills double; nothing is set before him except rich, nourishing victuals.

If Stubborn will persist in starving himself, at least there's one person in the house who will see that his poor stomach has something to support it. One good meal never made anybody fat.

Anyhow, skinny men are hideous. What Winsome adores is a fine, full-blooded man with that prosperous look. To the wifely eye, be it said, nothing so infallibly points to prosperity as a vest that fits like the skin on a grape.

Doctors declare that a man's resistance at fifty is greatly lowered, but they don't know the half of it. Lowered, indeed! It's gone! Tempt him with pie and pastry and see if he has a particle left.

No; the ordinary man of fifty who thinks he can force himself to look or to feel like twenty-five is kidding himself, and I merely mention vital organs and wives as two of the several handicaps he will have to overcome. Nine times out of ten he wastes his efforts and would do better to put a gusset in his pants and let it go at that.

MY experience did not parallel that of the average man, and now I'm coming back to that theory of mine. Up to the time I left college I was a fool about games — about the only sports I had denied myself were golf and porch-climbing, neither being so popular then as now.

I took up the study of law, and in order to eat regularly I joined the Chicago Athletic Association football squad. (I would have joined the Black Hand, the Ku Klux, or any organization that promised to feed meat to its members.)

Football promised, for the time being, to keep body and law books together. Thanks to my college training, I didn't tear easily and got through the season without serious injury, following which I attached myself to the club's swimming team. And I mean I attached myself to it! Like a barnacle. For fear something would scrape me off, I also joined the track team.

But I never became a serious menace to the law profession. Before I had added to the army of unemployed by taking my degree and hanging out a shingle, I stampeded off to Alaska to make my fortune in a hurry.

There I learned to take real exercise, and take it straight. Football, water polo, wrestling, and the like, I discovered, were mere set-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIT, FAT, AND FIFTY
Continued from Page Eleven]

ting-up exercises as compared with the daily Alaskan rough-and-tumble.

I seldom had a dollar, but I was never without a job. Jobs hunted me up and introduced themselves; but usually they were heavy, awkward jobs that nobody wanted, and invariably they involved carrying something. I got so I couldn't stand at ease without a house log or a crate of canned goods on my shoulder.

Alaska was a lonely country. But I was never lonely. This is no tribute to my sunny disposition. Far from it. Whenever a miner, wasted by illness or in any wise incapacitated for hard work, saw me, he "went partners with me" on the spot. I wasn't very bright, but everybody liked me and I never lacked a boss.

As an example of the wiles that were practiced upon me, a lumberman came to me one day to say that he was selecting a picked crew for a certain job and after watching me work he wanted me on it. He was going up the Yukon about 100 miles to get out a boom of saw logs, but I mustn't breathe a word about it or he'd be swamped with applicants. He was too tender-hearted to say no.

There was a month's work in it at high wages and would I go along? In those days I believed anything; Santa Claus was very real to me. I went along.

IT transpired that he had selected me as one of a team of four human bullocks to haul the saw logs out of the forest after they had been felled. In first-class lumber woods this work used to be performed by oxen, but for humanitarian reasons they were discarded in favor of donkey engines. I was the off ox of our lead team, the near ox being an ex-oarsman from Yale.

Of the "wheel" yoke, one was a deep-chested Swedish Hereford who didn't know his own strength, and the other was a hairy sailor with tattooed arms who did. All we had to do was stab our cant hooks into a log and carry, haul, heave, and grunt it out to the river, then go back for another. Some of those logs were the size of giant redwoods.

In time we rebelled, of course. Who wouldn't? We clashed our horns, stamped, and bellowed. But the boss threatened to hold out our hay on us, and if that failed, to use the gad.

There was only one rowboat and he kept it locked. He used the oars for bed slats. We had to stick.

I finally schemed out an escape, and I still maintain it was a good scheme, even though it failed to work. I rigged up a swimming race with the sailor, it being my idea that I could induce my employer to back him and thus win enough money to ransom myself, or at least to rent the rowboat.

It took fully a week of obnoxious boasting on my part to goad that lumberman into covering the wages I had coming. Nevertheless I succeeded.

We were inside the Arctic Circle and the river was fed by melting snows, so the sailor felt no need of an immediate bath; but insolence prevailed.

I dare say that was the farthest north in swimming races. Ever since that day my temperature has been subnormal. The sailor swam a breast stroke and yelled constantly. I sang falsetto to him, and, thanks to the Australian crawl, I was out and half-dressed when he finished. Both of us were a rich raspberry color and pneumonia had practically set in.

When I told the boss, through chattering teeth, that I'd accept his check in lieu of currency, he laughed hoarsely and the gang did likewise.

He had bet on a swimming race, so he declared, but if I called it swimming to crawl over the top of the water, he didn't.

Pay what money to who? I'd better hug the cookstove and thaw out, because if I fell sick on his hands, how would he get his logs out? He was sorry the subject of money had come up between us.

A short sport, that man. He came from Maine and it was harder to get a dollar out of him than a gallstone.

On another occasion, two college boys invited me to join them on a wood-chopping lark. It would really be more of a vacation than anything else, I was assured, and they window-dressed the proposition so alluringly that I agreed. I rarely disappointed anybody. This time we floated down the Yukon about 100 miles.

Some prowling Siwash dogs raided our tent while we were at work, stole our bacon, and, inasmuch as we couldn't float upstream, we lived for several weeks on moldy flour and desiccated potatoes. Desiccated potatoes are rubber gaskets under an alias.

We cut an incredible amount of cordwood and piled it on the river bank where the steamboats could see it. At that time it was worth forty dollars a cord.

It was still there the last time I heard of it; for we discovered, when it was too late, that we had selected the only place in 100 miles where a sand bar prevented a steamer from landing.

So it went. One amusing experience after another. At one time I had as much as six dollars, but usually I was broke. I was never out of work and I built up a constitution. Or rather, I put concrete into the structure I had begun in college. I had no worries about weight. I was only afraid that I'd never enjoy the luxury of growing soft and fat.

Nor did I abandon exercise after I quit the frontier. My descent into comfort and idleness was gradual, and it was as agreeable as the descent into sin is reputed to be. Imperceptibly I grew lazy: I learned to practice indolence, and I thrived on it.

Now I exercise when I feel like it, my weight remains stationary, and I'm on friendly terms with my vital organs.

I smoke to excess, I eat everything, I drink anything that has been analyzed. Possibly my resemblance to a porpoise will become more pronounced as the years go by, but what of it? Pride is a greater sin than gluttony and I'm a fatalist about waistlines.

Even Man-o'-War sagged when he was put on grass.

No doubt people would live longer if they began exercising early and kept it up to the bitter end. I knew a fellow in the North who seemed to prove it.

HE had been a horseman, a miner, a prospector all his life. He had slept outdoors more often than indoors. He was seventy years old when I met him, and he was working eight hours a day on a windlass.

He had a girl in town, and every so often he would wash up after supper, put on his nugget jewelry, and run twelve miles into camp to see her. He would dance all night in his rubber boots, get magnificently drunk, then jog back out to the mines in time for breakfast and his shift on the windlass.

He was quite a hardy old gentleman. He made a stake, got married, and went to raising—apples in Oregon.

That rhyme about "an apple a day" is evidently an empty lyric, for he was snatched to Abraham's bosom in his late eighties, without apparent reason.

I considered him my leading reference in boosting the virtues of fresh air, sunshine, and exercise until I met a New Yorker several years older than he who had never slept closer to the ground than the second floor, and who knew about sunburn only by hearsay.

He had never breathed deeply but once, and then it made his head spin. He kept his bedroom hermetically sealed and used woolen blankets the year round. Nevertheless his skin was like milk and his eyes were bright. No doubt he would have lived indefinitely, but in his ninetieth year somebody left the transom open and he died of pneumonia.

The business of fitting principle and practice together is difficult; but when one has a good theory he should stick to it. He should rise superior to facts.

Facts are more troublesome than flivvers: no matter how many you avoid, there's another one right in your way. And who ever learned anything from facts or from experience? It's theory that counts.

THE END

We've all heard that dead men tell no tales.

But one of them did.

The amazing story he told, on a stormy Christmas Eve, is called—

Ghost of Château Thierry

By Llewellyn Hughes

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

ALSO

The story of a young millionaire and a girl who sold neckties.

The girl tore up a $100,000 check, and then—

Watch for—

The Market Price

By

Arthur Somers Roche

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF LIBERTY

Three STARS *Glittered* Green

The Story of a Jungle God's Revenge

By
ACHMED ABDULLAH

Pictures by WILL PERRIN

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

FAR off, the wooden signal drums throbbed and pulsed, with a nasal, sardonic cadence. Overhead, three stars glittered green.

Always, at night, the drums droning, spanning streams and forests, leaping across deserts, and slushing through miasmic jungles, whispering rumor and gossip, intrigues and lies from Negro kraal to Negro kraal. . . .

Always the three leering stars. . . .

And Lowell Parmentier, who had gone through Harvard and had written there his collegiate measure of limping, anæmic verse, pointed at them.

"Behold the three stars that rule Africa!" he exclaimed. "The star of lust! The star of bloody violence! And the twinkling, stinking star of greed! Not the least bit like the Star of Bethlehem, eh?"

He broke into staccato laughter which struck John Greensleet as singularly out of place.

"For God's sake—can't you keep your trap shut? You talk too damned much!"

Lowell Parmentier flushed.

"Oh—I do—do I? Say"—threateningly—"for two cents I'd—"

A woman had ruined Parmentier's life. A woman with passionate eyes and a stony, chilly heart. A greedy woman.

"You'd do what?" John Greensleet put down the frying pan. "Do what—precisely?" he insisted, getting up.

"Knock your ugly block off!"

Greensleet squared his shoulders.

"Try it!" he cried. "Why don't you try it?"

Parmentier's ill temper was passing.

"Like two schoolboys," he thought. Aloud he replied: "Forget it!"

He smiled. But Greensleet was not pacified.

"Try it!" he repeated. "Why don't you try it?"

"Well—to tell you the truth"—and it *was* the truth; for Parmentier was taller than the other, heavier, stronger, quicker with both foot and fist, had lived a rougher life—"I don't want to hurt you, John."

The latter smelled an insult.

"Backing out, I take it?" he retorted. "Your usual four-flushing Yankee bluff?"

Once more Parmentier's anger rose; perhaps because—for bitter, shameful reasons—he was an expatriate.

His muscles stiffened. But he contented himself with saying:

"Ah—if you knew what a pain you give me—you lousy little Britisher!"

He sat down; ate his supper. So did the Englishman.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THREE STARS GLITTERED GREEN]
Continued from Page Thirteen

ONLY a few months ago they had left the West Coast, the best of pals.

It had been a tough journey, a dangerous enterprise. But they had succeeded. The loot was theirs, snugly tucked away in two shoulder packs. Splendid loot. The emeralds were good; the diamonds better. They could be sold at a big figure. Perhaps half a million dollars.

"Share and share alike" was their agreement; and $250,000 would mean an easy financial future to John Greensleet.

More than that. For in a Sussex vicarage a flaxen-haired, violet-eyed girl was waiting for him.

It was for her sake that seven years earlier he had gone to West Africa, dreaming golden dreams. Assistant factor for Jones, Jones & Robinson, Limited, Merchants in Tropical Produce. Forty guineas a week—and a bonus. It had seemed a lot in London.

But presently he had discovered that forty guineas bought less in the neighborhood of the equator than seven guineas back home; and, somehow, the bonus had never materialized.

So, seeing his youth ebb away, thinking of the girl in the Sussex vicarage, he had listened eagerly when Lowell Parmentier, over a double gin-and-stout at the bar of the Freetown Club, had told him about the tribal treasure of the Bakotos—far up in the hinterland.

"Straight dope," the American had explained. "No fish story. I got the tip from an old Portuguese who made a try at it—"

"What happened to him?" the Englishman had asked.

"The Bakotos caught him—and you know what those devils are like. He died soon after I found him—guess he wished he could have died sooner—"

"Dangerous, eh?"

"You bet! That's half the kick!"

"Not to me."

"Snap out of it, Greensleet. Take life by the tail and swing it about your head. Take a chance—unless you want to die as you're living now—a measly little clerk—smoking penny cigars—quaking in your shoes when the boss has a hang-over. And that girl you told me about—she won't exactly thank you for your lack of guts."

Another double gin-and-stout, topped by a magnum of champagne.

"Come on!" the American had urged. "I can't do it alone. And you're about the only one in this part of the world whom I can trust—who wouldn't double-cross me. Come on. You won't regret it. A king's ransom—the treasure of the Bakotos. . . ."

"But it would be—well—"

"What?"

"Stealing!"

"No use being squeamish—in Africa. Besides, the Bakotos swiped the stuff in the first place—that time they made war on the Bakeles. And there's their old promise, their old boast, that whoever can get away with the loot and carry it three days' trek beyond their villages is welcome to it. That Portuguese failed. They caught him before he had traveled twenty miles." Parmentier raised his glass. "Peace to his ashes! Maybe we'll have better luck."

He had been very persuasive. Finally Greensleet had agreed to accompany him. They had plunged into the interior; were coming back with the treasure; were already four days' march away from the kraals of the Bakotos. . . .

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece!

Not bad!

Before the end of the year there would be wedding bells for Greensleet and the Sussex girl. And for Parmentier? Well—thought the latter—he was through with women. . . .

A woman had ruined his life. A very beautiful woman, with passionate eyes and a stony, chilly heart. A greedy woman.

His fortune had gone by the board—all but a few thousand dollars.

And then . . .

HE remembered that scene at the Gotham Club; would never forget it. Five men playing poker. A large sum, in chips and cash, on the green cloth; also a huge check bearing his signature—with no funds in the bank to cover it.

He had studied his hand. One more ace—and the pot would be his. He had to have it. Not because of the cash and chips—somehow he'd manage it so that he'd lose them back to the others—but because of his check—his worthless check.

Just one more ace—and he had seen it, at his elbow, where his neighbor, dropping out of the game, had left his cards face up.

Parmentier had turned the trick very clumsily. There had been a shout:

"You cheat!"

Scandal. Disgrace.

His older brother had heard of it.

"It'll take all my savings, Lowell. But I'll make up for that check. I'll pay. Only—I can't make up for your cheating."

"D-d-don't like w-w-way he looks at me. . . . I'll t-t-teach him!" Lowell Parmentier smashed the empty brandy bottle against the idol's flat, repulsive features.

"I know, Elliot."

"And you'll need another, smaller sum—to—"

"Yes, yes—to go away."

He had left America. For years he had trod the road of adventure.

Straight through, there had been one idea in his mind, almost an obsession: he must pay the money back to his brother.

Years and years. Failure, always.

And now success. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Enough and to spare. . . .

OH, yes! They had succeeded, he and his partner.

Yet, today, on their way back to the security and plenty of the West Coast, they were no longer friends.

Yes, yes—he was conscious of hate for John Greensleet; told himself that, doubtless, the Englishman returned the compliment with interest.

Africa—all the fault of Africa—stinking, swinish brute of a land!

He sighed.

He looked about him.

Nothing much to see; just their camp fire in a small clearing.

He listened.

There were the night sounds of the wilderness: a spotted hyena's vicious, bluffing bark; the chirp and whistle of innumerable monkeys; a wart hog breaking through the undergrowth with clownish crash. . . .

His thoughts raced back through the dead years—to another land, cleaner, greener. . . .

America. New York.

Was Tiffany's still at the old corner? And Jack's—the clam chowder at Jack's—the lions in front of the Public Library—St. Patrick's Cathedral — the Flatiron Building. . . .

Far off, the wooden signal drums throbbed and pulsed, with a nasal, sardonic cadence.

Overhead, three stars glittered green.

PARMENTIER sighed; he ate mechanically.

He gave a start at his partner's furious exclamation:

"Bloody hog—that's what you are!"

"Eh?"

"Bloody hog!" Greensleet pointed at the frying pan. "Always wolfing more than your fair share!"

"Hog yourself! Your British idea of a fair division is all the meat to slide down your own gullet—and the skin and bones for the other guy!"

"Is that so?"

"You bet it's so! Besides—I cooked supper."

"What of it?" cried Greensleet. "I shot it."

"One hell of a fine shot you are, I'll tell the world. Used up our last few bullets—and what did you get? One miserable, stringy little monkey! But you had to go—though I warned you those were our last bullets—you with your infernal cockney vanity! Only a few pounds of flour left—and we'll have to eat rotten jungle fruits that'll give us malaria. Why, of all the damned fools, you're the biggest!"

"Shut up!" screamed the Englishman. "Shut up! You drive me crazy with your bloody nagging!"

Once more the American was the first to give in:

"All right, John. I didn't mean to pick a row."

"A bully—that's what you are! A bully—yes—and a crook!"

Slowly Parmentier got to his feet.

"What's that?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"You heard me the first time! Crook, I called you. Crook you are! Told me so yourself, didn't you? Told me you had to leave America—"

Greensleet interrupted himself, suddenly contrite.

"Forgive me—won't you, old chap?" he went on. "Shouldn't have said it. Ought to be kicked. After all you've done for me—giving me a chance to make a lot of money—oh — I'm ashamed of myself—"

"O. K. with me, John. No bones broken. Guess we're both sort of crotchety — both to blame—"

"The wretched climate, I fancy—the insects—"

"And — something else, John!"

"What?"

"Fear!" said the American, in a low, clear voice. "Fear of the Bakotos' revenge!"

SO the terrible, brooding, sinister emotion that, subconsciously, had been haunting them for days, though they had refused to admit it even to themselves, was at last put into words; put, by the same token, into stark fact.

"No, no, no!" Greensleet's accents, rising to a hysterical pitch, gave the lie to his denial. "Why should we fear the Bakotos? You remember their old promise, their old boast—that whoever can get away with the loot and carry it three days' march—"

"—is welcome to it?"

"Yes. And we've made the distance—safely. We're four days beyond their kraals—"

"No use fooling ourselves, John. It isn't the loot. I guess they'll keep their promise. It's— Why"— with a crooked, tragic smile— "you know as well as I do what I mean."

Quite suddenly, Greensleet caved in.

"Of course I know," he mumbled dully, hopelessly. "Of course—I've known straight along—feared straight along."

For several minutes they sat there, motionless. The very shadows of the trees which fringed the camp clearing seemed to assume the aspect of an ominous menace.

Somewhere to the east, the signal drums gossiped, swelling and decreasing by turns, then breaking off unexpectedly, in mid-air, on a high note like a dirge skirled on the bagpipes . . . and Lowell Parmentier shrugged his shoulders in rather ungracious resignation, commented futilely:

"We shouldn't have done it."

"Oh—what fools we were!"

"I'll say so! Drunken, damned fools!"

A little over a week earlier, they had arrived in the neighborhood of the Bakotos' chief village—the usual affair, built in a rude circle, protected by a man-high zareba hedge of cactus and elephant thorn that was patrolled by painted, plumed warriors and topped by the peaked roof of a huge *esch*-grass medicine hut.

Inside this hut—so the Portuguese adventurer had told Parmentier—were the jewels, in a cache at the pedestal of the sacred tribal juju idol.

For several days they had hidden in the jungle, watching the place, waiting for an opportunity. Then chance had come their way. For they had met a wandering charcoal burner

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THREE STARS GLITTERED GREEN]
Continued from Page Fifteen

of the Bakeles, the tribe conquered by the Bakotos. The man had made his peace with the latter; had been adopted into their clan. But his hatred for his former enemies had remained unchanged.

It had not even needed a bribe to persuade him to go to the Bakotos with lying word that a great herd of antelopes was moving through the southern wilderness, enough fresh meat to last the kraals for weeks to come.

So all the Bakotos able to bear arms had gone to their hunting. And, that night, Greensleet and Parmentier had crept up to the zareba. They had surprised, bound, and gagged the few old men doing sentry duty; had surprised, bound, and gagged the priest asleep in the medicine hut; had found the cache, the jewels.

Glistening jewels. Emeralds and diamonds —gliding through their eager fingers like drops of water.

AND Greensleet had thought of Sussex and a flaxen-haired girl; Parmentier had thought of New York—his brother—restitution made —an end of his quest, his obsession. . . .

From his shoulder pack he had taken a bottle filled with *dop*, African brandy.

"What about a little drink, John?"

"Superb idea!"

The bottle had passed from hand to hand.

"Cheerio!"

"Down the hatch!"

They had felt elated. Life had looked rosy. The jewels—the glistening jewels . . .

"Another snifter, John?"

"Right-oh!"

Again the bottle had passed; again and again. Toasts, slightly hiccoughy:

"Here's looking at you, John!"

"Straight back at you, dear old trout!"

Parmentier had turned; had seen the great black juju idol glaring down at him.

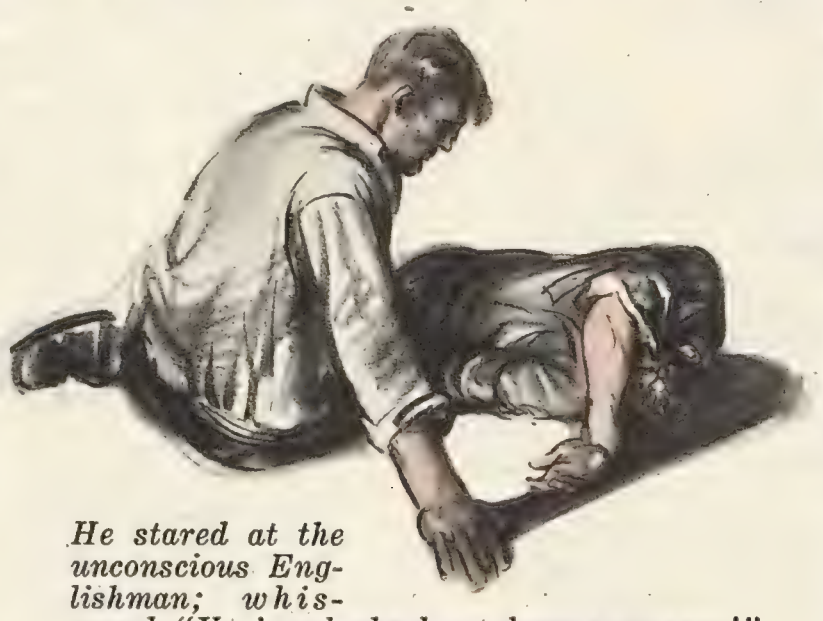
"N-n-nice old juju—n-n-nice old b-b-boy!" he had stammered with thickening tongue. "Let's d-d-drink t' him . . . what s-s-say?"

"I s-s-say no! D-d-don't like his face!"

"Nor me! D-d-don't like w-w-way he looks at me. . . . I'll t-t-teach him!"

And Lowell Parmentier had seized the empty brandy bottle and had smashed it against the idol's flat, repulsive features. Then, hand in hand with the Englishman, he had executed an impromptu drunken, obscene dance before the pedestal.

They had lit cigarettes, grinding the burning ends into the juju's eyes; had again danced; had generally polluted the sacred medicine hut . . . had suddenly, almost instantaneously, sobered up as the priest, whom they had trussed in a corner of the temple, had spat out his gag with a supreme effort, had cursed them shrilly in his clicky Bantu dialect.



He stared at the unconscious Englishman; whispered: "You're a lucky dog—damn your eyes!"

Quickly Greensleet's boot heel had crashed into the upturned face, knocking the man unconscious; but not before he had yelled at them a final curse and threat:

"May your bones rot in the jungle! The juju—*ahee*—the juju's revenge . . ."

They had tried to laugh it off; had not succeeded.

Fear—growing terribly by the very fact that they had refused to admit its existence, had refused to speak of it—had followed them, stalked them, trailed them. More than mere physical fear. Psychic fear, creeping through their souls on silent, unclean feet.

Back through the wilderness; grudging each hour of rest. And how they had longed, were longing, for the security of the West Coast—for the ragged Union Jack fluttering disconsolately above the British governor's official corrugated-iron mansion!

But here, in the African jungle, the fear of death seemed bloated with horror—horror less of death itself than of anticipation, bizarre, grotesque, clawing at their minds. . . .

"I can't stand it!" suddenly shrieked the Englishman. "Dear God—I can't stand it!"

"You've got to stand it!" came Parmentier's impatient rejoinder. "I fail to see what you're going to do about it."

"Let's trek!" cried the other. "Never mind food! Never mind drink! Let's trek!"

He jumped up; and, the next moment, heard the American's curiously flat voice:

"I guess we're too late, old man."

Greensleet turned; saw there, at the edge of the clearing, standing silent and motionless, a hundred or so Bakoto warriors, painted, plumed, leaning on their long spears. It was as if the jungle had spewed them forth. In front of them was the priest of the juju temple, a giant of a man, frizzy, odorous, with a face like a black Nero.

His barbarous ornaments clanked savagely as he gave a mocking bow, spoke mockingly courteous words:

"Greetings, O white men!"

GREENSLEET fell in a faint. He lay there, an arm thrown across his face as if to ward off the blows of Fate; and it was the sight of him—the disgrace of a man of his own race showing his fear before the Bakotos—which steeled Parmentier's self-control.

He had a thorough knowledge of the local Bantu dialect. In florid, flattering phrases he returned the priest's greetings, and added:

"If you came for the jewels—"

"No, *inkos*. We gave a promise. The jewels are yours. But the insult to our god—the foul defilement . . . Tell me—was it necessary?"

"It was not. We behaved like beasts. I am sorry. We were drunk. We did not know what—"

"—what you were doing!" the Bakoto finished the sentence, with a little melancholy sigh. "And there is forgiveness in my heart—"

"You—you mean to say— Oh . . ."

Parmentier slurred and stopped, intensely grateful, intensely relieved, when the Negro continued:

"Forgiveness in my heart, *inkos*. Not in the juju's heart."

"I get you, you black devil!" thought Parmentier. "Playing with me—that's what you are—like a cat with a mouse. Well—this particular mouse isn't going to give you much sport."

So he yawned, deliberately, elaborately—a yawn of sheer bravado. He was aware of it. Why not bravado? Better than cowardice. Besides, it masked his fear—masked it to the Bakotos—masked it even to himself.

"Death, I suppose?" he asked.

"Death indeed—for one of you."

"Eh?" The American was amazed. "For one of us?"

"Yes, *inkos*. The juju never forgives. But the juju is fair. He wants his just measure of blood. Not an ounce more. Therefore," the Bakoto went on, and his face was stony and passionless, "the choice will be yours—yours and your friend's"—pointing at the unconscious Englishman.

"What choice?"

"The choice which one of you will die." The priest smiled with a suave courtliness that, somehow, increased the utter horror of the scene. "Die—ah—a slow death, befitting the insult to the juju—befitting the juju's exceeding holiness."

He paused; then went on gently, so very, very gently:

"Yes. A slow death—depending entirely upon the strength of the one of you two to be sacrificed in the temple. You—ah—you understand, *inkos?*"

"I understand," replied Parmentier.

He shuddered.

He remembered things he had seen in the hinterland—ghastly, mutilated things that had once been men . . . oh, yes—he remembered—he understood—heard, as from a great distance, the priest's calm words:

"I repeat—the juju is just. He wants the sacrifice of one of you. The other . . .? Let him have life—and the jewels. You yourselves must decide which one shall go—and live . . . which one shall stay—and die the slow, slow death."

He bowed. "I shall return in an hour—and hear your choice."

Followed by his silent warriors, he stepped back into the jungle that closed behind them like a curtain; and even in that moment of stark, enormous horror, Parmentier realized that, by leaving the choice to them, the Bakoto had committed a refined cruelty worthy of a more civilized race.

Far off, the wooden signal drums throbbed and pulsed, with a nasal, sardonic cadence.

Overhead, three stars glittered green.

Parmentier looked at Greensleet. The man was still in a faint.

Should he pounce on him, tie him up, surrender him to the Bakotos; then beat it back to the West Coast with the loot?

He approached the prone man. He bent over him.

His hands opened and shut, opened and shut, convulsively.

"Do it!" he said to himself. "Do it, you damned fool! What are you waiting for—hesitating for . . .?"

Then he shook his head.

No, no, no!

He couldn't do it—couldn't—couldn't. And, curiously, it was less shame at his own treachery which caused his rapid shift of opinion, than the instinctive conviction that the priest was expecting him to do this very thing and would thus offer two victims on the altar of his heathenish, bestial god.

One to die the agonizing death of the tortured body. The other—Parmentier—to die the death of the soul.

For the memory of his deed would remain with him always—a crimson scrawl across his brain. . . .

THE sweat poured down his face. The blood throbbed in his veins, drummed like a hammer at the base of his skull.

He sat down.

With the point of his shoe he cleared a small space on the ground. The dead leaves stirred with a dry, rasping, tragic sound.

Something slimy and phosphorous green squirmed through the tufted grass; a tiny, furry scorpion scurried to cover with a clicking, frightened *tchk-tchk-tchk*—scurried away for dear life. . . . Oh, yes—life was dear—to all God's creatures. . . .

Not to all.

For he remembered the Portuguese adventurer whom he had found in the wilderness, who had implored him:

"Kill me! Put a bullet through my head—for the love of the Blessed Virgin!"

What was he going to do?

His thoughts coiled; recoiled; caught suddenly the flash of an idea. He would cheat those black devils out of their sport. How? Suicide. His bullets were gone. But he still had his knife.

The next moment he reconsidered. No! Couldn't be done.

For his suicide would still leave Greensleet to be tortured and sacrificed. It would mean a double cowardice: toward himself—and toward his friend.

What was he going to do?

He listened to the drums—as if the drums could give answer—the drums droning in the distance like the voices of disembodied souls astray on the outer rim of creation.

"Do it!" droned the drums. "Do it, you damned, sentimental, quixotic fool!"

"Do what?" asked Parmentier's brain.

"What you thought before! You know! Each man for himself—and the devil take the hindmost!"

So again temptation came to Parmentier. Again he approached Greensleet.

Why shouldn't he do it?

His own will and desire and right to live were as strong and just as the other's.

The memory of the treacherous deed would remain with him—always?

Maybe. Maybe not.

He'd have to risk it!

He looked down at John Greensleet.

He balanced the Englishman's future against his own.

What would his own future be in case he—well—survived?

Restitution. Yes. He would pay back his brother. He would wipe out the money debt.

And then—what?

HE thought of the past. In the past he had woven his own life, making the pattern drab and coarse, entangling the warp and woof of it. He had failed. He would fail—doubtless—in the future.

Why—he smiled caustically at the bitter, illogical reflection—his future *was* his past. No good at all.

It was different with John Greensleet. A woman waiting for him. Some day children. The decencies of life waiting for him—the blessed, prosy, average decencies. . . .

Not so with himself. No woman. No children. No blessed, prosy decencies.

Just the gestures of life waiting for him. Food. Drink. A bought kiss or two.

Contemptible gestures! Nothings!

And suddenly he made up his mind. He stared at the unconscious Englishman; whispered:

"You're a lucky dog—damn your eyes!"

He sat down; took pencil and a scrap of paper from his pocket; wrote:

DEAR JOHN:

The Bakoto priest has decided that one of us must die as a punishment for the insult to the juju—

He hesitated. Should he tell the whole truth?

No. A man self-condemned to die had the right to lie. So he continued:

He chose me as the victim. By the way, when you sell the jewels—for the priest says you are welcome to them—please send my half of the proceeds to my brother, Elliot Parmentier, 55 John Street, New York City. Good luck! LOWELL P.

He put the piece of paper beside Greensleet and weighted it down with a stone. Then he walked away from the camp fire into the black jungle, calling in a low voice:

"The choice is made, O priest of the Bakotos!"

And, as he did so, as voluntarily he went to his doom, he was conscious of a certain high elation of pride and relief.

"Fool!" mocked the drums. "Conceited fool!"

"You bet!" came his answering thought. "Why shouldn't I be? I've always been a fool. And as to being conceited, well—it's the first time I've had just cause. Besides, conceit is a bully medicine against fear . . . and—oh, dear Lord—dear Lord—let me die quick!"

At the edge of the clearing, standing silent and motionless, were a hundred or so Bakoto warriors. In front of them was the priest of the juju temple, a giant of a man with a face like a black Nero.

In the darkness the Bakotos were about him like locusts. He could not see them, but he could smell the sharp odor of their naked bodies rubbed with *sem-sem* oil; felt their strong, clutching hands, as silently they pushed and hustled him along—only a short distance, a dozen yards or so, where all at once he found himself in another small camp clearing lit by a fire.

THERE the priest reclined, stretched on a leopard skin.

He rose; bowed courteously; waved his hands in dismissal at the Bakotos, who stepped away, melting into the wilderness.

"You have made your choice—you and your friend?" he addressed the American.

"Yes."

"And—you decided—?"

"I am to be the victim, the sacrifice."

"How did you decide, *inkos?*"

"None of your business," Parmentier replied bluntly.

"I know. But—will you not tell me?"

"All right. Hard thing to decide, wasn't it?"

"Indeed. Almost impossible. That is why I am curious, *inkos.*"

The American smiled.

"We found a way—my friend and I."

"You did?"

"Yes. We appealed to chance. We drew grass blades. A long one and a short one. The short one meant death. I drew the short one. I lost. And here I am."

There was a pause. Then the priest laughed—a curious, gliding laugh.

"You lie, *inkos!*" he said.

"Eh?"

"You lie!" repeated the other. "I watched, hidden in the bush. I saw you think, think, think. I saw you bending over your friend. I saw you tempted. I saw you give way to temptation—almost. I saw you balancing your life against his—"

"Clever — aren't you?" came Lowell Parmentier's ironic interruption.

"Saw you, at last, making up your mind. You wrote. You entered the jungle. And I hurried back here—to receive you—to ask you a question—to hear you lie—"

"A lie," the American cried angrily, "which does not regard you. A lie which is between my friend and me."

"Wrong!"

"Wrong?"

"Yes, *inkos.* For the lie is between your friend—and you and the juju."

"What do you mean?" Parmentier demanded; and again the Bakoto laughed his curious, gliding laugh.

"Did I not tell you," he rejoined, "that the juju is fair? That he wants his just measure of punishment—of torture—and not a grain more?"

His voice was now very mild.

"There has been enough punishment, enough torture, these last few minutes when you were thinking, thinking, thinking—when you were tempted—when, finally, of your own free will, you chose to be the sacrifice. The juju is satisfied. The insult is wiped out. For your soul will never forget the torture, the punishment. Ah—perhaps your soul will be the cleaner, the purer, the happier—because of the torture, the punishment—? Who knows?"

He pointed to the west.

"Go, *inkos!* May the path of life be wide to your stepping!"

So, very early the next morning, Parmentier and Greensleet trekked on.

FAR off, the wooden signal drums throbbed and pulsed.

But no longer three stars glittered green—mocking, jeering, leering.

Already the young sun had risen, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire. . . .

"What do you think will be the first thing I'll do when I get home to Sussex?" asked the Englishman.

"I don't know," replied the American, rather ungraciously, "and I don't give a damn. I've my own life to think of—my own life to relive—to remake!"

And he pushed on at a good speed—on through the wilderness. There was the heat. There were the stabbing insects. There was the sour sweat which oozed from his forehead and the pores of his nose and itched in his beard stubble. There was fever and wretched food and rotten water. . . .

He did not mind. . . .

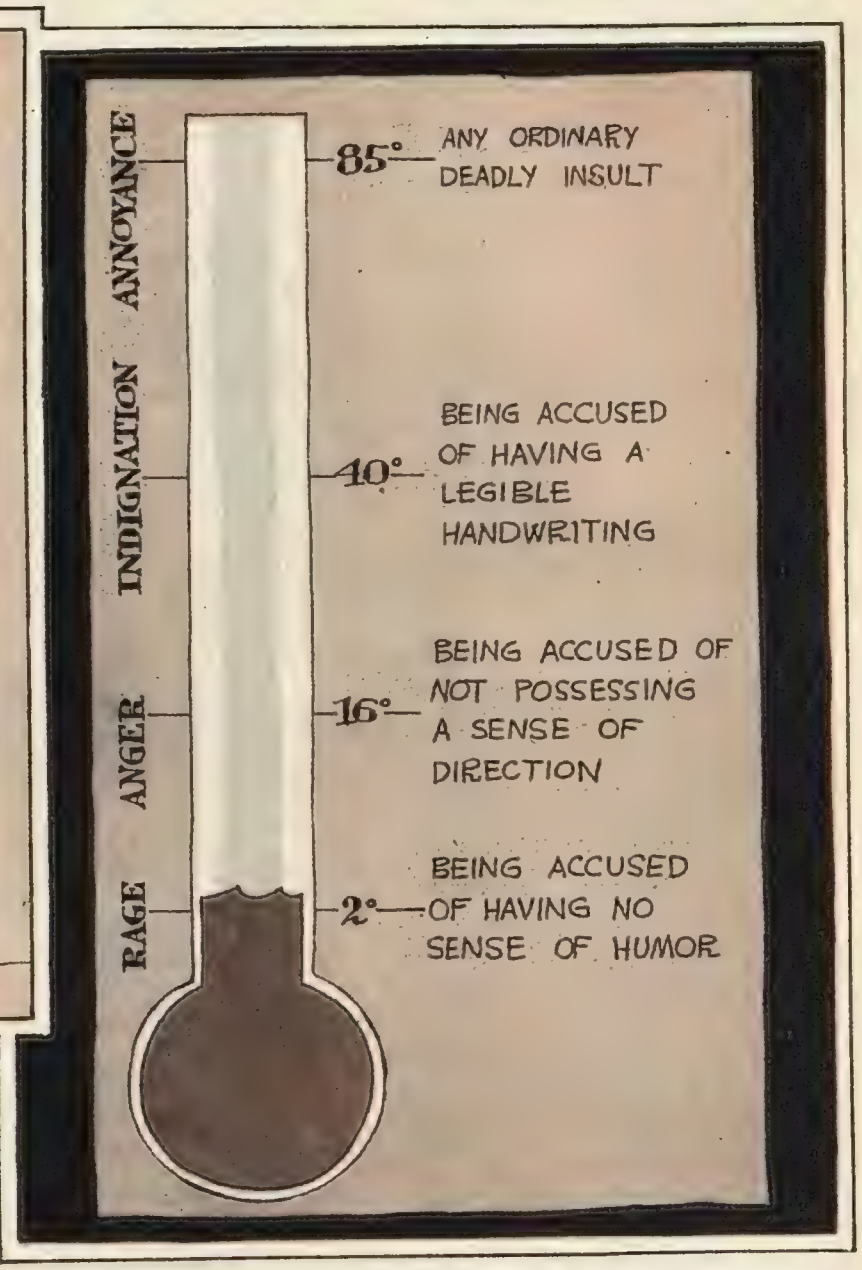
THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

OUT FRONT AND BACK-STAGE IN FRANCE: Graphic Section's house-to-house canvass of France's 39,402,739 population yields following results: 31,624 Communists, Russian taxi-drivers, and other malcontents who do not like America and are jealous of our wealth; 18,651,002 who are so busy with their own affairs that they never give us a thought; and 20,720,113 who look on us as a nation of great big, reckless, youthful, breezy, lovable slobs. All the noise is made by the 31,624.



A NOVEL INGENIOUS THERMOMETER with which to record the average human boiling-point. This new invention shows at what degree of heat the temper is lost upon application of certain recognized insults.

MR. A. BALDINGHAM (" A. B.") NORSBY, president of the A. B. Norsby chain of stores, in the costume in which he recited Twinkle, Twinkle, Norsby Stores, at the tenth anniversary get-together of the firm's 10,000 employees.

SPRINGBOARD installed on latest ocean liners for the use of those who would give their lives to make the front pages of the newspapers, but who can not afford an airplane.

The soup your appetite remembers !

Your sense of taste has a way of remembering such a lively and delightful flavor as it enjoys in Campbell's Tomato Soup. No other soup in the world is demanded so often or served so frequently. Once the appetite learns how good this soup is, the desire to "repeat" the experience is certain—and frequent.

Just the tonic juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a smooth puree, enriched with golden butter and seasoned deftly and delicately. Serve this famous soup also as Cream of Tomato. See the simple directions on the label. 12 cents a can.

"Dick-Dead-Eye" is my fame,
I never miss my aim.
To soup I owe
My health and glow
And Campbell's is its name!

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

NOW YOU CAN RELEASE YOUR PENT-UP HUNGER for Color

This is a brand-new experience. As enjoyable as it is new. Men of every age respond alike. Men of every class. Young men—old men—rich men—poor men—men who work and men who idle.

Color in Pajamas! By Glover of course. Dashing—joyous—youthful color! Satisfying as never before the color-hunger of every man whose heart stays young.

For Pajamas, *as tailored by Glover*, are now *more than sleeping garments*. As *lounging* garments, you find Glover's everywhere. Wherever men dress in good taste. In the home—around the radio and the bridge table. In college dormitory and famous club. They make informal wear as smart as street wear. And far more colorful.

Here you see merely a hint of their beauty. Look over a fuller selection of Glover Pajamas in your favorite store. Observe their continental styling—the perfection of their tailoring—the modern touches such as side-ties. Then marvel that they cost no more than the dreary, old-fashioned garments of yesterday!

Into thousands of homes this Christmas, Glover's will come—the most colorful, the most welcome of gifts. Satisfying an age-old longing. Offering enduring proof of your thoughtful discrimination.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY

New York Chicago Dubuque San Francisco

(Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa)

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range at every price from $2 to $35. Look for the woven label! If your store cannot supply you, write us.

The same smart style and flawless tailoring distinguish: Glover Sportswear; Glover Collar-attached Shirts; Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear for women, children, and infants.

Each pattern shown comes in several color-schemes. From left to right they are:

The EMBASSY, $18
(Boy's, $12; Youth's, $15)
The TRIANON, $8
The PIERROT, $5
The VANDERBILT, $6.50
The HOLLYWOOD, $5
The HENLEY, $12
The REGATTA, $4
The PEACOCK, $10
The GLOAMING, $5

© 1927
H. B. G. Co.

Stiebel

Glover's
BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

GLOVER PAJAMAS

MORE WILL BE GIVEN THIS CHRISTMAS THAN EVER BEFORE

Why I Prefer American Men

A Former Russian Noblewoman Compares Them with Europeans

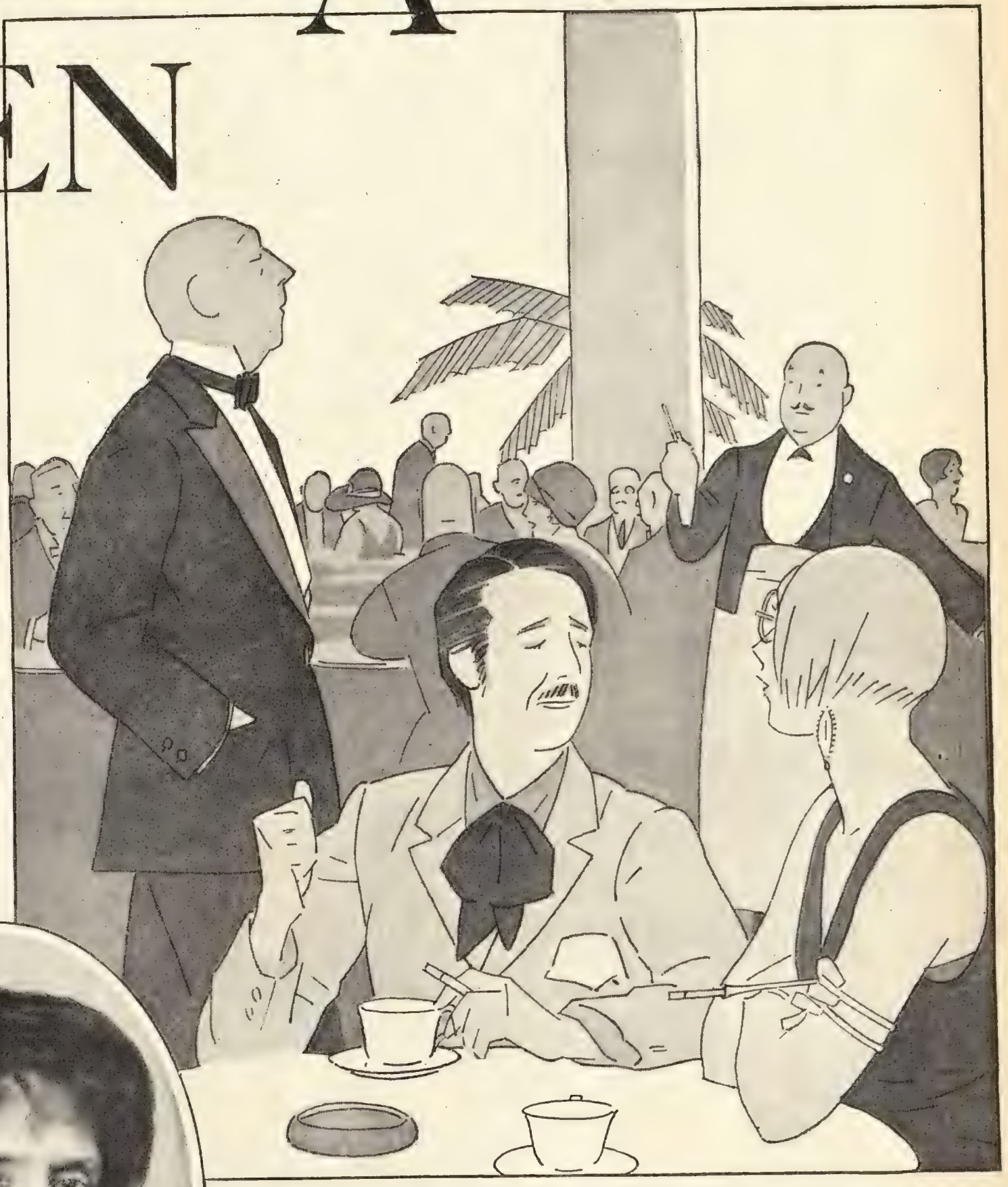
A Reply by

PRINCESS RADZIWILL

Pictures by GEORGE ONEILL

(Reading time: 11 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Princess Catherine Radziwill, the author of the following article, is the daughter of Count Adam Rzewuski, who was a close friend of three Russian Czars. She was brought up with several members of the Romanoff family. She married Prince Adam Radziwill and passed much of her earlier married life in Berlin, where she was for a time secretary to the Kaiserin, wife of Emperor Frederick. Queen Marie Leszczynska, consort of Louis XV, was a cousin of her grandfather and the Radziwill family received the French title of Counts de Grande. Princess Radziwill's fortunes were swept away in the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. The Princess came to America to lecture for the Allies, and settled in New York, where she now resides. She has become an American citizen and asserts that she is "very happy to have found a country again." She is the author of several books.]



THE foreign man is a superegotist: an individual who has so completely adopted egotism, pure and simple, as a rule of conduct that he practices it quite artistically.

PROBABLY because of the law of contrasts, I will own quite frankly that, unlike Miss Marjorie Oelrichs, I prefer American to foreign men.

Probably, also, one of the reasons why I do is that I have reached an age when artificiality or anything connected with it strikes one unpleasantly.

Truth compels me to say that as a general rule foreign men of the aristocratic class—for, like Miss Oelrichs, I do not know any other kind—are all of them more or less artificial, or, rather, conventional. There comes a time when a woman finds that the observance of conventions is not the only and the most essential thing in life.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

PRINCESS RADZIWILL, author, lecturer, and American citizen. Although of noble European family, she frankly prefers the men of this country and tells why in this article.

Then, again, the foreign man is a superegotist: an individual who has so completely adopted egotism, pure and simple, as a rule of conduct that he practices it quite artistically; so artistically, indeed, that one must have been brought up amid the same conventions in which he was born and bred even to notice it.

It is entirely a mistake to believe that a foreigner who marries an American girl for her money is the exception, and the one who marries her for love the rule. The foreigner hardly ever marries for love.

In old, aristocratic Europe, marriage was and, for the matter of that, is still considered as a very serious thing, not from the moral, but essentially from the material point of view.

It is a business which, like all other businesses, has to be entered upon after long and mature reflection, and of which the pros and cons must be weighed, not only from the point of view of those about to contract it, but also and especially from that of their families and relatives.

It is only after everything connected with the fortune of the future pair—the income they are to enjoy immediately and eventually later on—has been discussed, found satisfactory, and definitely settled, that the young people are allowed to meet and fall in love with each other, if they ever do.

In France especially, this rule is strictly observed; although it is also enforced in Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, and so forth.

Among the select circles of French society it is the dowagers who take the initiative in regard to the marriages of the younger generation. Before starting to arrange a match, they make it their business to ascertain all that there is to ascertain about the personality and the worldly goods of the persons whose happiness they undertake to bring about.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHY I PREFER AMERICAN MEN]
Continued from Page Twenty-one

I may surprise my readers by telling them so, but there exists in Paris an agency, very quietly and discreetly conducted, which gives itself the task to gather all possible informations concerning American girls of good families and marriageable age, and which against a consideration imparts such information to those willing to employ its services in such a delicate matter.

Nine times out of ten, the foreigner who asks an American girl—or in general an heiress, no matter what her nationality may be—to marry him, knows exactly her financial position, and he only gets introduced to her when he is quite sure it is beyond a doubt satisfactory.

I WILL here mention an instance, and a personal one, as to how such things are managed. After my eldest daughter had been presented at the Russian Court, I took her to Paris and London. I had in Paris a great friend, the Marquise X, now dead, I am sorry to say, who immediately declared that the best thing I could do would be to marry my child to a Frenchman.

She then started looking for a suitable candidate. After a while she told me she had found him in the person of a young man of excellent family, the last scion of an ancient race with a high-sounding title.

We had in Russia of those days what I will call American ideas, inasmuch as we preferred our daughters to meet possible husbands before discussing any other matters, especially financial ones. So I replied that I would be very glad for mine to meet the Marquise's protégé.

What was my surprise when, the next morning, I received a letter from the mother of the young man in question, informing me that she intended to make over to her son so much and so much out of her own personal fortune, in addition to what he had inherited from his father; and asking me what I was going to give to my daughter in the way of a dowry, and what expectations she might eventually entertain in regard to what would come to her after my own death.

I was absolutely horrified at this crude way of handling the future of two persons who had never even seen each other, and I told my friend that the matter had better be dropped.

Eventually the young man in question became the husband of an exceedingly rich girl, while my daughter married for love an Englishman. They are all four happy.

I will here add something. It is not only American dollars that constitute the ambition of the foreign man. It is dollars in general, and they need not be American ones in order to satisfy him.

But it would be difficult to find anything more charming and delightful than the way in which he starts on his conquest of this vile metal, without which life is so essentially disagreeable.

The fact that he belongs to what have been "the ruling classes for centuries," to use Miss Oelrichs' expression; the fact that he as well as his ancestors have always had money—which, however, is not as general as we think in America—does not make him view it as a matter of course, but rather in the light of something which must be obtained as a matter of course, a slight but very important difference.

ON the other hand, this fact—that the foreigner belonging to the upper ten thousand has always lived among people of his own class—has given him a moral and mental education and training entirely different from the one received by American men.

It has taught him tact, poise, the gentle art to say things which he does not mean, and it has imbued him with this spirit of conventionality to which I have already alluded.

This causes him to look at everything from the exclusive point of view of his own circle, where it is considered as a most vulgar thing to exhibit any of the inordinate love of money which, in reality, guides it in all that it does or attempts to do.

The American man likes to talk about his business, and would hate to be taken for a man of leisure. The European would feel shocked if he was suspected of wanting to bore his neighbor with descriptions of his financial successes.

In reality, the European reverences money far more than we do in America, but he never shows that such is the case, except to his most intimate friends.

Here again we find ourselves face to face with those conventionalities about which no American girl ever thinks, but which are never out of the mind of the foreign man.

American boys may have their faults—they may be rough, forgetful, or ignorant of those conventionalities of life which go so far to make it pleasant—but they are honest, frank, and sincere.

Of course he is an accomplished lover, and he understands the science of delicate flattery to perfection. If he does not rush to buy his beloved the most expensive present he can find, this is not only because he never spends his own money lavishly, but also because presents, like everything else in the circles in which he moves, are subjected to definite rules.

With the exception of her engagement ring, jewels are never offered to a young girl, even by her fiancé, until the day—generally the eve of her marriage—when the *corbeille de mariage*, as the accumulation of her wedding presents is called, is presented to her. They consist, as a rule, of the family diamonds, reset for the occasion.

On the other hand, it would be considered a horrible thing if a man did not send to his future wife flowers every morning.

As for asking a girl he would like to marry to meet his mother—it is also a custom a man would never omit. But, nine times out of ten, when this introduction is performed, the mama in question knows already all that there is to know concerning this possible daughter-in-law.

Marriages, being thus arranged beforehand upon what I would call a standardized basis, cease to be love affairs, and as a rule the girl herself would feel very much surprised if someone suggested to her that love ought to play some part in it.

THE foreign girl is even more the slave of conventions than the man. For her, marriage means emancipation: the possibility to go out alone and to receive her men friends when she likes. She looks upon it as the beginning, not as the end, of a chapter in her life, and she is the first one to give a thought to the material advantages it may bring to her.

All of which is so contrary to our American ideas that it is small wonder American girls fail to agree with all that it suggests.

As for taking a girl after her marriage to live on one of the family estates of her husband—this time is gone. For one thing, family estates are disappearing fast; and then, it is far too expensive to live in the country nowadays. A large château requires a great number of servants, and—alas, alas!—servants have disappeared in Europe as well as in America.

And then, again, people do not care any more for a quiet life. Jazz has invaded even the sacred precincts of the ancient Faubourg Saint-Germain, that Parisian stronghold of aristocratic France.

It must always be remembered that in Europe this fact to which I have just referred—that marriage signifies liberty and absolute freedom from any kind of control for the woman as well as for the man—has become an absolute rule.

Foreigners are sensible people, which does not mean that they are always sympathetic in their views and opinions of life in general and married life in particular. But they make allowance for the difficulties resulting from the curious system based upon conventionalities which rules them as well as all their actions.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27]

Me— I like a *pipe*

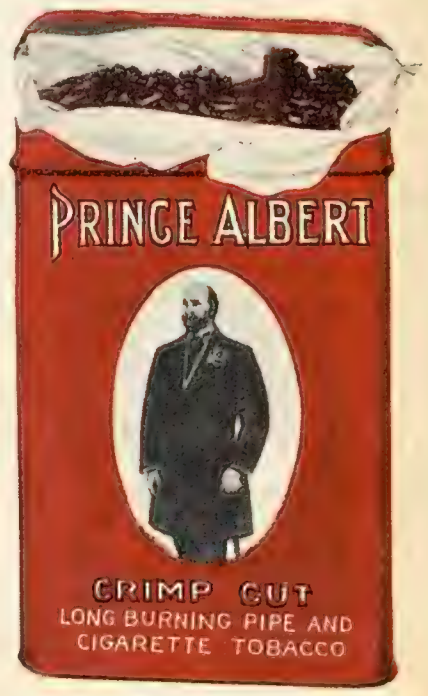
I DON'T attempt to speak for others. But as for *me,* I like a pipe . . . a pipe packed to the rim with good old P. A. What a dish *that* is for a pipe-hungry man! An easy chair, a newspaper, and a pipe-load of the grandest tobacco that just ever was. Say!

Are you one of those who feel that the joys of a pipe are not for you? "Tried it" and all that? Then let me urge you to try again. It's all a matter of clicking the right combination —a pipe and Prince Albert. You scent success in that first fragrant whiff.

And when you pack the bowl and apply the match, you break out in a smile that all P. A. smokers know. You've found your smoke . . . and your brand. How cool and sweet this long-burning tobacco is. What a marvelous taste it has. Pipe-load after pipe-load. Morning to midnight. Great!

No matter how fast and frequent you fill and puff, Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Men who were pipe-shy say Prince Albert is the one brand they can smoke and enjoy, seven days running. Get out that old pipe. Give it a new deal with P. A.!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

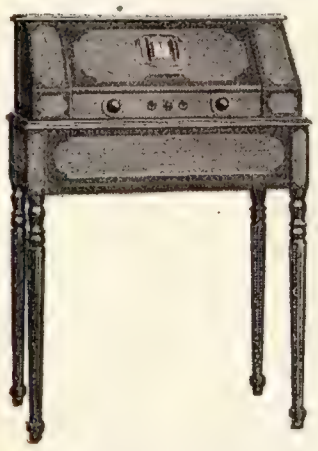
© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

These receivers operate from the electric light socket.

RCA RADIOLA 32

Custom-built. De luxe combination of the famous Super-Heterodyne and the incomparable Loudspeaker 104, the two finest achievements in radio. Socket-power operation, A.C. or D.C.

Complete with Radiotrons $895

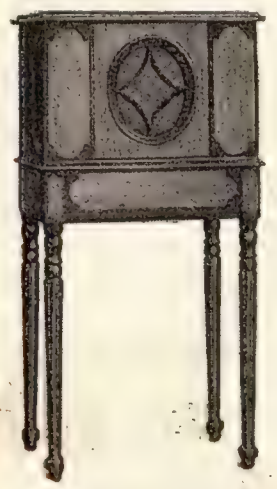


RCA RADIOLA 28

The Super-Heterodyne, supreme achievement in receiver design, in the popular table model. Ideal in combination with RCA Loudspeaker 104 (See below).

Radiola 28, with Radiotrons $260

A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A. C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . . $35



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104

Universally recognized as the finest reproducer ever designed. In combination with Radiola 28, it eliminates all batteries and provides socket-power operation.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A.C.) $275

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D.C.) $310

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

The world's knowledge of radio is embodied in these new Radiolas

RCA RADIOLA 30A. Custom-built. De luxe cabinet set, with concealed loudspeaker. Employing the unrivalled RCA Super-Heterodyne, it operates directly from the electric light circuit—either 60 cycle A.C. or 110 volt D.C. Extreme sensitivity, selectivity, tone fidelity and ease of operation . . . . . $495 complete.

The complete line of RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers now on display throughout the country embodies all the world's knowledge of radio.

Developed in the great Research Laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse, these highly-perfected instruments are the culmination of a quarter century of discovery and invention by the leading electrical and acoustical engineers of the scientific world.

Radiolas are everywhere recognized as the standard of the radio art.

A Radiola is a Christmas gift that every member of the family can enjoy.

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Socket-power operation perfected by RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric

RCA RADIOLA 17. The lighting-socket receiver the radio world has long waited for. This year's outstanding achievement in radio design. Employs the wonderful new RCA alternating current Radiotrons. Just plug it into the electric outlet (A.C.) and turn the control knob . . . Less accessories $130. *With Radiotrons* $157.50.

The new Radiolas that operate from the electric light circuit include custom-built, cabinet models of the incomparable Super-Heterodyne, and the wonderful new Radiola 17 that makes use of the new alternating current Radiotrons.

Battery-operated sets have been developed to their highest efficiency in the new Radiola 16 and the nationally popular Radiola 20.

Before selecting a new radio set to replace your old one, ask an RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate these instruments for you—*with an RCA Loudspeaker.* Don't handicap a good radio receiver with an antiquated loudspeaker.

A Radiola is a Christmas gift that every member of the family can enjoy.

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

These receivers operate with batteries or battery eliminators

RCA RADIOLA 16

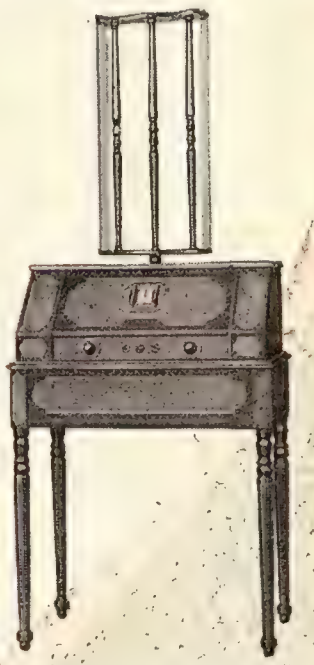
The new RCA storage-battery set. Very compact. One-dial control. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class.

Less accessories . . . $69.50
With Radiotrons . . . $82.75

RCA RADIOLA 20

Many times as selective as the average antenna set. Known the country over as "the biggest value in radio."

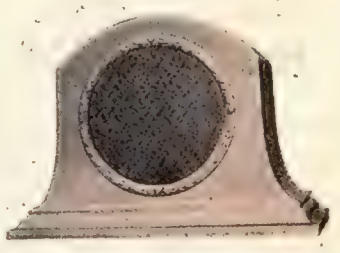
Less accessories . . . $78.00
With Radiotrons . . . $89.50



RCA RADIOLA 28

The tried, tested and perfected RCA Super-Heterodyne, a sensation ever since its introduction.

With Radiotrons $260



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A

Still better than the model 100. Built for long life. Rich, mellow tones. Amazing capacity and musical range. Equally efficient with battery or socket-power sets . . $35

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

©1927, U. S. C. & F. Co.

MEET *the emergency* BEFORE *it meets* YOU

Always carry in your car a set of

McKAY RED BEAD BUMPERS

Here's another way to meet the emergency—with sturdy, shock resisting McKay Red Bead Bumpers. Besides safety, they will "add good looks and protect good looks." There's a McKay Bumper for every type of car.

McKAY SPRING CONTROLLERS

Put an end to bumping and jumping with McKay Spring Controllers. Simple and easy to install, yet inexpensive, McKays *do the work.* For Fords $5.00. For other cars $6.50 and $8.00. Prices higher west of Rockies.

McK

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO., PITTSBURGH
Manufacturers of
Industrial and Commercial Chains for Every Purpose

NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOWS—1928
New York City—January 7th-14th—Spaces C-79-80-81
Chicago—January 28th-Feb. 4th—Spaces 120-121

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

They know that when they marry it is for material rather than for romantic reasons, and so they close their eyes to what they do not want to see. Foreign men expect their wives to remain within the limits of these conventionalities and not to meddle with what their husbands are doing, provided they also do not stray outside these limits.

This explains why European husbands, as Miss Oelrichs observes in her article, meet like men of the world the unpleasant situation of a lover appearing in their wives' lives. They ignore the fact, but in return they expect these same wives not to notice their own excursions outside the beaten track of matrimony.

This may be and undoubtedly is a most practical thing to do, and society accepts it just as the interested parties accept it.

The American man likes to talk about his business, and would hate to be taken for a man of leisure.

I HOPE to be forgiven when I say that I do not consider it by any means a delightful practice. I prefer the frankness of a divorce to the secrecy of an illicit love affair, which as a rule the children—if there are any—discover very quickly and interpret according to their own ideas.

May I also add that, although having a lover and being cordially received everywhere in spite of it is the general rule abroad, this rule also applies to New York.

In view of all this, it is not surprising that, between persons who have been reared in the spirit of those conventionalities which rule everything and everybody in aristocratic European circles, marriage becomes more an association of interests than anything else. A man and his wife are friends before being lovers. They know very well that they must not expect much from each other, and that the world only expects from them to obey the traditions they have always been told they must respect.

I will give here an example of what it is I mean. The daughter of one of my best friends found out one day that her husband was having an intrigue with a handsome chorus or ballet girl. She complained to her mother. The latter advised her to say nothing and try to forget the fact.

But when, after a while, that same mother learned that her son-in-law had been dining in a public restaurant, frequented by their own set, with the said chorus or ballet girl, she insisted on her daughter divorcing him. It was not the fact he had a mistress which aroused the ire of the old lady, but the circumstance that he had allowed himself to be seen with her in a place where he ought never to have brought her.

Now, after what I have related here, is it to be wondered that so many American-European marriages turn out unhappily? No American girl can or will adapt herself to this strange system of conventionalities which make out of a foreign man such a delightful personage from the social point of view, but such an objectionable husband. European life is charming—I am the first to admit this—but is it a healthy one from the moral point of view?

OF course its details cannot fail to appeal to the imagination of those who only see the surface of things, and have no means to look behind the scenes and to realize that, as much as it is a matter of course among old families on the other side of the water to eat a simple dessert from gold plates centuries old, it is also a matter of course for wives to be treated according to a standard of morality absolutely unknown in our country.

The family butler who is also a family friend has his charm—I am the first to admit it—but for one thing this type of servant that appealed so much to Miss Oelrichs is fast disappearing. For another, it has also its bad side. Old family servants have caused more trouble among European families than can be related or is suspected by an outsider.

One will tell me that there have been many happy American-European marriages. Yes, I am quite ready to admit this, but within my own experience I have only seen two that could be called absolutely successful. In both cases it was the European bridegroom who had money.

I am thinking of pretty Miss Susan Whittier of Boston, who about thirty years ago became the Princess Belosselsky and one of the most popular women in St. Petersburg society—the pre-war St. Petersburg; and of Miss Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of President Grant, who also married a rich Russian, Prince Cantacuzene.

But outside of these two ladies, all the other American girls married to Europeans whom I have met or know have been miserable. More than one has seen her romance end in the divorce court, like, for instance, Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough, and many others.

THERE is one thing in which Miss Oelrichs is absolutely right. We must not judge of foreign men by a few fortune-hunters who come over here in search of an heiress or because they have made life too hot for themselves in Europe.

But even where nice foreigners come in question, I do not think that an American girl acts wisely when she allows him to persuade her that she would be absolutely happy with him in Europe. It is the system which is rotten, this system which makes out of marriage a piece of business from which every shred of sentiment is excluded.

Our American boys may have their faults—they may be rough, forgetful, or ignorant of those conventionalities of life which go so far to make it pleasant and agreeable—but they are honest, frank, and sincere, and never mean harm.

Although they may take their best girls or even their fiancées to cabarets and such places, they respect them far more than does the foreigner who only avoids doing it because it would be considered as infringing the fast and set rules which govern his conduct.

For all these reasons I prefer our American men to foreign ones. I think that it is love which ought to have the first as well as the last word to say there where marriage is concerned. Love, even in the cases when it is short-lived, is a far pleasanter thing than sanctioned and dissimulated greed such as those who know the undercurrents which guide the majority of the aristocracy of old Europe are well aware exist there.

And I am glad that, in spite of her sympathy for foreigners and her frank admission she prefers their society to that of her own countrymen, Miss Oelrichs does not expect to marry one of them.

THE END

Peppy Batteries always . . . . *if the Christmas list includes a General Electric battery charger!*

Tungar (the name of the General Electric Battery Charger)—put that on your list. For Dad, or Jack . . . or maybe, just for yourself. Every radio set should have its Tungar to keep batteries always pepped up.

The two-ampere Tungar has been a particular favorite because it gives both trickle and boost charging rates.

But different sets really require different chargers. Your radio dealer will tell you which is best for your set. Now that Tungar prices are lower than ever before, be sure you settle your battery charging problems for all time. And do as much for all the other radio fans on your Christmas list.

Tungar causes no radio interference. It cannot blow out tubes.

An overnight charge costs about a dime.

It is a G-E product developed in the Research Laboratories of General Electric.

The 2- or 5-ampere Tungars charge 2-, 4-, and 6-volt "A" batteries, 24- to 96-volt "B" batteries, in series; and auto batteries, too. No extra attachments needed.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate

New low prices
East of the Rockies

2-AMP. TUNGAR $14

5-AMP. TUNGAR $24

TRICKLE TUNGAR $10

GENERAL ELECTRIC

My FIGHT with Richthofen

As He Did Unto Others— The Red Knight's Death Described by His Conqueror—

A. ROY BROWN

HOW the Red Knight was killed: as drawn from the story by Captain A. Roy Brown, his conqueror. When Richthofen (center) attacked May (left), Brown dived into a position above and behind the German plane. A short volley sent the great ace down.

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 16 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Almost daily during the month before he killed the Red Knight, Captain Brown led his flight of five red-nosed Camels on patrols up and down and across the lines. There were frequent brushes with the enemy, and in the air fighting of March and April, 1918, before he killed their leader, Brown shot down four members of Richthofen's circus. But, until the morning of his last flight, the German ace had not mixed in these combats, and Brown had never seen the famous all-red Fokker.]

III. A Warm Sunday on the Somme

ON the forenoon of Sunday, April 21, 1918, the Red Noses hit a home run with the bases full. It was in an attack that was a forlorn hope from which none of us expected to come out alive.

Smashing into a flotilla of twenty-two circus planes—Fokker triplanes and Albatross D.5s—my flight of five single-seater Sopwith Camels mixed it in one of the epic dog fights of the war.

The Somme flowed sluggishly below. In the air above it we settled several circus scores that day. Thousands of British infantry watched the scrap. There was no quarter asked, no quarter given. It was a fight to a finish.

The flight bagged four machines.

May, Mellersh, and Mackenzie each got a Fokker triplane. And I had the luck to kill Richthofen.

Mackenzie was slightly wounded. That was our only casualty. Four of our machines were shot up, but all of them returned.

And, just previous to the big brawl, Sammy Taylor of our squadron—the 209th Squadron, Royal Air Force—though not of my own flight, sent an Albatross down in flames. His quick kill was the forerunner of victory to come.

Today "Wop" May, now Captain Wilfred R. May, D. F. C.—for he won his decoration later—is living in Edmonton, Alberta. I went to school with him there, long before either of us dreamed of flying, war, or German barons who cruised the sky in all-red planes. My personal interest in May contributed to Richthofen's death.

For it was May's very first fight; his first sight of Hun machines. It came very near being his last. A mere matter of seconds kept the Red Knight from winning his eighty-first victory and saved May from being his victim.

Fortunately, my machine guns spoke first.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble lather" *teems with water*

BUBBLES are "shells" of water. And water, science says, is what really softens beards. Therefore Colgate has made this "small-bubble" lather which contains thousands more of these water-shells, hence holds more moisture. Fine as mist, these bubbles seep down between whiskers to skin surface, right where blade meets hair, as the lather pictures above prove.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable throughout the day.

FREE—A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES
Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-L, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Twenty-nine

Richthofen went down before he could kill May.

I do not pretend that affection for May made me kill Richthofen. I did not even know that it was Richthofen at the time. But I was watching May, as it was my practice to keep an eye on lads fresh from the pool to see that they were not popped off before they really learned to fight. Thus it happened that I went to May's assistance.

I have always felt that this attitude of mine toward the flight was the biggest factor in my victory.

May was unconsciously the decoy that delivered Richthofen into my hands. In his eagerness to add to his record, to smash down the fleeing pilot in front of him, the German ace left himself open to my attack.

It was inevitable that he should get it sooner or later. It was just my luck to have been Johnny-on-the-spot at the right moment.

Fighting fliers might be impelled by one of several motives: a craving to kill; an impulse to win, as if it were a sport; a desire for personal glory; or a wish to get the war over with.

THERE is little doubt that Richthofen loved to kill. He sought glory and honors. He was an egotist.

There is little evidence that he did anything in his last fight until his hawk eyes—from his perch aloft—showed him May at a disadvantage, streaking for home after downing a Hun.

Then he swooped—to his own death.

Such tactics had won glory for him in the fatherland. They did not help particularly in the war. He bumped off one machine, but two others sprang up in its place. At no time did he make it impossible for bombing or spotting expeditions to be carried out.

We members of the Royal Air Force had little awareness of Richthofen, despite his record. He was no bold, bad man of the skies, the mention of whose name made us shiver lest we meet him.

In my flying service at the front, I never heard a man express a fear of trading bullets with him. Fighting flights seldom met him. To most of us he was unreal. So we carried on, in a sense unconscious of him.

To the question: Did British pilots or patrols go forth for the express purpose of getting Richthofen? I say absolutely and definitely, to my knowledge, NO.

On the body of Richthofen was found a document, of which this is a translation:

> 26th March, 1918. 9:40 A. M. Group Commander of Aviation No. 12 to First Pursuit Squadron. Airman reports that it is not possible to fly over the Ancre [river] in a westerly direction on account of strong enemy opposition. I request that this aerial barrage be forced back in order that a reconnaissance up to the line Marieux-Puchevillers may be carried out. —— ——, *Group Captain of Aviation No. 12.*

FOUR British fliers who took part in the fight in which Brown killed Richthofen: Lieutenants W. J. Mackenzie and (top, left to right) M. S. Taylor, A. W. Aird, and W. R. May. During the combat this quartet bagged three German planes.

The First Pursuit Squadron was Richthofen's.

Here is a polite complaint because the British air force controlled the front, and a demand for action. It throws light on the morale of the German flying service at that period, in spite of Richthofen's victories.

MY own views with regard to war, and especially with regard to my pilots, may be of interest here. My excuse for giving them is that I believe they had a bearing on Richthofen's fate.

When I got a new pilot from the aviation pool—and I did this with "Wop" May a day or two before we met Richthofen—I gave him a penny lecture for the good of his soul and the preservation of his body. It ran something like this:

"I don't know how you feel about the war—particularly your own part in it—but I'm going to tell you how it appeals to me. The government has spent time and money — and probably you've crashed more than one machine in training—in getting you here.

"Up to now you've been an expense and a liability. Now there is a chance to make you pay dividends. To do that, you must avoid being killed.

"You may get into a dog fight when you go out with me today. You may be as keen as hell to shoot down Huns. Fine. But you don't want to be killed yourself—at least, I don't want you to. You don't know the game yet. Keep after a Hun today—and before you come out of the scrap you're going to crash in Hunland.

"You may not mind being killed—that's your business—but your first duty is to come back.

"If you get into a dog fight today, pick out your Hun and take a drag at him. If you get him—fine. If you don't—fine!—turn and come home. There'll be no questions asked.

"Remember, if you don't get one today you'll live to get one another time."

AFTER getting his Hun on the first burst, May, according to my orders, was streaking for home when the Red Knight swung down at him.

Watching May, I happened to see Richthofen on his tail, and so I got him.

This Sunday morning—April 21, 1918—was notable in that we were doing for the first time a squadron patrol. The practice had only recently been introduced by the British. The unit of operation previously had been a flight of five machines.

But the Germans had begun to send out flocks of twenty, thirty, even forty machines. A British flight was too small to tackle them. In future we were to fly as a squadron of three flights: fifteen machines. The three flights, each making a V, flew in a V.

Before going up we had debated this squadron stunt. None of us were keen on it. We thought it unwieldy. We decided that we would try no complicated maneuvers: that we would carry on straight ahead, with long turns so

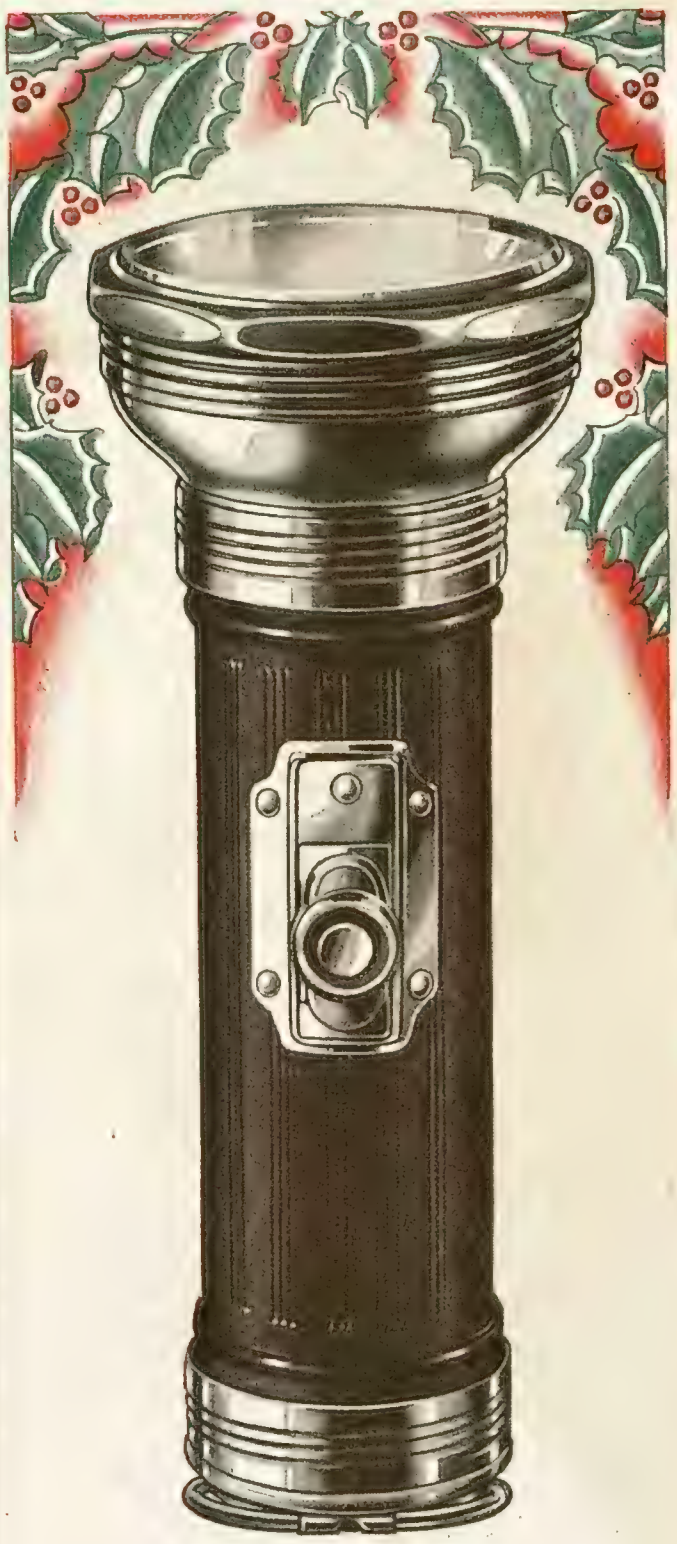
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

We know some people who want *Eveready* Flashlights

There's **Mother** She'll use it to find things in dark closets and hunt for jam in the cellar, and for protection when she steps out in the dark of night.

There's **Father** He'll use it to read the gauge on the gas-tank of the car, to hunt for tools when he wants to fix something about the house, or to examine the radio.

There's **Son** He likes to camp, and on a camping trip an Eveready is invaluable. The new Eveready Boy Scout Flashlight is just the thing!



AN EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT has a thousand uses about the house. It is as convenient as a telephone. As necessary as running water. Its use should be as much a habit as cleaning one's teeth. An Eveready Flashlight is always a convenience; often a life-saver. Give everyone an Eveready Flashlight this Christmas. $1 up.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

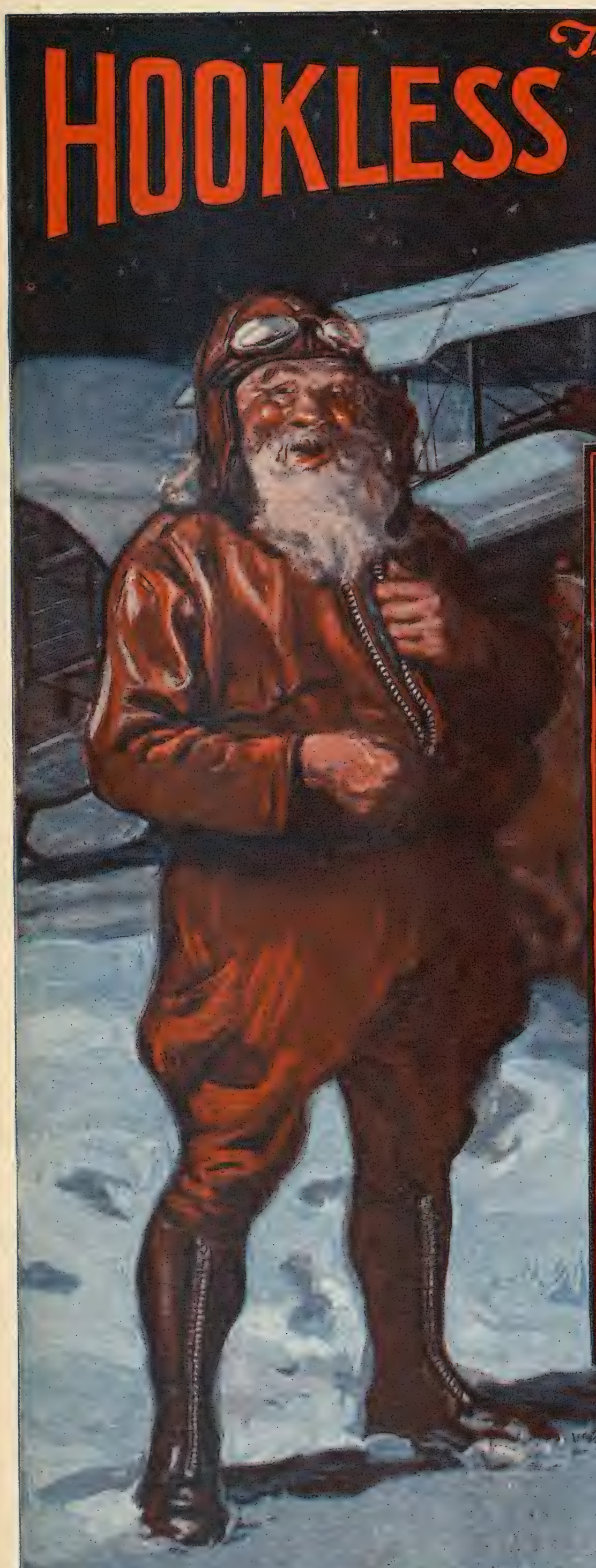
And **Daughter** She drives the car, too, and a flashlight is positive protection when she comes from the garage to the house after dark.

The **Nurse** uses one to see how the baby is at night. She turns it on and doesn't wake him. If she turned on the bedroom light, she would. Playthings get lost in dark places, too, and a flashlight finds the woolly dog or the tin soldier right away.

The **Cook** keeps one hanging in the kitchen and finds it mighty useful. She doesn't have to fumble around in the dark to get the vegetables. She uses it to examine the roast in the dark oven.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
–they last longer

The HOOKLESS FASTENER



For the *Modern* Christmas

SANTA CLAUS is a modern old fellow—always right up-to-date in his dress, his methods of travel and his choice of gifts.

This year Santa will use every house-top for a "landing field" and out of his bulging sack will roll presents to the liking of everyone—young or old—countless articles fitted with the HOOKLESS Fastener.

These will include:

Goodrich "Zipper" Boots
Sweaters
Lumberjacks
Golf Jackets
Golf Knickers
Riding Breeches
Athletic Wear
Union Suits
Men's Shirts
Work Clothing
Unionalls
Hunting Coats
Hunting Boots
Riding Boots
Gym Suits
Bathing Suits
Children's Play Suits
Children's Knitwear
Children's Snow Suits
Children's Leggings
Rubber Clothing
Luggage
Hand Bags
Purses
Hat Bags
Golf Bags
Bathing Bags
School Bags
Wardrobe Bags
Laundry Bags
Toilet Cases
Brief Cases
Money Belts
Safety Pockets
Pencil Boxes
Gloves
Spats
Tobacco Pouches
Covers for Luggage
Baby Buntings
Sleeping Bags
Tents, etc.

These modern gifts will be keenly appreciated by everyone. The convenient HOOKLESS Fastener that serves these many articles ALWAYS WORKS. It opens quickly and closes snugly and securely with just an easy pull—is flexible, durable, rustproof and launders with perfect safety.

The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the "pull" identifies it as the original slide fastener.

Write us for the names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.
Meadville, Pennsylvania

In Canada:
Canadian Lightning Fastener Co., Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ontario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

that everyone might have a chance to hold position.

I remember being particularly grouchy about the whole affair. My nerves were in shreds and physically I was a wreck. Every hour was an agony; every day seemed a postscript tacked on life. My sole desire was to get up and get it over with, one way or the other.

When we left the airdrome at Bertangles it was 9:35 o'clock. Our work was to patrol from Hangard north to the Amiens-Albert road, up above the Somme. This was along the line just east of Amiens.

We climbed, keeping formation very well. At 12,000 feet we began our patrol, flying up and down the front. There were few signs of a war. An itch for action made me want to break away from the squadron—orders or no orders—and seek Huns somewhere. Anything would have been better than this cursed inaction.

THE first hint of a change came at 10:25 o'clock. Just as we were making a turn at the north limit of our patrol, Sammy Taylor dived clear out of formation. He had spotted an Albatross to the north over Beaucourt.

We watched eagerly, but it was alone. And Sammy's first burst sent it down in flames.

That was the first one of the day—the Sunday-morning overture.

It bucked me. Better still, it broke up the squadron. In the pause, while Taylor climbed back to his flight, I swung the Red Noses south and east, with the intention of edging in over Hunland to see what we might find.

It was about 10:45 o'clock. In Amiens, a few miles back, they were on their way to morning mass.

The visibility was poor. A haze fogged the vision, and at first we could not pick up anything. Then I noticed two of our own R. E. 8s down low over the Somme near Cérisy. These were artillery observation machines, two-seaters and slow. They seemed to be scuttling about as if in trouble.

It was not long before we made out the white puffs of Archie shells bursting around them. That was queer. British bursts were white, German bursts black. Enemy aircraft was evidently attacking the British machines.

We started sliding on a long dive. And, sure enough, we soon caught the flashing of a pair of triplanes.

Meat! Fresh meat! We'd soon spoil their game. That was our thought. Sticking our noses down, we whanged full out toward them. But within thirty seconds we had brought our noses up again!

It was a moment that called for hesitation. The two had become twenty-two. This closer view showed a regular cloud of Hun machines.

There was something revolting about the way they piled on the poor R. E. 8s. Up and down, back and forth, they went, weaving, weaving, weaving: like giant hornets swarming—though I thought of snakes.

It was the circus *en masse*, though I saw no sign of Richthofen's triplane.

British Archies continued to plaster the swarm. White puffs like cotton balls broke all about and around them. To no effect. The Hun planes went on weaving. The R. E. 8s, apparently doomed, floundered about like trapped sheep. It was hard to understand how they had escaped so long.

Frankly, I did not know what to do. I looked around. The squadron formation had disappeared. No longer were we fifteen. Behind me there were only the members of my own flight—five of us altogether—and back of them a few other Camels.

Attack in the face of such odds was plain suicide. The sky was an inferno of flying death in which, within seconds, we would be submerged. There did not seem a chance in the world of coming out of it alive.

"You'll wipe out the flight!"

The thought caught me. I hesitated. It was nasty to have to decide about the lives of the other pilots. I knew that they were watching my tail for the signal, wondering: "Is the crazy nut going into that jam?"

Then I looked again at the Huns piling on the hapless artillery planes. And something snapped inside me:

"You cold-footed pup! Save those R. E. 8s. Go in and smash them."

My tail flipped up. I did not even look to see if the flight was following. Down I flung, full out, in a hell-riding dive at the tripe attacking the nearest British bus. All that I recall of him was his blue tail.

I WAS seeing red, diving so hard that I nearly barged into him as I pressed on the trigger of my guns. Mellersh was right beside me, firing too. It was he who got credit for him. We saw him crash 2,000 feet below.

The R. E. 8s were free. They skinned off home. The startled members of the circus pulled themselves together and piled on us instead. They wove all over us in venomous swarms.

My own hands were full. Within seconds I was fighting for my life. Three tripes came at me on converging courses. They sought to sandwich my plane. The cross fire of their tracers cut arcs about me.

I did not see how I could get

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE flying Baron (left) and a fellow airman on the German airdrome. Richthofen is shown with Moritz, a Great Dane, his constant companion on the ground.

New York is Gayest in December

THE social season is at its height—the theatres offer the finest productions—Broadway playgrounds are alive with talented entertainment—the shops brightly display the world's most fascinating Holiday Gifts. New York's happy activity reaches its peak in December.

As usual, here at the McAlpin, we keep pace with the surge of the Season. The Hotel brightens up—the entire McAlpin Staff speeds up its service to the thousands of discriminating guests who expect so much from New York during December.

So let me remind New York visitors that, regardless of the "rush" of business, the McAlpin will render its same superlative service—serve the usual cuisine of excellence—Ernie Golden and his famous McAlpin Orchestra entertain every day—

And a spirit of Holiday friendliness pervades to make your December visit a genuine pleasure.

When may we expect you? Wire, write or phone your reservations—to me, personally, if you prefer.

Arthur S. Lee
Managing Director

P. S.—I take this opportunity to extend the Season's Greetings.

HOTEL McALPIN
"Where the White Way Begins"
Broadway at 34th Street
New York City

He'd *Prefer* an ASHAGON

A CHRISTMAS gift for a man is a problem—we men *admit* it! But we do like *useful* things by which we can remember the giver. That's why HE would prefer an Ashagon.

Ashagon De Luxe was designed from a marvelous old Grecian vase. Its design is authentic. Its beauty is lasting. It is the world's most beautiful *ashless ashstand.*

Ashes, stubs and matches go down the hollow tube to the glistening, clean, *sanitary*, glass jar concealed in its graceful base. Ashagon was the first ashstand to use the glass jar receptacle. And it is the *easiest* to empty and keep clean. Avoid imitations—*insist* on Ashagons.

Three fine models from which to choose: Ashagon De Luxe, $15.00; Ashagon Corona (non-tippable), $10.50; Ashagon Master, $8.50—west of the Mississippi, 50c more. Five beautiful colors: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Write us today for free pamphlet illustrating these *Ashagon Artistic Ashless Ashstands.*

THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut
New York Display Rooms: Suite 510, 125 E. 46th St.

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

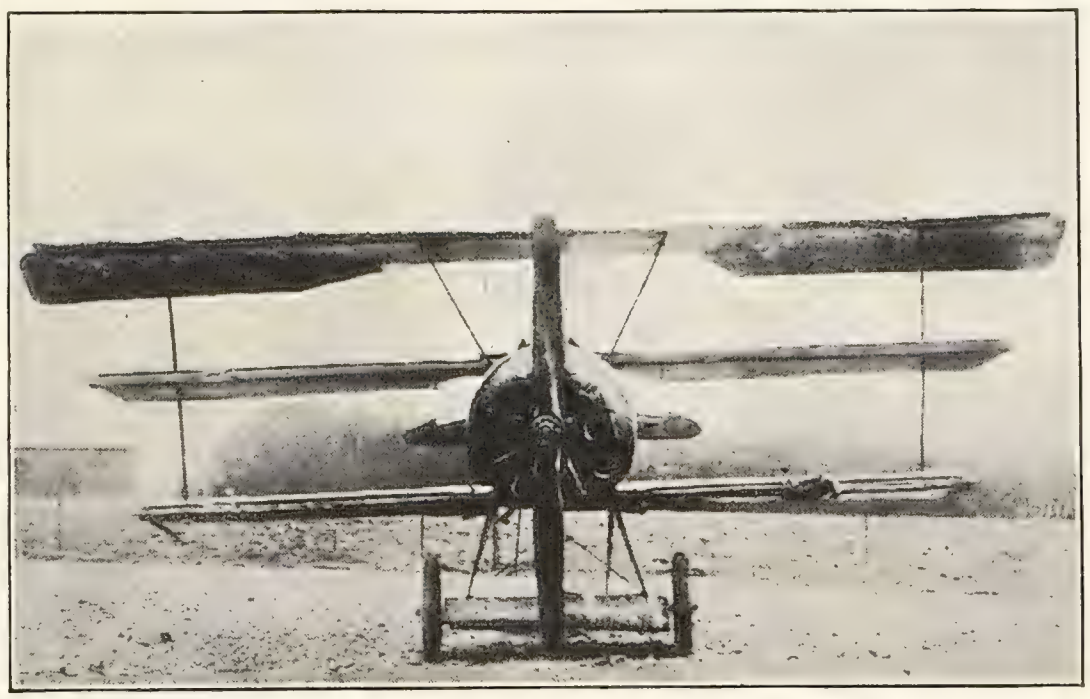
Patents Pending. Copr. 1927, The Tubular Products Co.

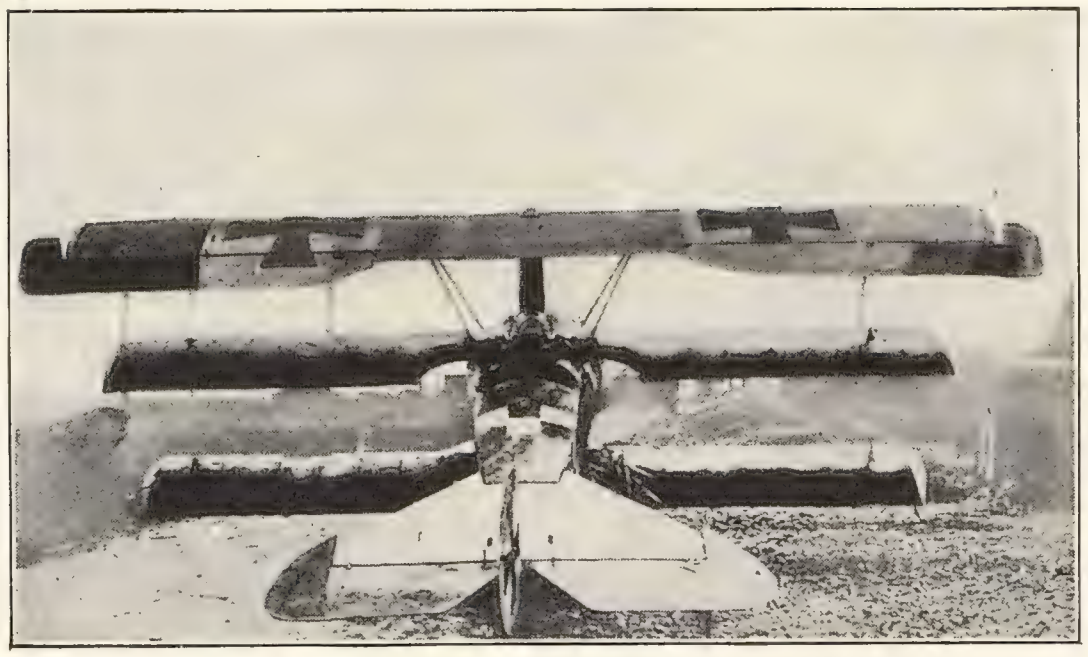
[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

out. But I decided to give them a run. I was quite cool about it. There is no memory of any particular fear. If this was the end, all right—it would at least be on the wing.

So I flipped about crazily—swerved and twisted, dived, rolled, and zigzagged—anything to keep from being a straight mark. I tried every trick I knew; did some I had never tried before.

In the back of my mind was a hope that I might draw them into crashing with one another. I lured them on. I Immelmanned—up, over, and back. I whipped in underneath them. Two of them missed clicking their wings by inches. The third had to swing wild to escape a smash.





THE Fokker triplane in which Richthofen died. These front and rear views show the machine soon after Captain Brown's bullets brought it down. Souvenir hunters soon stripped it.

THAT gave me a brief breather. While they straightened out, I zoomed and gained a little height. They rounded and came at me again convergingly. I flew full out until they were almost on me; side-slipped and turned flat under them. Again they nearly crashed. Once more I zoomed, climbing madly. They lost me in straightening out.

I pinched myself to see if I was still living, then looked around. The weaving mass of German planes had thinned. The sudden burst of the Red Noses had scattered them. Clusters here and there showed where the pilots of my flight were mixing it with the superior numbers of the circus.

My first thought was of Wop May. Anxiously I swept the heavens for a sign of him, hoping he was still in the ring. At last I sighted him, up toward Corbie, north of me.

He seemed in good shape. He was pulling out, back to Bertangles, as I had told him.

Then, in a flash, I realized he was being followed. Out of the haze I saw a red triplane go darting after him. It was above and behind him—a position that might easily become deadly.

I continued to climb steadily, to be in a position to give May quick help if necessary. He was evidently wise to the Hun, streaking away fast, scuttling about, swerving, zigzagging; though the tripe kept right on his tail.

They looked like great dragonflies, chasing one another. Whip, zip, turn! They flashed and curved in unison. Every move that May made his red enemy duplicated. But the lad seemed to have the other's measure.

Then I realized the Hun was gaining. He ceased to twist. When May flipped, he flew straight. He cut down the gap between them. Still May was all right. If he could keep up that gait—

But, all of a sudden, I saw he was in deep. I knew he had tried

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$11.95
Western Price $12.95

Tower Adventurer
CONE SPEAKER

SHIP AHOY!! There's a pirate bold heading your way, his ship's laden with harmony and jazz—overflowing with hours of pleasure. Anchor it to your radio and unload your share of its treasure. Cast in metal, this real ship model is finished in old Ivory, employs a new armature type unit—an acoustic triumph.
On sale everywhere by reliable dealers.

Created by the—
TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

A POST CARD BRINGS IT TO YOU

MY ONLY SALESMAN $2.75 for 50

I DON'T want you to order a quantity of cigars until you try my complete line consisting of 7 brands put up as illustrated above. If after a fair trial you feel that you did not receive at least "DOUBLE VALUE" I'll return your money in full.

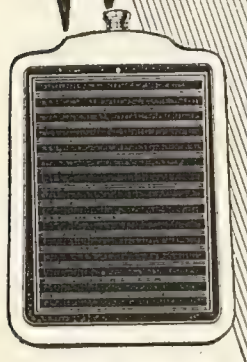
HOW I do it. I import my own tobacco and maintain the largest cigar factory selling for cash, eliminating book-keeping, bad debts, etc., and sell my entire output direct to the consumer.

All transportation charges prepaid.

I CANNOT afford to sell more than one trial Sample case to a person at this price.
Mail Check or Pay the Postman.

JAMES B. HALL JR.
DEPT. B 176 E. 127TH ST. N.Y.

Quick Starting in Cold Weather with the



ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT

HARD starting with the usual excessive use of the choke, increases crank case oil dilution and damages your motor. Speed up the start, and quickly bring your motor to full power by using an ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT.

The ALLEN gives *you* positive hand control of heat regulation from the dash—it enables you to enjoy full summer motor power all winter, and protects your engine against unexpected "boil overs", excessive carbon formation, and warpage of engine parts.

The ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT saves oil and gas, too! It is mechanically perfect—no rattles, no sticking, nothing to get out of order—beautifully finished in black Japan (baked on) and tailor-made for *your* car.

The ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT never sticks—it always works. Driving or parking you will find the ALLEN the ideal protection for the proper operation of your motor.

Install the ALLEN today.

$5 to $15

ALLEN AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

16 West 61st St., New York
2015 Michigan Ave., Chicago

ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

The genuine ALLEN has this RED LABEL

"NEVER STICKS-ALWAYS WORKS"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

everything he knew. I sensed he had shot his bolt.

The red triplane was now scarcely 100 feet behind. He was on a level with him. At any moment he would let go with his guns. It was time to act. Fortunately I had gained 3,000 feet.

I banked over hard, turned, flattened, stuck my nose down, and dived toward the tail of the red plane.

I was in perfect position, above and behind. It was a mere matter of straight shooting. Neither plane was aware of me. May was wriggling like a hooked fish. The tripe was pointing for a burst when the correct split second came.

That was the moment May gave up. "I'm through," he thought. "I can't do another thing." He set himself for death in the back.

Then he heard my guns. He flashed a look.

"Thank God, it's Brownie!"

The next time he looked the red tripe had disappeared. Back over the side of his bus he saw it strike the earth.

RICHTHOFEN'S end was exactly like that of the majority of his own victims. He was caught cold. He was dead before he had time to recover from the full shock of the surprise.

It was all so casual—so simple.

I had dived until the red snout of my Camel pointed fair at his tail. My thumbs pressed the triggers. Bullets ripped into his elevator and tail planes. The flaming tracers showed me where they hit.

A little short!

Very gently I pulled on the stick. The nose of the Camel rose ever so slightly. Gunnery-school stuff!

Easy now. Easy!

The stream of bullets tore along the body of the all-red tripe. Its occupant turned and looked back. I had a flash of his eyes behind the goggles.

Then he crumpled—sagged in the cockpit. My bullets poured out beyond him. My thumbs eased on the triggers.

Richthofen was dead.

It was all an affair of seconds, faster than the fastest telling.

The triplane staggered, wabbled, stalled, flung over on its nose, and went down.

The reserve trenches of the Australian infantry were not more than 300 feet below. It was a quick descent. May saw it. I saw it as I swung over. And Mellersh saw it.

Mellersh had a scrap on his hands. Two tripes were right on his tail. I pulled up as quickly as I could and went to help him. The Germans whipped out of the fight in spins, and streaked toward Hunland.

The brawl was over. Every one had had enough.

Limping like a lame duck, I turned toward Bertangles. The banging about had addled the engine. Only three cylinders were hitting. The propeller was scarcely turning over. But I made the drome.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No better gift for any man!

Every man will want this full-size kit-pack of Mennen Shaving Comforts — a full-size tube each of Mennen Shaving Cream (Mentholized), Mennen Skin Balm, and the regular shaker can of Mennen Talcum for Men.

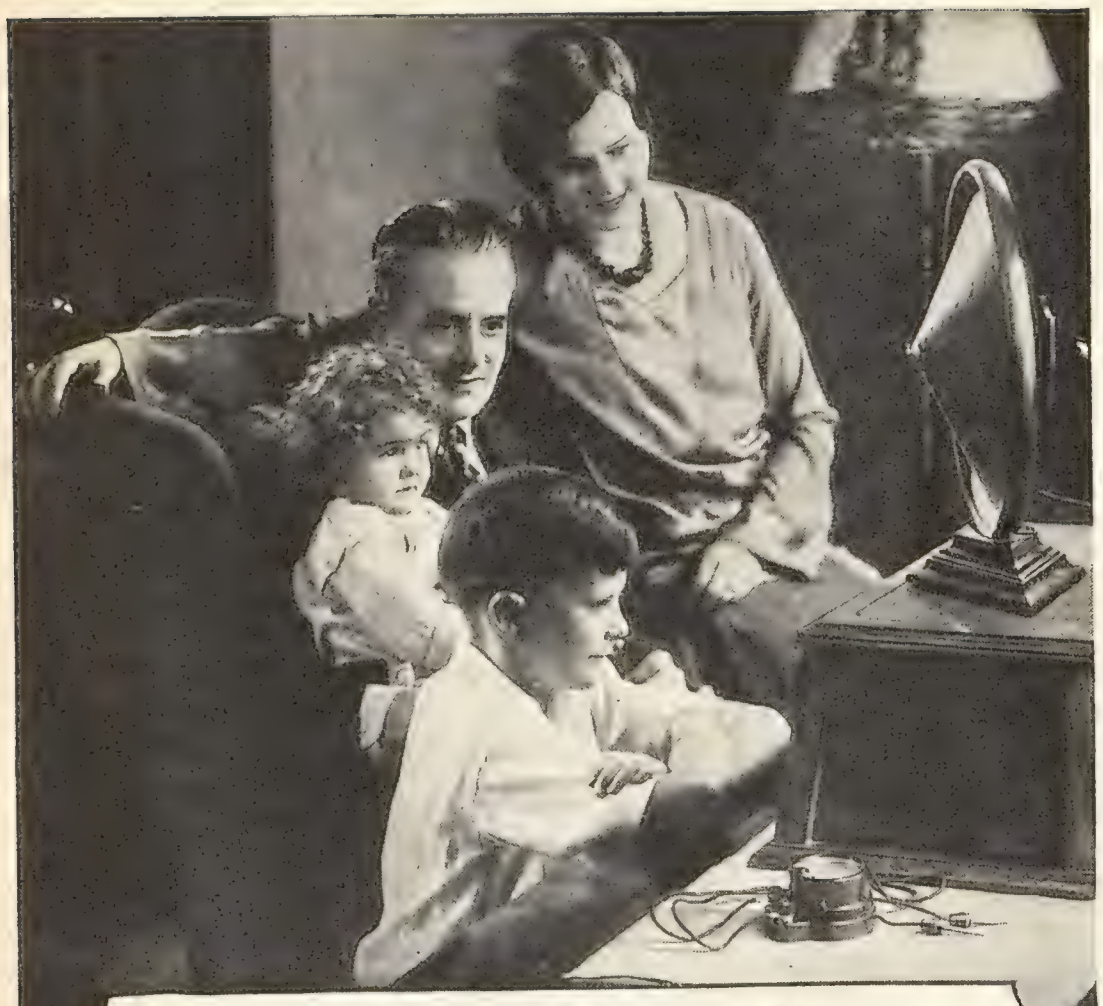
For no man forgets, once he tries it, the smooth, sweet razor action that follows *dermutation,* that exclusive Mennen process which completely softens the beard while you twirl the brush. *Dermutation,* too, relaxes and levels the tiny skin mounds at the base of every hair. No cutting off the tips of the tiny skin peaks. No rawness or soreness. No "drum-head" tautness or aftersmart, either. Mennen contains no free alkali to irritate or burn the skin. Five gentle, agreeable emollients in the lather soothe and tone up the skin.

And *Mennen Skin Balm* has a cool, bracing tingle and clean briskness that freshens the skin and gives that well-groomed, alert appearance. *Mennen Talcum for Men,* too, is the first and general favorite with men. Tones down face shine. Neutrally tinted not to show.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

Shaving Cream
Skin Balm
Talcum for Men



A few minutes with your Weston before broadcasting time—

AND NOW, relaxed and hushed, you confidently await the enchanting music of the radio which follows—tones as mellow as the firelight's glow, yet as vibrantly clear as the frosty, starlit night—bringing the entertainers so startlingly near as to suggest their actual presence. This, and only this, is complete radio enjoyment—the illusion of realism which thrills and fascinates, and keeps your set ever new and interesting.

Weston Radio Instruments Insure Perfect Reception.

If you have never operated a set by the *instrument control method* you will be amazed at the difference. If you are in doubt—perhaps having used a makeshift, inaccurate device—then a Weston will convince you. You will no longer be uneasy about your set, expecting a battery or tube to go suddenly "dead" or other annoying failures to mar the pleasure of your program.

One of these little "Westons" for the family Christmas

will give you untold radio satisfaction for years to come. They are little gems of craftsmanship and the world's highest standards of quality and accuracy. Even though they are Westons their prices are substantially the same as for other makes. On sale by leading dealers. They will tell you which model you require:—

For the new A.C. tube receivers Weston has developed the attractive Model 528 in the rich, ruby-tone Bakelite case, suggestive of the Christmas spirit, shown below.

The little green gold Pin-Jack Voltmeter for Radiola, Victor or Brunswick sets.

Model 489 for sets operated by batteries or B-Eliminator.

A. C. and D. C. panel types for permanent mounting.

May we send you our complete little booklet on the use of radio instruments? Address a post card to 197 Weston Ave., Newark, N. J. —Radio Division—The Weston Electrical Instrument Corporation.

WESTON
RADIO
INSTRUMENTS

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

The first person to greet me was Wop May. He came over running and caught my hand.

"Thank God, Brownie, you got that red Hun! I was all in. It would have been all over in a second."

He was tickled about being alive.

He made no mention of Richthofen. Neither did I. In the back of my mind was the thought that the all-red tripe might have been Richthofen's. The German ace of aces! It seemed immodest to think I might have downed him.

Mellersh joined us.

"Saw you get the red beggar, Brownie. Great work!"

Mackenzie had got a tripe, and a slight wound across the back where a bullet, cutting through his Sidcot suit, had grazed the skin. We had not lost a man. No wonder the airdrome echoed with our talk:

"I got one!" "I got one!" "And, damn it all, I got one, too!"

We had drinks all round. Physically, we were low as snakes—but bucked, elated, crazy.

SHORTLY afterward, I sat down and wrote my combat report. In it I said merely that I had destroyed a pure red triplane. The following is my log-book entry of that Sunday show:

> Dived on large formation of triplanes and Albatross single-seaters. Three triplanes got on my tail, so I cleared off. Climbed back and got back in scrap. Dived on all-red triplane which was on Lieutenant May's tail. Got in burst, when he went down.
>
> Observed to crash by Lieutenant Mellersh and Lieutenant May. Dived on two Fokker triplanes which were following Lieutenant Mellersh. Did not get them.

Subsequently, at the hangars, I told the mechanics to give the engine a thorough overhauling. Demanded a new one. Then I went to lunch in the old tent that did duty for a mess-room. I sat down to my usual meal of milk, eggs, and brandy.

The office telephone rang. The Wing was calling. Simpson, our engineer officer, answered. He came rushing back.

"Brownie! Brownie! Get your chest ready for the decorations!"

"What for?"

"Word from the Wing. That red tripe was Richthofen!"

I nearly passed out. True, I had had a sneaking suspicion that it was he, but this blunt confirmation just about bowled me over. I began to tremble. Richthofen! The red baron! Germany's prize pilot!

The fellows piled on me, cheering, chaffing.

"Wait till you reach England, Brownie. The women will mob you."

"They'll be pointing as you pass: 'There's the blighter who shot Richthofen!'"

"Wait till the medals begin to roll in, Brownie! French, Italian, Russian. You'll look like a Christmas tree."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boys—here's real skating comfort

THE NEW IDEA
WINSLOW'S
TUBE SKATE OUTFIT

Racing and Hockey Models
Nickel or Aluminum Finish

The skate manufacturers of the longest experience in the country (over 70 years) produced this great improvement in tube skate design for you. You'll appreciate its strength, lightness, comfort. Note the heel-bearing—same as your regular shoes.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
Worcester, Mass.

Over 70 years continuous experience in making ice and roller skates.
New York Sales Office and Warehouses
85 Chambers Street

WINSLOW'S Skates
THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES.

Indian-detour

Santa Fe
Harveycars

A new kind of trip to the Land of "In a Little While"

Three days motoring in luxurious Harveycars through a strange country, on your way to or from California. A courier acting as hostess and guide with each car—a young woman who knows the Indians and the country—its history and fascinating lore.

A vivid, colorful country—high mountains, adobe pueblos, pine and pinyon forests.

And $50 covers all expenses—meals, accommodations with bath, and motor transportation.

Fill out coupon and we will be glad to send complete information.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1002-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free picture folder about the Indian-detour and Roads to Yesterday.

.....

.....

Your hair responds

to the first treatment!

Vigorous, tingling with life—clear down to the roots!

That's the feel of your hair after this treatment—the *very first time you use it:*

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Used every morning, Pinaud's *ends* those two causes of thinning, dry, dead-looking hair: dandruff—poor scalp circulation.

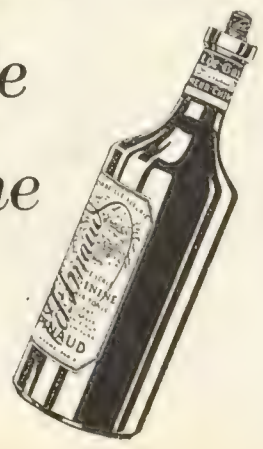
Soon your hair becomes healthy and strong growing.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.

Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Good-natured kidding! The lads were tickled. It was great for the squadron.

We settled down to lunch at last. We were just finishing when Cairns, the Wing Commander, came in. We got to our feet. He came toward me. His face was grave. In his manner there was no hint of congratulation. His tone gave me a chill.

"Well, Brown, so you claim to have killed Richthofen?"

"No, sir; I do not."

"I thought you did!"

"No, sir. I claimed to have shot down an all-red Fokker triplane. I don't know who the pilot was."

"It was Richthofen. But the point is this: Australian machine gunners say they got him from the ground. There is also a report that he was downed by one of the R. E. 8s. Then, there is your report. It looks like a mess.'

I said nothing. The other pilots were silent. I was sure that my bullets had sent him down, absolutely sure; so sure that I felt suddenly mad at the other claims. But what could I do? What could I say?

The Australians in question were in the Eleventh Infantry Brigade in whose reserve trenches the red plane crashed. Peculiarly enough, the R. E. 8s, whose bacon we had saved and who were now also claiming to have killed the ace, were Australian machines.

It looked like a case of one Canadian *versus* the whole Australian corps.

Cairns took me out to the squadron office to talk the thing over.

"What d'you think we'd better do?" he asked.

I was mad clean through.

"Only thing we can do," I said, "is go up to the lines and see the machine. That will soon show who killed him. We can see the body too. The wounds will show whether he got it from the ground or from the air."

Cairns agreed and we prepared to start.

MY mind was in a ferment as I went to my hut after lunch that Sunday to change clothes so that I might accompany the Wing Commander up the lines to view the body of Richthofen and the ruins of the all-red triplane. I was on edge. Very little would have made me say: "All right. Let the Australians have him. To hell with them!"

At the moment I did not really think there was anything in the shooting of Richthofen to make such a fuss about. I knew, as no one else did, how easy it had been. But stubbornness drove me to see the thing through.

My habit at the front had been to wear, as a matter of easy routine, breeches, stockings, and dancing pumps. It was easy to kick the pumps into a corner and pull on flying boots. This I had done that April morning, donning the pumps again when I came back from the dog fight.

One did not bother about dressing up to take the air. In hot weather it was not unusual for Royal Air Force pilots, on morning

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When you go to bed Do your Nerves stay up?

How to get the sound, restful sleep that gives you all-day energy

We offer a 3-day test of this new Swiss food-drink

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out in the morning—nervous, muddled, unable to concentrate—your energy drained by afternoon?

If so—don't ever take drugs. They do not give natural, restful sleep. You wake up feeling "logy" and dull. Furthermore, there is no need for using a drug.

For modern medical science has found a *pure food* beverage, called Ovaltine, that actually has the power to induce sleep. *Natural* sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it. Not only because it gives sound, restful sleep but also because it is composed entirely of food vital concentrates that build up and restore your mind and body as you sleep.

As a result, you don't wake up feeling "logy"; you wake up feeling fresh, clear-eyed, and buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here, a 3-day test to prove what we say. Note particularly how good you feel the next morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 or 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, *the main cause of sleeplessness*, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound restoring sleep in a natural way.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

©1927 T. W. Co.

I took Ovaltine for nervousness and sleeplessness and to build up my system in general. It gave me restful sleep and steadied my nerves. Allow me to recommend this wonderful product.

W. A. Bauman
Baltimore, Md.

I am very pleased to state that Ovaltine works wonders. Since taking it I have lost most of my jumpy nerves and sleep better at night. Am also gaining in weight.

Maurice L. Giuendon
Binghamton, N. Y.

Send for 3-day test

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. J-4
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

One package to a person.

4 out of 5 invite pyorrhea

Dread Pyorrhea, with its host of serious ills, does not come uncalled for. It comes as the guest of Neglect and Carelessness.

And four persons out of five after forty (and thousands younger) contract Pyorrhea. Often serious diseases follow, destroying health, beauty and youth.

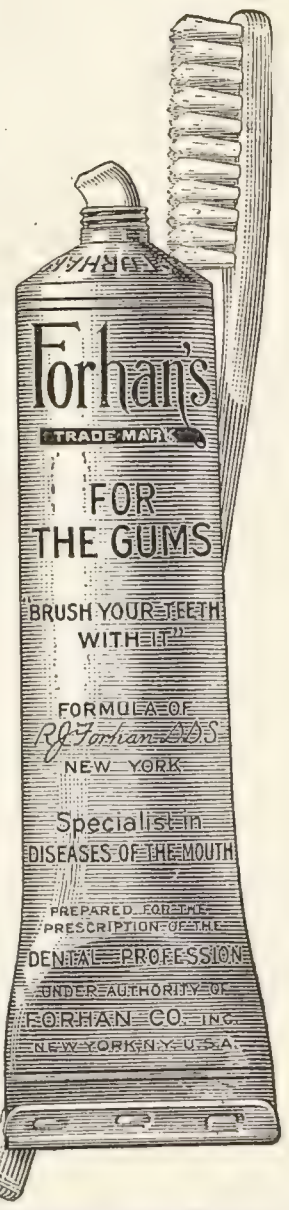
You need have no fear of this vicious foe. If your gums are tender and bleeding, see your dentist at once. And start using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., and contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Safeguard your health! See your dentist twice a year. Start using Forhan's regularly morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Play safe—get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

We make this promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. All druggists, 35¢ and 60¢.

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

flights, to pull a Sidcot suit over their pajamas and hop off, to kill or to be killed.

I remember an experience of Casey's, a pilot of our squadron. Still wearing his pajamas, he had pulled on his boots, wrapped his flying coat around him, and jumped into his bus. Over the Belgian lines he ran into a Hun. He staged a great huffing match before being shot down.

This was near La Panne. Unknown to Casey, Albert, King of the Belgians, had watched the scrap. He had been thrilled. He had insisted on meeting the brave pilot.

Poor Casey — killed later — oil from his smashed engine smeared all over his pajamas, was anything but a heroic figure as he bowed to His Majesty.

Why Captain Brown was not decorated for shooting down Richthofen, and how his own flying career came to an abrupt end, will be told in the concluding installment of his story in next week's LIBERTY.

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

The Last Leaf

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

[Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), Boston physician, professor at Dartmouth College and Harvard, won some popularity as a poet and novelist. His chief fame, however, rests upon his three volumes of witty, discursive essays.]

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

* * * *

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

IT is inadequate to say that Tecla Pearls look like genuine ocean gems. To all intent and from every observable characteristic they are the real thing. Nothing but a negligible variation in composition totally imperceptible in appearance, separates them. For thirty years Tecla has adorned the most distinguished of women at the most conservative functions without the slightest probability of anyone being able to distinguish any difference.

Tecla creations are available only at the stores listed in this advertisement.

A Tecla Necklace for Twenty-five Dollars

Marshall Field and Co. • Chicago, Ill.
Bullock's • • • • • Los Angeles, Cal.
Denver Dry Goods Co. • Denver, Colo.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D.C.
Frederick and Nelson • Seattle, Wash.
Gladding's • • • • Providence, R. I.
The H. & S. Pogue Co. • Cincinnati, O.
J. L. Hudson Company • Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's • • • • Pittsburgh, Pa.
The La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo, Ohio
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co., Houston, Texas
Lebeck Bros. • • • Nashville, Tenn.
McCurdy & Co., Inc. • Rochester, N. Y.
Meier & Frank • • • Portland, Ore.
Miller & Rhoads, Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Mermod-Jaccard & King, Hot Springs, Ark.
Mermod-Jaccard & King, St. Louis, Mo.
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis, Mo.
R. H. Stearns Company • Boston, Mass.
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. Toronto, Montreal
The Higbee Co. • • Cleveland, Ohio
The White House • San Francisco, Cal.
Wm. H. Block & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Z. L. White • • • • Columbus, Ohio
Thomas Kilpatrick & Company, Omaha, Neb.

Técla

398 Fifth Avenue

London Berlin Paris

Beer, Love, and a Few TEARS

Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer Co-Star in The Student Prince

A Film Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 2 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE souvenir program sold at the New York première of The Student Prince contributed the most disillusioning criticism of the motion picture. It seems that, while over 200 gallons of beer were consumed during the filming of the production, the stuff was entirely lacking in alcoholic content.

Thus this sentimental old romance, written as Old Heidelberg by Meyer-Forster and once played behind the footlights by Richard Mansfield, will please the most ardent prohibitionist without displeasing the wets.

Ever since Old Heidelberg was done into an operetta called The Student Prince, its filming has been inevitable. Richard Barthelmess wanted to do it, but his employers of the moment, Inspiration Pictures, thought it too Teutonic.

Then Metro-Goldwyn bought the rights, borrowed Ernst Lubitsch to direct it, and selected Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer to co-star as *Prince Karl Heinrich* and *Kathi*.

But Miss Shearer was not the right selection for the rôle of the innkeeper's simple little niece.

The picture was made in Hollywood, although Director Lubitsch went to Heidelberg for exterior long shots. Thus, you now see *Prince Karl* and *Kathi* in intimate moments sandwiched between long shots of German nobodies doubling in their rôles.

While Lubitsch was in Heidelberg, it began to dawn upon the powers that be at Metro-Goldwyn that Miss Shearer was not just the right fräulein. So Director John Stahl re-shot her close-ups, with more attention to high lights and so on.

The Student Prince is a pretty effective picture. This story of the handsome young prince who falls in love with a barmaid, and then has to renounce her for a throne and a marriage of state, is bullet-proof sentimental drama.

Novarro is excellent as the *Prince*, giving a sensitive and skillful performance. Miss Shearer isn't *Kathi*, but Jean Hersholt, the Danish character actor who has so many hits to his credit, fairly runs away with the honors as the old tutor, *Dr. Juttner*.

Another hit of The Student Prince should be credited to the little boy, Philippe de Lacy, who plays *Prince Karl* as a child, and who is one of the few Hollywood movie-children who do not reek of grease paint and mascaro.

He was picked up in a war-shattered village near Nancy, France, after an air raid. The entire family had been wiped out except Philippe, then eighteen months old, and his grandmother. The old woman died of wounds and the homeless orphan was adopted by a nurse, Mrs. Edith de Lacy. Philippe has been in pictures since he was four years old.

Hersholt has stolen any number of films with his neat character work. One of his best performances was *Marcus Schouler* in Von Stroheim's Greed. Born in Copenhagen in 1886, he had a long career on the Scandinavian stage in Ibsen and Strindberg before he came to this country.

The Danish actor was sent over to the United States by his government to put on a national play at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915. He invaded Hollywood, but his attempts to break into pictures failed until Director John Robertson selected him for a leading rôle in Mary Pickford's revival of Tess of the Storm Country.

The critics have chuckled because Lubitsch, the director, stepped from his usual province of sharp, sophisticated drama, such as The Marriage Circle, to the sentimentality of The Student Prince. Actually, this is the real Lubitsch—sentimental, kindly, Teutonic. And The Student Prince is romantic and sobby. Even with the fields of phony studio daisies, its obvious miscasting, and its other weaknesses, it is effective and even touching drama.

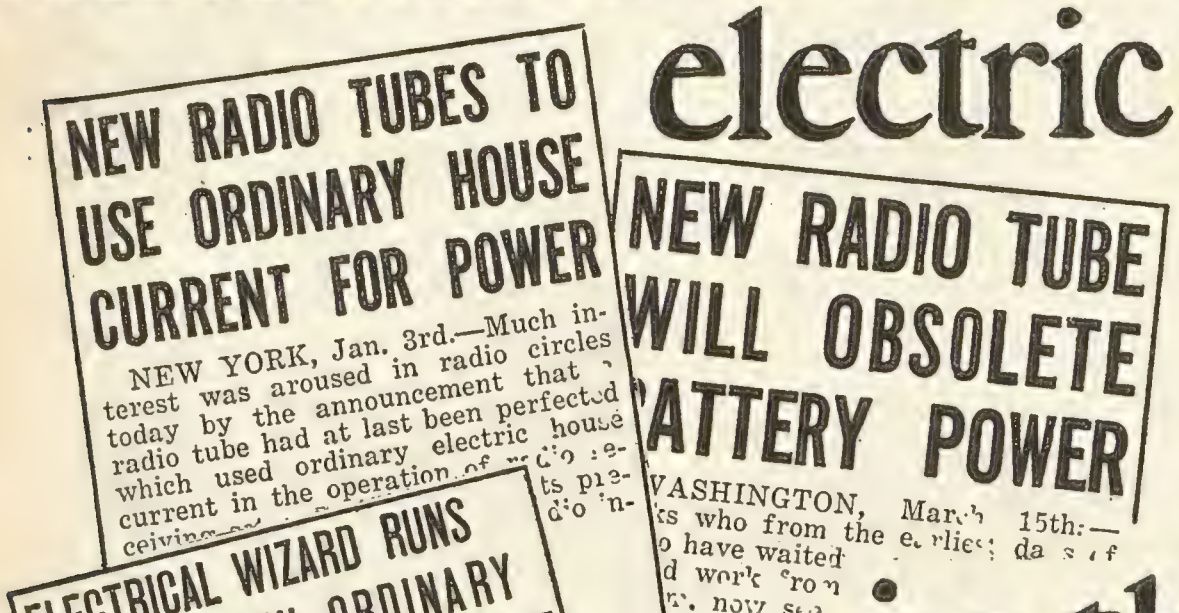
(Left) Philippe de Lacy, the child, and Jean Hersholt, who made their own hits in The Student Prince.

Norma Shearer as the barmaid who gave up her prince, and (above) the Mexican Ramon Novarro in the Teutonic title rôle.

Do you know that—

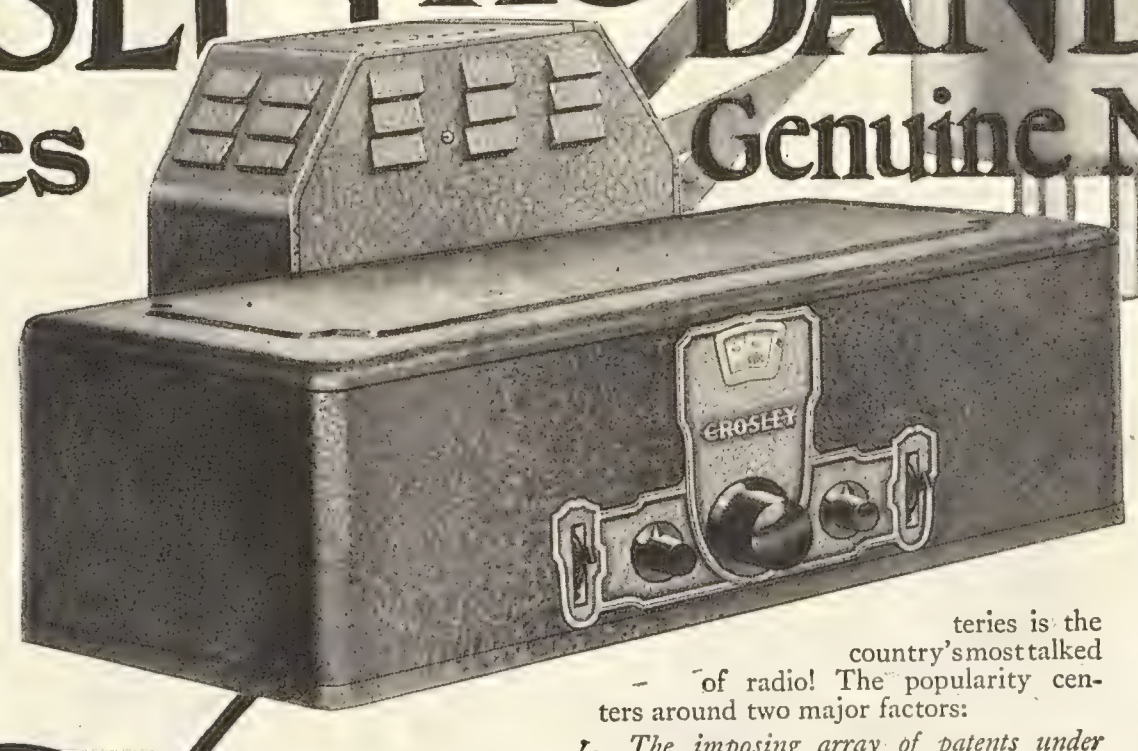
Betty Compson has been signed to play opposite Lon Chaney in The Big City, a gangster melodrama? . . . Creighton Hale has succeeded Ralph Forbes in the leading rôle of Rose-Marie opposite Renée Adorée? . . . Harold Lloyd has returned to Hollywood after seven weeks of filming his new comedy, Speedy, in New York City? . . . Paramount has re-signed Pola Negri? . . . Charlie Chaplin's next is to be The Suicide Club?

Amazing *New* A C radio tubes eliminate batteries by use of electric house current



CROSLEY AC BANDBOX

6 tubes — Genuine Neutrodyne



The Crosley Radio Corporation NEUTRODYNE

STORIES in regard to the coming of AC tubes which would operate from houselighting circuits have appeared in various newspapers, arousing a climax of anticipation in the public mind last spring.

With the acquisition of a license by the Crosley Radio Corporation under a large group of patents controlled by the Radio Corporation of America, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, etc., the Crosley AC Bandbox is possible through the use of the new R.C.A. alternating current tubes, UX226 and UY227. These tubes utilize for their filaments and heating regular alternating current from the houselighting circuit.

The current is stepped down by means of a transformer without need of rectifiers to supply the heat necessary for the functioning of the tubes. The converter box, which

Now $110 without tubes

is included with the Crosley AC Bandbox can be tucked away out of sight. It is connected to the Bandbox by a cable and also supplies the current for the plate voltages on the tubes replacing B batteries.

Thus the Crosley AC Bandbox functions entirely from the regular houselighting current without need of batteries, battery chargers, or any of the other usual paraphernalia which requires attention, care and early replacement.

The Crosley AC Bandbox with the new alternating current tubes is truly revolutionary, and brings to the radio user an entirely new conception of care-free radio. This AC model which works with standard power supply units and storage batteries is the country's most talked of radio! The popularity centers around two major factors:

1. *The imposing array of patents under which it is built.*
2. *The number and quality of the features Powel Crosley, Jr., has built in it for the price.*

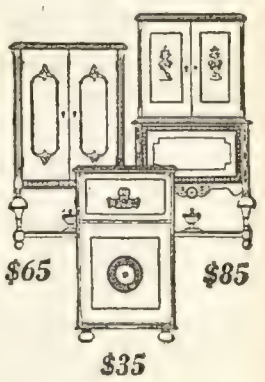
—And what value Crosley has added in

1. Complete shielding of *all* elements.
2. Absolute balance (genuine Neutrodyne).
3. Volume control.
4. Acuminators for sharpest tuning.
5. Single cable connections.
6. Single station selector.
7. Illuminated dial.
8. Adaptability to ANY type installation.

Today's radio must be adaptable to the home. It must fit into all kinds of conditions. Perhaps you have a bookcase corner—a desk compartment—a chest—or even a bureau drawer where it could be tucked away. Maybe you want it to be part of the furnishings, as an impressive console or credenza cabinet. The Bandbox fits in everywhere.

The metal outside case is easily and quickly removed.

The set is solidly mounted on a stout steel chassis. As all controls are assembled together in the front, cabinet panels are easily cut to allow their protrusion. The metal escutcheon is screwed on over the shafts and the installation has all the appearance of being built to order.



Two large furniture manufacturers have designed console cabinets in which the Bandbox can be superbly installed. (*Showers Bros. Mfg. Co. of Bloomington, Ind., and the Wolf Mfg. Ind. of Kokomo, Ind.*) Powel Crosley, Jr., has approved them mechanically and acoustically and has seen to it that the famous Crosley Musicones are built in them so that the best type of loud speaker reproduction may be insured.

This is the kind of a radio you have been waiting for—the real *direct* electric set that requires absolutely *no* attention. What if it does run all night! Who cares? No run down batteries greet you in the morning. You owe it to yourself to see the Bandbox and listen to its remarkable performance. If you cannot easily locate the nearest Crosley dealer, his name and address will be supplied on request. Write Dept. 76.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher.

CROSLEY RADIO

"You're there with a Crosley"

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Hot to Mollie

In Which a Girl Finds It's a Tough Life If You're Not Romantic

A Short Story by

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

MOLLIE was more cut up than the horse, and she grabbed Felix and hung on to him.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

LOOKA, I was tellin' Sandy about Mollie Gill, that use' to be my girl frien' before I got in Society through marryin' a famous Canadian novelist, and he says it's a swell yarn, and he oughta know, bein', as you might say, in the business. Lea'me tell you.

Mollie was awways awful romannic and crazy about Class, and forever dreamin' about warm countries where they play guitars unner your winder ev'ry night, and you eat mangoes insteada prunes, and go aroun' wearin' a red flower in your hair—or you can carry it in your teeth without causin' no comments from a wise-crackin' brother-in-lawr.

I remember Mollie wen' wild about a pitcher we seen, where a girl meets up with a guy down How-are-yuh, and he's at the dock seein' some rich relations off, and after her luggage is all in the stateroom, she happens to come down the gangplank, and he grabs her and kisses her so long that the boat goes off with all her clo'es, so they have to get married. Hot stuff!

Well, when Mollie gets back to the house, her brother-in-lawr has brought home another drunk, an' they give him Mollie's couch, so she's gotta sleep on two chairs—and her havin' to get up before six and go to work, so's somebody in the fam'ly'll be bringin' in some'm!

"Well," says Mollie for the *n*uth time, "I'm through. I'm gonna get a room." And while lookin' in the papers, she happened to glancet at the help wanned, not bein' wild about her job at the Automat with the princely stipple of thirdy-fi' cents an hour, and on'y keepin' it accounta the hours bein' seven to four and she could help her sister Nettie with the cores.

Well, she spots this ad:

> SOCIETY WOMAN WANTS YOUNG COMpanion for three months' trip through Mexico. All expenses and salary.

The address was somewheres over in Brookalyn, and Mollie was sure it'd be gone before she even got there, because who wouldn' grab a chancet like that?

"Well," Mollie says, "I didn't know any Bloo Blood lived in Brookalyn, but when I seen this Mrs. Delabarre Page, I noo you gotta be *some'm* to get away with a pompadore an' hips, and I swear she even had on a corset with *ribs*. No foolin'!"

It seems this Mrs. Page had a son in Mexico that she was gonna visit and wanned a c'mpanion for her daughter Pansy, and Mollie looked like the right pardy accounta Pansy couldn' stan' people that ain't pretty, and Mrs. Page couldn' stan' reg'lar gov'nesses.

Well, a three months' trip to Mexico an' bein' right in the fam'ly with Bloo Blood (even if it was on'y Brookalyn Bloo Blood) looked hot to Mollie, in spita it wasn' on'y fifdy a month.

That night she wen' to a woman that lays your forchun in tea-leaves. People say that stuff is a lotta bunk, but looka, without knowin' nothin' that was in Mollie's mind, she tole her —"I see a trip," she says, "trouble over money, and a dark young man that'll bring you plenny."

You couldn' hold Mollie then. She got a hunch this dark young man had some'm to do with Mrs. Page's son.

Well, it seems the three months in Mexico was a pigment of the imagination. More than six weeks wen' visitin' Mrs. Page's sisters in Noo Orleens. Mollie didn' have to do nothin' on'y look after Pansy, which, however, she says, was consid'rable.

"It's hard," Mollie says, "to discribe that bimbo without lapsin' into the binocular. But if I was a person that used slang, I would discribe that casaba as a belly-ache. Nettie's four hyenas couldn' cook up as much aggravation in a rainy week as that bimbo in one hour, and they was experts.

"I got so, if I helped her over a place, I'd say, 'Look out, dearie, or you'll break your —— neck!' No foolin', if I seen a rattlesnake about to give a rattlin' good spring, I'd 'a' died sooner'n distrack his aim none."

Of course, the Ole Lady awways sided with Pansy, so Mollie'd do ev'rything she yumanly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When

she just won't eat

Countless children victims of cachexia (run-down condition)

When children refuse to eat or develop strange appetite disorders, and consequently become nervous, anaemic and run down, the trouble may often be traced to the lack of vital substance which is abundant in yeast.

As a tonic, regulator, stimulant and corrective for appetite and digestive troubles, give dried yeast to your children.

Yeast Foam Tablets are an absolutely pure food; they don't ferment; they help build healthy tissue and strong normal bodies. And this is the only yeast that is easy to eat and has a delicious taste.

Get a 5c packet or a large 50c bottle at the drug store and see how good this yeast really is!

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

On Counters Everywhere

[HOT TO MOLLIE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

could to head off trouble, but that stick of roobob attracted an argument like a sore elbow attracks a door.

Oncet Mollie ast her about her brother Del, and if the lil sneak didn' go right back and tell the Duchess of Brookalyn, and geez, Mollie was ascared of gettin' kicked outa Mexico before she even was in it.

The three months continued to shrink like a vi'let. They spent some time seein' Texas, which Mollie tells me is a good State to see thorough, so's you never have to bother goin' back there no more. But finely, at El Paso, they hit the train for Mex. They was to meet Del in Mex City.

The whole car was fulla Mexicans, and ev'ry time one of them tried to make Mollie, which was ev'ry time she passed, Mollie bein' the Cat's Up when it comes to looks, she give them the snow-capped peak. Mollie never could see nothin' that wasn' top crust.

The rest of the train was called Second Class, which was jus' a figger of speech. Ev'ry time the train come to a stop, the Innians'd run along the platform with trays fulla what musta been Greek cookin' from the amounta Greece on it, and these casabas'd lean outa the winder, and the way they'd fight about price, Mollie says don' nobody tell her Jews is sharp buyers. Nex' to Mexicanos, they're jus' a lotta free-hand artists.

They had their meals served in the drawrin'-room, and what with swearin' it was the worst food she ever passed up, and bein' the on'y white-speakin' people on the train, and bein' in such close proximity with Pansy, the Ole Lady begun to show cracks in the plaster.

Mollie says goin' through the desert in Texas she foun' the right name for that Child of Satin. Pansy nothin'. Cactus. And even that's insultin' Mother Nachur. But Mollie didn' leave nothin' get her billy. She was gettin' nearer alla time to Mex City, and the feelin' kep' growin' that some'n important was waitin' for her there. You know how hunches is.

THE way Mollie tells it, Del met them at the station, and when she seen him she didn' even struggle against her fate. He was exackly her ideel—a reg'lar collar ad, although not dark like she was expectin' from the tea-leaves, but blond, which sooted her better, bein' so dark herself she was often mistook for a Mex, and never feelin' at home no place as quick as Mex City, which, she says, is the culrobbies.

I guess she didn' look so cole to Del neither, because gettin' in the taxi he says, "You're a pleasant surprise all right!" he says, givin' her arm a squeeze. "How did the Mater come to pick anything as gorgeous as you?" (Mollie says he awways called his mother the Mater, but the firs' time she didn' quite make it out.)

Well, of course the Cactus hadda snitch right off, and from that minute on, Mollie's life wasn' no bed of oysters. She begun to notice it right away—like gettin' a room far away from the others—and the Duchess of Brookalyn goin' right off with Del and leavin' her home mindin' Snoopy the Jackdawr.

Del managed to leave Mollie know he wanned to take her out alone any time she could sack Snoopy, which she decided oughta be easy some Sunny, not havin' had a day off from the time she signed up, and knowin' any dub—even a c'mpanion—is supposed to get some time to theirself. She couldn' hardly sleep that night for thinkin' about goin' out with Del. Geez, it seemed awful romannic!

AS they come outa the hotel the nex' morning, a kinda fresh guy comes up and says, "Well, folks," he says, "how about a lil drive?"

The Duchess froze up like an outside pipe. But Del says, "No, thanks, we've a'ready made arrangements with this cavaleria"—pointin' to a young feller that Mollie hadn' even noticed, accounta his pants wasn' interdooced to his coat. But then she seen he had swell black eyes with gran' lashes like a cat's whiskers and a sorta whistful smile like Dick Barthelmess—but otherwise he was the spittin' image of Ramon Novarrer. No foolin'!

Well, the whole way out Del kep' turnin' in his seat and addressin' remarks to Mollie, which was not makin' no three-base hit with the Duchess. They rode out to a park where there's a castle. And the view was some'm indescribbable.

Novarrer tole her Mex City is one of the wonner cities of the world, and she says, No wonner. Seein' the two Loft-y mountains—Popocaterpiller and the Sleepin' Lady—with snow on the tops of 'em, was the experience of a lifetime.

Mollie wen' a ways off to enjoy a view, and Del come right after her.

"Gee whiz," he says, "when am I *ever* gonna see you alone?" So Mollie says she's gonna ask for some Sunny off, and he says he promised to take the Mater out this Sunny, but make it nex', and he'll take her to the bullfight. Geez, talk about excited!

Well, seein' them talkin', the Duchess starts callin', and then sen's Novarrer after Del.

"Mr. Folks," says he, "your mother is wish you."

"What'd you call me?" says Del.

"Mr. Folks," says Novarrer, blushin'. "I think the man before the 'otel is call you Folks, don't she?"

Well, the both of them near died laughin'. And the Duchess, seein' them both bust out when they got her message, started to have appleplexy or kittens or some'm, so Mollie hurried back to tell her the joke, but she wouldn' listen.

"Get in!" she says to the Cactus. "Sit in the front seat, *you!*" she says to Mollie, and the poor kid was covered with mortifac-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For HEALTH and PLEASURE Give Wilson

ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

You can choose no finer gift for a golfer than a set of Wilson Inter-related Irons. They are beautiful to look at and are scientifically built with perfect balance, lie and relationship of feel. There are several styles to choose from. All can be purchased in complete sets or in essential units of five clubs. The Crest set of irons with stainless steel heads, ebony black pyrotone covered, steel shafts and red grips is individual and marvelous in workmanship. A gift that will be truly appreciated by any real golfer.

Matched woods add the proper wood shots to the golf kit and are related as to feel, lie and resiliency. Can be purchased in sets of three or in pairs.

Wilson Indestructo Golf Bags make another splendid gift. They are the final word in lasting, efficient service plus beautiful appearance. Ask your Pro or Dealer.

Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

tion in fronta Del and the driver.

Well, alla way home Del does nothin' but kid the driver about Mr. Folks. And he asks him how do you say dog. "*Perro*," says the driver. And hot? "*Caliente*." So then ev'ry time he got the chancet, he'd say, "*Perro caliente!*" which sounned so funny, Mollie got over her willies.

The nex' day they started off for a place I can't even pernounce, but Mollie says it's Xochimilco. The Duchess made her sit in the front seat, which she wouldn'a minded if she'd have did it in a nice way, insteada like she was the dirt unner her rear wheels. But at that it was a relief to get away from the Cactus.

And there was a sorta unnerstannin' between she and the driver, whom, she noticed, had swell han's with finger-nails an' ev'rything, and he explained all about the Innian villages they passed through.

So she reely was gettin' more outa the drive than the Duchess, actin' like she couldn' enjoy nothin', excep' maybe a good sneeze, or the Cactus winin', or Del that jus' wanned to kid about ev'rything.

"What's your name?" Del ast the driver.

"Felicitas," says he. "I think you say in English Felix, don't she?"

"You think we say in English Felix, don't she?" says Del. "As a matter of fack, Felicitas means happiness. You don't mind if I call you Happy for short, don't she?" Which it seems to me is a cheap kinda joke—makin' funa people that don't speak the language.

"How do you say 'ole man' in Spanish?" Del ast him.

"*Viejo*," says Felix, and wen' on explainin' to Mollie about this place Xochimilco bein' the Venice of Mexico, with canals insteada streets, and is all made upa islands of flowers, bein' called by some the Hangin' Gardens and by some the Floatin' Islands.

Del bust out laughin'. "So's your *viejo*," he says. "Floatin' Islands ain't a place, Happy; it's a pudding, don't she?"

POOR Felix was so mixed up, Mollie hadda explain what it was all about, and he looked at her as thankful as a dog gettin' his belly scratched.

When they got there, Del gets her to one side and says, "What's the idear, playin' up to the greaser?" Which Mollie didn' think was very nice, accounta foreigners havin' feelin's the same as anybody else, and besides, she was on'y explainin' him things about our language, which a foreigner can't be expected to master like we. But she thought it was a good sign, Del bein' jealous.

Well, at Xochimilco they all got in a boat, and Felix says to Del, "Excuse, please. She is better you no go near this engine with this clear pants."

Geez, how Del laughed! "*Perro caliente!*" he says; "that's a hot one—clear pants!"

Felix got all red. "Is no how you say, clear pants, don't she?"

Del on'y laughed harder, so Mollie spoke up. "No," she says. "We call 'em white trousers, although some calls 'em ice-cream cohens."

"Ah—see," says Felix, which is Mex for yes. "When you explain me, is vary simple"—and he looked at her like a glass of sassprella on a hot day.

Well, Felix explained that even before Cortez lanned in Mexico, flower gardenin' was done on these islands, which is jus' held in place by the roots of the plants, and the Innians won't sell 'em; jus' han' 'em down from father to son, and mos' of them is still in the same fam'lies as before the white men started mixin' things up in Mexico. Ain't that inter*est*in'?

WELL, the Duchess jus' sat there registerin' Camemburt, the Cactus kep' wining she wanned flowers, and Del was tryin' to kid with a coupla Innian girls that come alongsida the boat in canoes, fulla flowers to sell. So Mollie was the on'y one that even listened. So when they got out at the rest'rant, he took her to one side.

"How you are deef'rence than other American," he says, and thanked her for helpin' him with his English.

The Duchess was orderin' a table, the meanwhile, and Mollie jus' come along in time to hear her sayin' to the waiter—"and another for the maid and shofer—"

Geez, can y'imagine? It was like a bolt outa the bloo. After promisin' Mollie she was gonna be one of the fam'ly!

A lump like a croquet ball come up in Mollie's throat, but she wouldn' give them the satisfaction of seein' it, so sat with her back to them.

Felix had a tuition some'm was wrong, but how could she let on without makin' him feel bad too? So he says if it's anything the Pages done, he'll swab the deck with the entire outfit! Ain't it miracklous how hard-boiled some of them two-minute eggs can get over a girl? Mollie says she couldn' help from smilin'.

"Ah—" he says, "is beterr. Now is the gold light in your beautiful eyes make again the sun shining in my heart."

Mollie tells me when a foreigner says them things it don' soun' so sappy.

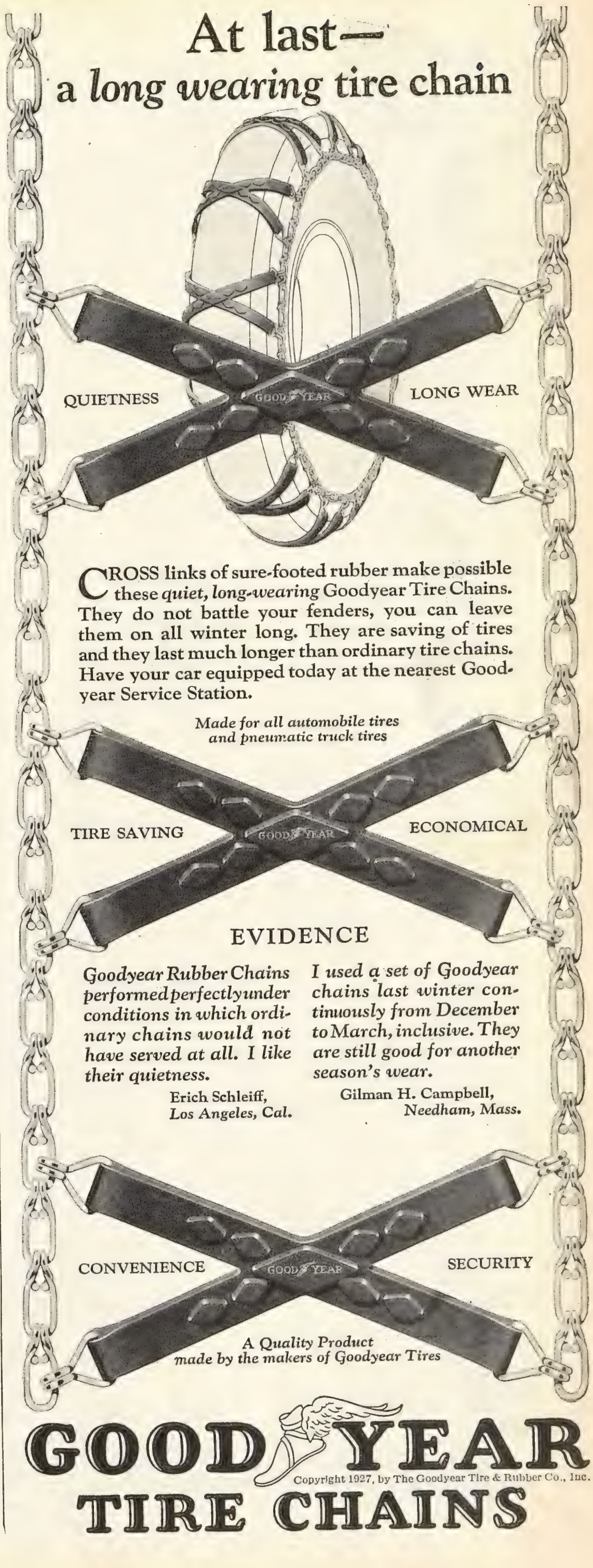
Well, Mollie says the rest of the week was spent pretty much the same, the Duchess insistin' on takin' the Museem and Pitcher Gal'ry like they was a dose of medicine.

Del come aroun' and says he was sorry for what happened out there, but when the Mater gets started, it ain't no use tryin' to put in a oar; it on'y flounders the boat. But the Sunny follerin' he was gonna show her a reel good time and make it up to her. So Mollie was all happy again, and left the Duchess unnerstan' she was countin' on Sunny off.

When Sunny come aroun', the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At last—
a *long wearing* tire chain



CROSS links of sure-footed rubber make possible these *quiet, long-wearing* Goodyear Tire Chains. They do not battle your fenders, you can leave them on all winter long. They are saving of tires and they last much longer than ordinary tire chains. Have your car equipped today at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires

EVIDENCE

Goodyear Rubber Chains performed perfectly under conditions in which ordinary chains would not have served at all. I like their quietness.

Erich Schleiff,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I used a set of Goodyear chains last winter continuously from December to March, inclusive. They are still good for another season's wear.

Gilman H. Campbell,
Needham, Mass.

A Quality Product made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

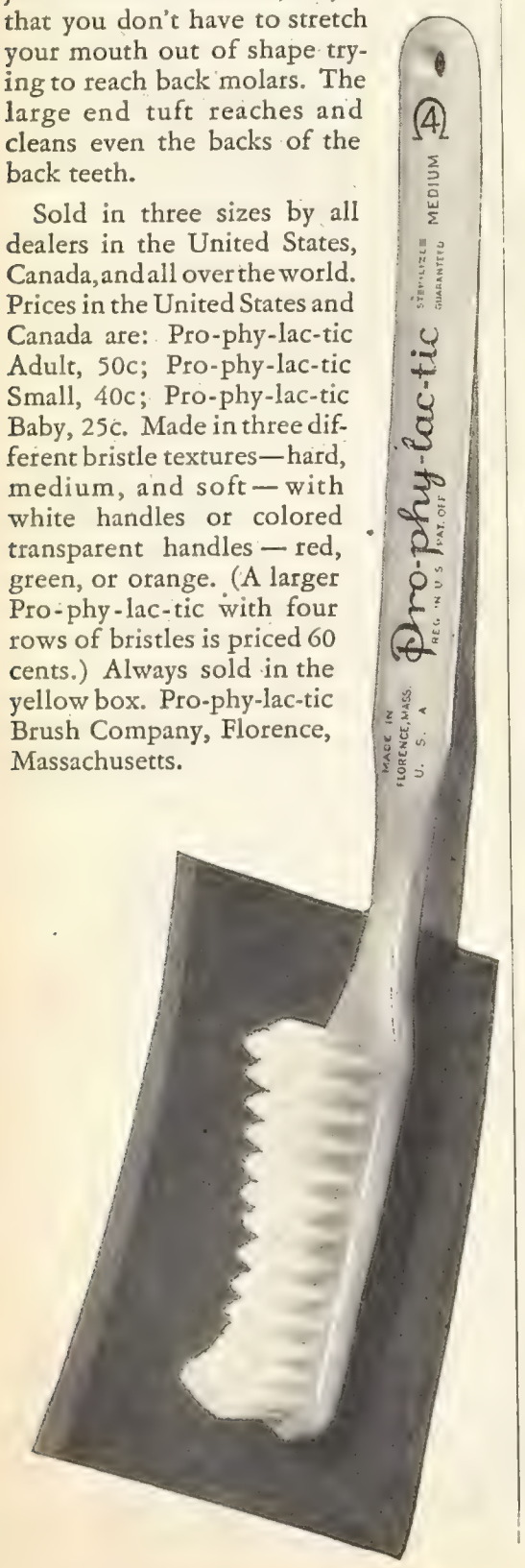
Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

To keep *all* your teeth

clean them all

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically designed to reach *all* your teeth. The curve of the bristle surface conforms to the curve of your jaw. The handle curves, too, so that you don't have to stretch your mouth out of shape trying to reach back molars. The large end tuft reaches and cleans even the backs of the back teeth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60 cents.) Always sold in the yellow box. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.



[HOT TO MOLLIE
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Duchess didn' say nothin' about it. So after dinner Mollie puts on her hat and knocks on her door.

"I'm goin' out now, Mrs. Page," she says.

"*Going out?*" says the Duchess, like it was some'm on'y cannibals ever heard of, let alone done.

"I tole you I was countin' on

"I'M goin' out now, Mrs. Page." "GOING OUT?" says the Duchess.

gettin' this Sunny off," says Mollie.

"You'll do no such thing. *I'll* designate when you may go out! Who is going to look after Pansy?"

"You'll have to answer that one yourself," says Mollie, reel perlite. "I'm sorry, but I got my plans all made."

"Plans? *Plans?* What plans, pray?"

"I'm goin' to the bullfight."

"You'll do no such thing. No decent young girl goes to one of those disgustin' exhibitions!"

"Say, Mrs. P.," says Mollie, her dandruff bein' pretty well up, "either I'm a memmer of the fam'ly and get treated as such, or I'm a servant and I go where I please on my day off. As long as I *behave* decent, I guess I *am* decent, with or without nobody's vizai. And if that don' wash with you, why jus' pay me what you owe me, and the sweet sorrer is muchual."

And with that she flounced out, as luck would have it, bunkin' right into Del in the hall.

"Wither away?" says he.

"To the bullfight, I hope," says she, knowin' she looked her best in yeller organdie.

"Well," says he, "see you there. The Mater wants me to take her."

"B-but—" begun Mollie, dumbfoundered — "I thought — you said—"

"Tough luck," says he; "we'll have to make it some other time. You know how the Mater is. Don' look so cut up, Bright Eyes; this hurts me more than you."

WELL, say, she was as sore as an ulster, and she come downstairs feelin' like on'y a busted date can make you feel if you been lookin' forward to it—and who's stannin' there but Novarrer, and when he hears her tale of woe, he makes her get in his car and hits the ceilin'.

"Where we goin'?" says Mollie.

"To de boolfight," says he.

"Wait a minute," says Mollie; "that was jus' a stall. I got no intentions of goin'—"

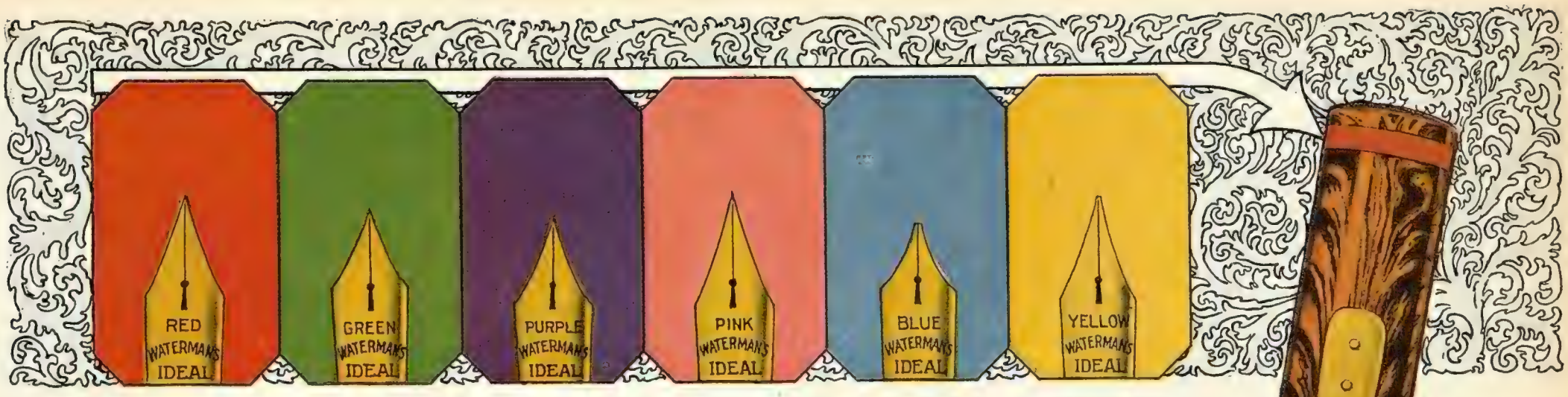
"You no care for go with me?" he says in such a heartrenderin' voice, she didn' have the heart to turn him down.

"But won't Mrs. P. be lookin' for you?"

"Mrs. P. she can look for me in the hell," says he. And them bein' exackly Mollie's sennaments, they started off together.

It seems tickets was pretty scarce, but he got two, third row middle, and, say, Mollie says the openin' of the show was some'm gran'—with music and a big p'rade of all the Doors—Torey, Matter, and Picka—on horseback and on foot, with gold jackets and swords and long stickers with ribbons in 'em, all bowin' to the President, and ev'rybody yellin' and cheerin' like a home run, and the Matterdoors throwin' their red

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]



PICK YOUR PEN POINT BY COLOR

The simplest, safest, surest way to get permanent pen satisfaction is to pick your pen point by color.

Waterman's Number Seven

with its identifying color band offers the quickest, most reliable guide to pen point selection

The following colors on holders tell the story of pen point character. Look for them on Waterman's Number Seven.

Red—STANDARD—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Green—RIGID—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

Purple—STIFF; FINE—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

Pink—FLEXIBLE; FINE—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue—BLUNT—An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow—ROUNDED—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

Merchants who sell Waterman's will be glad to let you try all six points. Do this and select the one that suits you best.

When you buy a Waterman's you buy perpetual pen service.

Guaranteed since 1883 and until 1983—100 years of pen service

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York

CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

$7.00

Number Seven

Beautiful, resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber holder. Made with protective lip-guard and an unequaled patented filling device.

Waterman's

WELCOME GIFTS *for a M*

Rex

DRUG

An Enticing Treasure House of Presents for Little People, Big People —the Whole Family— at "Gift Headquarters"

Your local Rexall Store is a sparkling bazar of Yuletide gifts. Share in the happy adventure of filling your Christmas list there! Make your choice from the rich profusion of useful gifts, dainty gifts, original gifts—gifts for everyone you want to remember.

Christmas Buying Made Easy—Gift choosing is no longer a game of hide-and-seek for those who know the Rexall Drug Store. A multitude of attractive presents is now assembled there—in one convenient spot to save you the trouble of shopping around.

Christmas Buying Made Economical—At your Rexall Store you can buy gifts at a saving. Each Rexall Store is part of a great international system of 10,000 modern stores, linked as partners with the United Drug Company — the largest drug store organization in the world. Your Rexall Druggist buys direct from his own manu-

Cara Nome Combination Set Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder and Talcum.

Shari Two-Piece Combination Set Toilet Water and Face Powder.

Jonteel Combination Set Toilet Water, Perfume, Talcum and Face Powder

Shari Vanette Twin Vanity Case, Lipstick and Perfume.

Cara Nome Vanette, Face Powder Compact, Lipstick, Eyebrow Pencil and Rouge Compact

Cara Nome Three-Piece Combination Set Perfume, Face Powder and Toilet Water

Gentlemen's Shaving Set All the Essentials Shaving Cream, Talcum and Toilet Water.

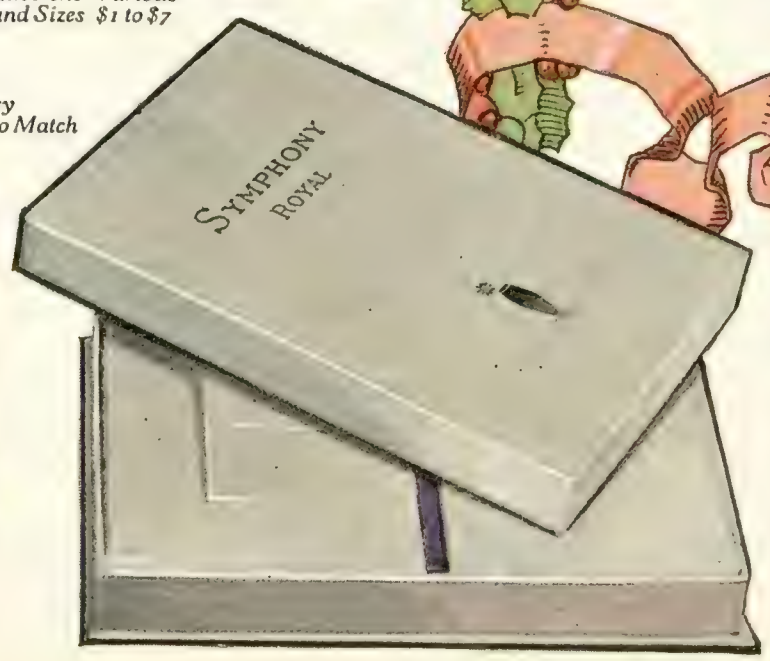
Shari Perfume in Satin Covered Gift Package. Half-Ounce, $3.

Signet Pencils and Monogram Fountain Pens Various Styles and Sizes $1 to $7

Albermarle Stationery in Beautiful Gift Box. 2 Quires.

Symphony Royal Stationery Large Flat Sheets and Envelopes to Match

Symphony Lawn Highest Quality Linen Stationery.



SAVE with
at
Rex
DRUG
Liggett's are als

There is one near you

STOCKH
Th
Rex
Sto
UNITED DRU

ERRY CHRISTMAS at your

all STORE

facturing company and passes the saving on to you.

Gifts a Woman Might Give a Man — She can't go wrong in choosing any one of a host of suitable remembrances— good-looking military brushes, dependable fountain pens, convenient flashlights, practical shaving requirements.

For Every Name on HIS List — Exquisite perfume, dainty toiletries, quality stationery, manicure sets, chocolates, electrical appliances — gifts that are "a wish come true" to women everywhere.

Toys That Santa Might Have Picked — Jolly toys carefully chosen to please expectant boys and girls. Mothers will enjoy selecting them as much as youngsters will enjoy receiving them. You will be given the most attentive courtesy in choosing exactly the right thing.

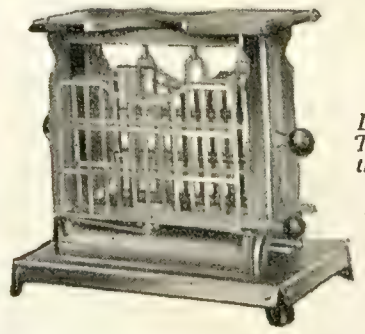
The portfolio of gifts shown here suggests the appealing array that awaits you. Shop early if you can. But if you are delayed, your Rexall Store will serve you faithfully even to the last breathless moment of the very eve of Christmas.

Artstyle Assorted Milk Chocolates Favorite Centers Covered with Delicious Milk Chocolate. 1 lb., $1.25, 2 lb., $2.50.

Liggett's Little Bits from the East. The Pick of the World's Best Confections. 1¼ lb., $1.50. Also 2 and 5 lb. Boxes.

Liggett's Original. The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers. ½ lb., 60c; 1 lb., $1; 2 lb., $2.

Artstyle Red Box. A Variety of Favorite Pieces. 1 lb., $1. Also in 2 and 5 lb. Boxes.



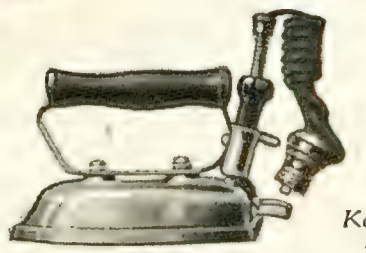
Electrex Toaster. Makes Crisp Brown Toast at Your Table. $4.50.

Scout Flashlights. All Popular Designs and Shapes. $1.05 and Upwards.

Electrex Table Grill. Comprising Stove, Griddle and Chafing Dish. $9.75.

Electrex Heating Pad, Controlled by Thermostats. Can be Run Continuously without Overheating.

Firstaid Emergency Kit All the Essentials for Immediate Use. $3.98



Electrex Flatiron. A Sturdy 6 lb Iron $3.85.

Kantleek Hot Water Bottle 2 Quarts. Guaranteed 2 Years. $2.50.

Greeting Cards. Sentiments and Designs Expressive of the Holiday Season. 5c to 25c.

Correspondence Cards with Lined Envelopes to Match

Electrex Hair Dressing Set For Use at Home or While Traveling. $2.50.

SAFETY
your
all
STORE
Rexall stores

You will recognize it by this sign

Give an Ansco *Memo* for Christmas

New··Smart··Thrilling··and in the finest taste

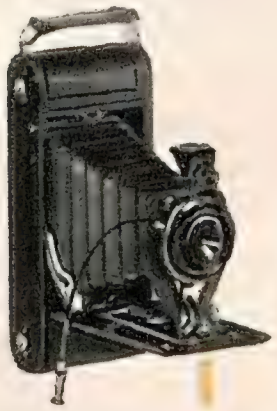
50 pictures on a 50c film—and your own pictures "on the screen" at home at insignificant cost.

48-page Memo Camera booklet free to you upon request.

ANSCO *Memo* CAMERA
with carrying case and
PROJECTOR
$23.75

Kiddie Camera, in smart red covering, ideal for youngsters. Pictures 1-⅝ x 2-½. $1.25.

The No. 2 Ansco. An unexcelled value in a universally popular type and size. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼. $2.50.



The No. 1A Readyset—the surest, simplest folding camera. No focusing or adjusting. Pictures 2½ x 4¼. $13.50.

The No. 2A Ansco. A finely-made box camera in the most popular picture size, 2½ x 4¼. $3.50.

ANSCO *Memo Camera*

SOMETHING new for your Christmas giving—the very newest of cameras—the camera that has caught public fancy as no other camera has in 15 or 20 years.

Fifty pictures on a 50c film—pictures for the album or to show "on the screen" at home. The cost? With the Memo, measure it in dimes instead of dollars!

Imagine your satisfaction at finding so intriguing a gift in your stocking Christmas morning. Distinctive, tasteful, unique—no one is exempt from its appeal. It means movie-size pictures—movie thrills—with still-camera ease and economy.

Certainly you can trust such a gift to give pleasure to anyone; questions regarding it come from all over the world. Only 2 x 2½ x 4 in., weighing 12 oz., it fits most pockets—yet carries a 50-picture film. As easy to use as the famous Ansco Readyset. And the projector—small, compact, convenient—has no intricacies. Looks like a flash-light and is used in the same way.

The Ansco Family Hearth, now on display at your dealer's, will help your Christmas shopping. There's an Ansco for every purse and purpose. Prices, $1 to $60.

The distinction of originating roll-film, of being the first in America to make cameras and first to establish a full line of professional supplies, all belongs to Ansco.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC. BINGHAMTON NEW YORK *Ansco Cameras—Cyko & Noko Paper—Ansco Speedex Film*

Del was tryin' to kid with a coupla Innian girls that come alongsida the boat in canoes.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

capes to their frien's to mind, accounta foolin' the bull with ole ones.

Well, who comes in and sits acrost the arena, but the Duchess and Snoopy!

Imagine—after sayin' all that to Mollie, and then takin' the Cactus along, in Del's place, accounta not havin' nobody to mind her. What's more, she was stuck with tickets on the sunny side, where the class in Mexico never sits.

Geez, Mollie says, the satisfaction!

WELL, say, the first horse she seen gettin' it, Mollie was more cut up than the horse, and she grabbed Felix and hung on to him.

Talk about your mal de mare!

And when they started jabbin' them long stickers in the bull's back, she begun sidin' with the bull.

Well, of course, finely they got him, and he wobbled a lil, and then —zingo! One man's target is another man's pot-roast.

When they begun draggin' him outa the ring in the shape of nex' week's butcher bill, Mollie turns to Felix and, "I'm sorry, ole-timer," she says, "but if I see another bull pass out, I'll make the third myself."

Well, insteada bein' sore after payin' 32 pay sos for a coupla seats, and fi' more bulls to be put to sleep, all he was worryin' about was Mollie.

She says she never was looked after like that since she was a baby and cernly not then!

When she got up she noticed that who was sittin' in backa her but Del, and they hadda pass him goin' out.

"I looked all over for you," he says, real reproachful, "as soon as the Mater let me off, and I couldn' fine you," he says. "But, of course, if this is the way the lan' lays—"

Mollie felt awful bad, the way she'd been hangin' onto Felix and all, and bein' reely stuck on Del, but she couldn' stop and explain with Felix there.

Well, after ridin' her aroun' till she got over the hebie-jebies, Felix took her to the Op'ra—Gran' Op'ra, no foolin'—they give it at five o'clock in Mexico.

MOLLIE says it was very entertainin', oncet he explained what it was all about, and the singin' ev'ry bit as good as we get on the radio—but the best part of all was sittin' in a box, eatin' chalklates like a Gran' Duchess! She says Felix looked awful han'some in his Sunny clo'es. You'd never think he was a shofer.

After, he took her to a Mex place for dinner. "Belee me," Mollie says, "it was the swellest food I ever et. Imagine Mrs. P. sayin' Mex food was poison! Free holies—O babay! And Hot to Mollies—!" She even had a mango like she use' to dream about, and a bottle of real wine (not jus' the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

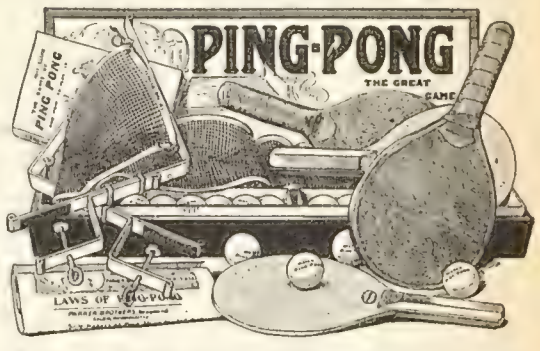
Famous PARKER GAMES

HOKUM

The Great Fun-Maker

HOKUM stampedes the crowd with thrills—a whirlwind of fun and hilarity to the tense, surprising climax! Men and women both enjoy its quick fun and excitement, its unexpected twists of fortune. *The* game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. Learned in two minutes. Price of HOKUM $1 at DEALERS or by mail.

PING-PONG
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., *Sole Makers*



A truly great game! Fast, exciting action. There is no better game! Sets from $2 to $20. Sold by all leading DEALERS, or by mail. Send for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR. *PING-PONG always* bears the famous and registered brand PING-PONG upon Box, Rackets, and Balls.

TOURING

Immensely popular! Fast play, dramatic situations! Surprising, laughable, fun-making!

Price 75c at DEALERS or by mail.

A simple game of skill.

PEGITY

Great fun for old and young. Exciting, entertaining to watch or play. Learned in 2 minutes.

Price $1.25 at DEALERS or by mail.

Look for the imprint, PARKER BROTHERS. For two generations the standard of excellence in games. Among many popular favorites are: Pollyanna, Five Wise Birds, Game of OZ, East is East, Parkers' Indoor Obstacle Golf, Rook, Pit, Halma, Across the Continent, etc.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM, MASS. : Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

[In years to come will you have your teeth? Steady use of this cleansing dentifrice will make them last years longer.]

At 14 and at 40

the same attractive SMILE glowing with Healthy, Lustrous Teeth

IN years to come, what kind of teeth will your smile disclose?

Gleaming teeth, sound teeth, unspoiled, attractive teeth?

If you are anxious to preserve the flash and charm of your smile, to keep it bright and wholesome as long as you live, take this one simple precaution:

Protect the health and soundness of your teeth by *proven* methods only.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing.

On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

CLEAN! Dental authorities say that the only thing a dentifrice can do is CLEAN. Colgate's is scientifically made to clean teeth superlatively well.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213-L,
595 Fifth Ave., New York. FREE

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

[HOT TO MOLLIE Continued from Page Forty-nine]

sacrilegious kine we get home for $4 a gal). Not so cole, what? In fack, fair and warmer.

WELL, everything was hotsy till she got home. It was on'y ha'-pass eleven, but when she struck her room, there was her sootcase and all her clo'es chucked in a heap outsida the door, and the door locked.

She wen' down and knocked on Mrs. P.'s, but there was no answer. But Mollie noo they was there, havin' heard Del's voice through the keyhole.

She knocked again, and then begun pounnin'.

Finely she heard a voice inside. It was Mrs. P., talkin' down the telephone.

"Have this person put out," she was sayin'; "she's raisin' a disturbance in the hall."

Geez, she begun raisin' one then, for fair.

"Listen, you," she calls in, "you don' have me put outa no hotel. You pay me what's comin' to me—a hunnerd and fifdy dollars for three months of not callin' my soul my own, and the good riddens is muchual!"

Well, she started on low, but not gettin' no answer, she climbed into highsterics, slammin' at the door with her fists and jus' beginnin' to kick, when the manager come up and wants to put her out.

Say, belee me, that kid was scared, and she started in to tell him what was what: how they owed her money and she didn' have a red cent, and how could she get out that hour of the night in a city where she didn' even know the lingo and didn' have no place to go?

She thought he was gonna do some'm for her, but when they got down the lobby, alla sudden, when she wasn' expectin' it, he give her a push out and slammed the door, and the poor kid lanned on the streets of Mex City like a common drunk kicked out of a joint at midnight!

To make it worse, she hit her head flyin' out, and passed outa the pitcher.

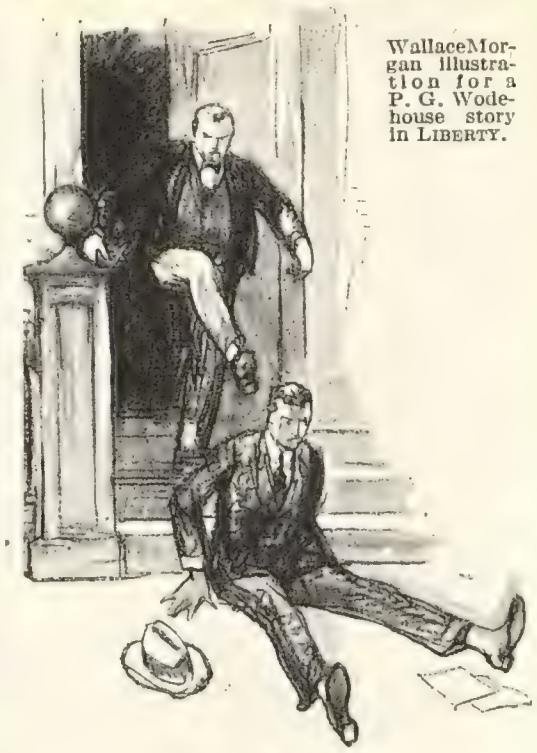
And the nex' thing she noo, two strange men was liftin' her in a taxi. Can y'imagine?

Well, it turned out one of them was a grea—I mean Mexican—that worked aroun' the hotel, and he seen her come in with Felix a while before, and he picked her up and calls a taxi, on his own, and takes her to his mother's house, and then goes for Felix. Say, wasn' that white?

They took wonnerful care of her them Mexicans. Geez, she needed it. She was took down bad. The doctor first thought it was conclusion of the brain, but it turned out to be on'y shock and them months of aggravation and all. She didn' wanna get no better; jus' laid there ravin' about her hunnerd and fifdy dollars.

One day Felix brought her 300 pay sos, thinkin' that might help; but when she found out it was outa his own pocket, it didn'. She wanned what was comin' to her from them Pages.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Wallace Morgan illustration for a P. G. Wodehouse story in LIBERTY.

Picture of a Man who will NEVER DARKEN DOORS *again!*

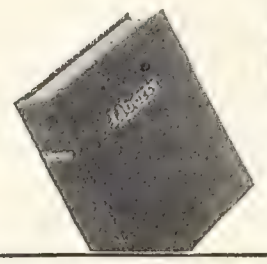
ALL the world loves a lover—especially those portrayed by the facile pen of the witty P. G. Wodehouse.

Wodehouse writes his stories for LIBERTY readers—*and how!* Save up a storehouse of mirth—to read and re-read when you feel in need of laughter.

Love — laughter — romance! Save all your LIBERTYS in the LIBERTY Binder, and re-read to fit your mood.

The binder is decorative as well as useful—black leatherette with bright gold letters. Holds your LIBERTYS secure—three months' issues. They are always ready for you when you are ready for them. And costs only

80¢



Send Coupon NOW

LIBERTY, Binder Dept.
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me .... Binders for which I enclose 80¢ each.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

12-10-27

Neat as a pin!

An up-to-date office! To every man—a waste basket. Rubbish quickly disposed of. Not a speck on the floor. Desk tops kept free of litter. Remarkable how it speeds things up! Is *your* office like that?

VUL-COT

-the standard waste basket

In olive green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany . . . and Naco-finished in delicate pastel tones. For office and home. Solid sides and bottom. Guaranteed for five full years—*many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief. For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

For a Christmas Gift

Gentlemen prefer jewelry! - and Ladies' preferences are remarkably the same. You can't go wrong in choosing a *Continental* gift - - that, in itself, is a *blessing.* Continental jewelry is a gift to flatter *good taste* and to display *good sense.*

Sold since 1900 in stores where you buy other merchandise.

We welcome inquiries from progressive merchants

Continental Jewelry

EUCLID AVE CLEVELAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

Geez, layin' there it come to her that one Mexican without no class was worth a whole d'rectory of Brookalyn Bloo Blood, includin' Del Page, who she seen in his troo light. He was han'some and rich and pedigree, and he wen' to college and all, but he jus' didn' have no guts.

And she reelized that all this stuff about Class was jus' a lotta eyewash, accounta you could be either of two things—a reg'lar person or a stuffed-shirt. And Felix was a reg'lar person, and all the Pages was stuffed-shirts.

You can imagine what a fat chance she'd 'a' stood of gettin' her money from them rich people in a strange town, and bein' sick in bed, if she hadn'a had a frien' in Felix.

AND what a frien'! Jus' as the Duchess was about to leave the hotel, he got an attachment on her trunks, so's she couldn' move 'em till she paid Mollie. And geez, the minute Mollie heard that, she begun gettin' better, knowin' how aggravatin' that musta been to the BBB's.

Well, the day she got her money, she got outa bed and wen' down an' bought her ticket home. On the hunnerd and fifdy she could jus' about make it. Felix looked awful sad, but he took her down to the train that was leavin' for Vera Cruz, where she was to get the boat.

After her grip was on the train, and she come out on the platform to say g'by to Felix, she begun feelin' awful sad herself about quittin' Mex City, thinkin' she might never see the good ole Avenida Francisco Madera again and the Cinco de Mayo—

"Geez," she says, and there was tears in her eyes. "I hate to go."

"Why for you go?" says Felix, grabbin' her han'.

She give a shrug. "I got no good reason for stayin' here."

"I give you razon. I am so unhappy if you go. Is no good razon?"

"Sure," she says, leavin' him keep her han', "it's a swell reason. I never hated to refuse nobody so much in my life."

"Then you stay?"

But she shook her head. "That hunnerd and fifdy will jus' see me back home and then I gotta get busy and make a livin'."

"Why for you no stay here? I make you livin'—"

"No, thanks, Flick, that wouldn' look right."

"For who?" he says, holdin' on to her arm and lookin' at her like—well, if looks could kill, she'da been insinuated.

"For some'm insida here that I gotta look right to."

"And how is about some thing insida here which is say to me every day, 'Where is Mali? Why for you leaving her go away?'"

She hadda kid to keep from bawlin' like an onion. "Yeh," she says, "you'll forget about Mollie soon enough. Outa sight, outa mind—"

"Neverr!" he says. "If I am living to one hunnerd year, I don' forget mos' beautiful, mos' bonita, mos kine girl in the whole world."

She was touched aw right. "I'll never forget you neither, Flick, and the way you been good to me and took care of me and tried to gimme them 300 pay sos."

"Psh!" he says. "What is this? I mak' in one wick from these Pages peegs."

"*What?*" says Mollie, thinkin' how she hadda slave near three months and then nilly didn' make it. "Geez, and me bein' sorry for you, thinkin' you was a poor Mexican egg. . . ."

"But no, please, you no be sorry for me. I am egg with plenny mauney. And I am no Mexican—I am Spanish—my father she is beeg merr-chant in Cadiz, and she is weesh I shall be merr-chant also, but I am weeling to see the worl' firs'. So I am ron away.

"Now I am mak' mautch mauney driving tourist car for reech Amerrican, so I am go back to Cadiz, because my motherr write me my fatherr she is need me. But firs' I make treep for see Sou' Amerrica—Habana—California. How you like for see the worl', and after leev in Spain, mos' Beautiful One?"

GEEZ, it sounned warm to Mollie. On'y it was all so quick she was dizzy.

"*Maliquita,* I am *loco* for you. Oh, I will taking so care for you! Why for you don' geev me chance?"

There was nothin' insida Mollie but one big whale:

"Why didn' you tell me before?"

Ev'rybody was hoppin' on the train. "It's too late now," she says, movin' along.

"For why?" says Felix, detainin' her. "For why is too late?"

"I'm all set to go," she says, on the pointa tears.

Jus' then the conductor yells some'm which she takes to mean All Abroad, so she tries to break away, but he kep' aholda her arm.

"Felix," she begs, "lea'me go. My things is on the train."

"No importa," says he, meanin' what of it?

"Lea'me go, Flick, please. I'll think it over."

The conductor swung up on the train and she heard the whistle. It made her desp'rate. "Felix—I swear—I'll think it over as soon as I get home."

"You think it over here," says he, "is more agradable for me."

And with that he throo his arms aroun' her and held her—no foolin'—while that train pulled out in fronta her eyes, with ev'ry stick of her clo'es on board!

"Felix!" she whaled. "All my clo'es! I'm rooined."

"Your *viejo* also!" says Felix, throwin' his hat up in the air. "I buy you otherr—whole new clothe—for a bride, no? Thousan' pay sos, no?

"How you say—not so cole, don't she?"

Perro caliente!

THE END

Columbia University

Courses for Home Study

IF YOU are one of the many to whom circumstances have denied academic careers or who have been unable to carry them on as far as you wished, you will welcome the opportunity now offered by Columbia University. After the most careful consideration Columbia decided that under conditions of supervision rigidly and exactly regulated, instruction of University grade could be given, away from the University.

If You Can Not Come to Columbia, Columbia Will Come to You

A wide range of subjects now available:

English Composition	Spanish
English Grammar	Psychology
Short Story	Philosophy
Literature	Religion
Writing	Drama
Photoplay Composition	Poetry
Public Speaking	Art
French	History
German	Italian
Sociology	Latin
Astronomy	Drawing and Painting
Agriculture	Physics
Accounting	Government
Business Law	Mathematics
Finance	Economics
Bookkeeping	Banking
Secretarial Studies	Marketing
Mechanical Drawing	Insurance
Structural Drafting	Personnel administration
	Greek

High School and College Preparatory Courses

There are many more courses available. If the subjest in which you are interested is not listed above, mention it specifically when writing for information.

Every Home Study Course is conducted by a regular member of the University teaching staff. Direct contact is maintained throughout the course between the student and the instructor personally. Papers are corrected and returned with the instructor's personal detailed comment. The instructor adapts each course and adjusts the material to the particular needs of each student.

Write to the University for Full Information

The University will be glad to send on request full details regarding the scope and conduct of the Home Study Courses. Just fill out and send the attached coupon.

Columbia University
University Extension—Home Study Dept.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses and their conduct. I am interested in the following subject: (Liberty 12-27)

Name—

Street and Number

City and State

? Twenty Questions ?

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW

SEE next week's LIBERTY for answers to the following quiz and for a new group of questions.

We might mention that the frog referred to in No. 2 is not the hero of Mark Twain's celebrated story, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. This one makes his home far from California.

1—What were the real names of the American authors known as Mark Twain and O. Henry?

2—What is the largest frog in the world?

3—How many men were the German army and navy allowed under the Treaty of Versailles?

4—What is the difference between graham flour and whole-wheat flour?

5—Who is the only British nobleman of American ancestry?

6—How deep are the deepest points in the Great Lakes?

7—Who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?

8—Which is the smallest planet?

9—What is the origin of the use of mistletoe at Christmas?

10—Why are some drinking glasses called tumblers?

11—Does the boiling of water remove impurities from it?

12—What current United States postage stamp bears the picture of an animal?

13—When is a leap year skipped?

14—Write 1927 in Roman numerals.

15—What is the most common town name in the United States?

16—Estimate the average daily distance covered by a house fly.

17—What American League player was voted the most valuable to his team for the 1927 season?

18—Does an ear of corn have an odd or an even number of rows of kernels?

19—Which bird has the largest wing spread?

20—What causes the rings in the trunk of a tree, by which its age is known?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Why does lively music make people feel more active?
A.—The heart tends to keep time to any strong rhythm, and a rapid circulation stimulates activity.

2—How fast can a greyhound run?
A.—Racing greyhounds have averaged 500 yards in approximately thirty-three seconds, or about one mile in two minutes.

3—Upon the death of the President and Vice-President, who becomes the President of the United States?
A.—The Secretary of State.

4—Name the primary colors.
A.—Blue, red, and yellow.

5—What is Connie Mack's real name?
A.—Cornelius McGillicuddy.

6—What species of eagle is included in the national emblem of the United States?
A.—The white-headed or bald eagle.

7—What King of England was known as the Lion-Hearted?
A.—Richard I.

8—What proportion of the earth's surface is included in the Soviet Union?
A.—Approximately one-sixth.

9—What do the letters R. S. V. P. stand for?
A.—*Répondez, s'il vous plaît* (French for "Reply, if you please").

10—Who was the "Liberator" of South America?
A.—Simon Bolivar.

11—What is the distinction between a contagious and an infectious disease?
A.—The former is communicated by contact only. The latter may be conveyed by germs, through air, water, food, etc.

12—What are the shrouds on a ship?
A.—Ropes used to sustain the mast.

13—Why does silver turn black when exposed long to the air?
A.—The air contains a small amount of sulphur gases, which combine with the metal to form sulphide of silver.

14—Why are nights likely to be cold in the desert?
A.—The dry air of the desert lets ground heat escape much faster than does moist air.

15—What feathers are used frequently in making imitation ostrich plumes?
A.—Turkey feathers.

16—For how many years may an author protect his works by copyright?
A.—Fifty-six years. In the United States a copyright affords protection for twenty-eight years, and may be renewed once for the same period.

17—What is the highest altitude at which man can live?
A.—Scientists say that above 45,000 feet life, even with the aid of oxygen, would be impossible because of the low atmospheric pressure.

18—What member of President Coolidge's Cabinet once held a high post in the Chinese government?
A.—Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. In 1899, when China created a Department of Mines, he became the first Director General of Mines.

19—Does human ability to learn decrease with maturity?
A.—Yes. Investigation has shown that the average man's ability to learn is best at twenty, and thereafter declines very slowly.

20—Did the Emperor Nero play on a fiddle while Rome was burning?
A.—No. The fiddle is first mentioned in history some fifteen centuries after Nero. If the legend be true, the instrument was probably a lyre.

VOGUE

THE SPEAKER BEAUTIFUL

Luxuriantly Beautiful In Any Setting

VOGUE Speakers blend with any environment and enrich their surroundings . . . and with beauty of appearance goes superb performance. Due to VOGUE's advanced principles of re-creation, the most delicately modulated tone is reproduced exactly as it comes from the original instrument.

For the first time in a loud speaker, VOGUE offers a highlight of beauty for any room and a high-spot of tonal quality that enhances every radio program. Don't buy any speaker until you have seen and heard the VOGUE—let your eye and your ear decide.

Four models, finished in brown walnut crackle with carved grilles and base embossed in gold, range from $19.50 to $55; prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Vogue model illustrated, No. 8, $19.50

RICHARD T. DAVIS, INC.
5252 Broadway, Chicago

Cities of the DEAD

Some Interesting Facts About Cemeteries

An Article by

JOSEPH WOLF KAYE

(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)

NO complete list of cemeteries in the United States has ever been compiled. The reluctance with which we once gave our thoughts to such matters has made this subject practically virgin ground for the investigator. But from the latest commercial lists we get a tabulation of about 5,000 cemeteries.

Obviously, this number is not complete, considering that there are around 15,692 cities, towns, and villages in this country, and the smallest place has its own burial ground; but these 5,000 listed cemeteries give almost the total acreage of American cemeteries, because the acreage taken up by the village burial grounds is comparatively small.

The listed cemeteries average about forty acres each, so that we get a total of 200,000 acres as the extent of this vastly populated city.

But, in order to include the suburbs too, we can estimate that the 5,000 cemeteries listed are restricted only to the larger cities and towns: to all those over 2,500 population. Of these there are 2,787. There remain 12,905 incorporated places under 2,500 population, many with as few as 150 inhabitants. If we give two acres as the average cemetery area for these little towns and villages, we get a complete figure of about 225,000 acres, or about 350 square miles, as the full extent of the ground occupied by all the cemeteries of the United States.

In this area there is room for 139,500,000 inhabitants, allowing the modern allotment of 620 interments to the acre. How many inhabitants already are there is not known, but since 1860, 60,991,200 persons have been buried.

The population of the United States today is estimated at about 117,000,000. The population of the country's death section, taking in only the last sixty-six years, is nearly 70,000,000!

The growth of the cemeteries has brought a similar development in related activities. There are 23,870 morticians—as undertakers now prefer to be called. But this figure is not complete; an addition of 10,000 would not be too wide of the mark.

New York leads, with 860; Chicago has 639; and Philadelphia 380.

In the last few years there has been a marked change in this calling. Ever since a certain amiable philosopher, writing under the name of Berthold Baer for New York's well known mortician, Frank E. Campbell, began writing a series of striking newspaper advertisements, each aiming to take the edge off the unfortunate details that are the attendants of bereavements, undertakers have begun to take off their figurative dour cloaks and become very human helps in times of great distress.

© Brown Bros. photo

OLD Trinity's famous churchyard, where Wall Street workers now eat their lunches.

Today the public looks upon the mortician as it does upon the lawyer who takes charge of the family business affairs when the guiding hand is gone; he is no longer seen as a being set apart from his fellows, but as a practical professional. Often he even provides a nonsectarian funeral church where the last rites may take place amidst surroundings of extraordinary beauty, and without many of the pathetic details which used to accompany home funerals.

Of course, this familiarization process has introduced some strict business methods.

Thus we have the example of many metropolitan morticians bidding for the recent Valentino funeral. I have been told that one firm would have paid $10,000 for the privilege of conducting it.

This organization was unsuccessful in obtaining the commission, but it is easy to see why it offered such a large sum. Each day that the body lay in state in Campbell's funeral church, mobs numbering tens of thousands waited in long lines to pass by the bier. Such advertising was worth more than $10,000 to the undertaker.

In past years such a condition would have been considered extremely shocking.

THOUSANDS stormed the New York funeral parlor where Valentino lay in state.

The same business principles have, as a matter of course, entered into the conduct of cemeteries. In the old days most burial grounds were attached to churches and were strictly noncommercial undertakings. But today numerous cemeteries have been established, either as communal ventures that have to pay for themselves, or as business propositions run for profit.

IT is not easy to get a franchise from the State to establish a burial ground. The neighboring landowners vigorously object, and there are often other reasons to be taken into consideration. This, then, paves the way for the entrance of political manipulation, and the cemetery thus becomes a complete commercial enterprise.

The modern cemeteries are often places of great beauty, difficult to distinguish from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that "knock"

Ethyl is best for *cold* weather, *too*

Your car needs Ethyl Gasoline this winter.

You need Ethyl's *extra* power to negotiate roads that are muddy and snowy and slushy . . . to keep in high and get away faster in winter traffic . . . to reduce engine strain . . . and, most of all, to "knock out that 'knock'."

The ingredient in Ethyl Gasoline — tetraethyl lead — which made Ethyl the best summer fuel makes it best for cold weather too. *It's the superior high-compression fuel for all seasons.* And if you have one of the new high compression engines, Ethyl will give you a still greater thrill.

Ride with Ethyl the year round. This improved motor fuel is on sale at thousands of pumps throughout the United States and Canada which display the "ETHYL" emblem shown above. Fill your tank today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City

ETHYL GASOLINE

[CITIES OF THE DEAD Continued from Page Fifty-three]

parks. This is a condition that has come about from the application of what is known as the lawn plan, or the elimination of the unsightly and depressing mounds.

It is interesting to note in passing that the lawn cemetery, now adopted everywhere, originated in Cincinnati, Ohio. The father of this plan was Adolph Strauch, a landscape-gardening expert. Strauch was employed in the royal gardens in London, when a wealthy Cincinnati merchant, named Robert B. Bowler, sought permission to visit the gardens. He was refused, until Strauch interceded for him.

Bowler became so interested in Strauch that he suggested that the gardener come to America.

How, after this, Strauch came to Bowler, makes an amusing entry in the annals of Americana. The International Exhibition was being held in London and the exhibits from Texas drew such notice and praise from the newspapers that there was a suspicion of press-agentry engineered by the then "big interests" of that American State. However that was, Strauch decided that he could not stay away from the paradise Texas was pictured to be, and he emigrated there.

When he arrived he was intensely disappointed, and forthwith embarked on a tour which led him eventually to Cincinnati, where he became Bowler's head gardening expert. From the Bowler estate, Strauch, in 1854, went to the Cincinnati Spring Grove Cemetery, where he worked out the ideas that made him famous.

BEFORE Strauch's time the weird epitaphs attracted the casual visitor to cemeteries; after him, cemeteries were graced with all the beautiful effects known to the landscape artist.

There should not be any doubt that the mantle of progress has rested very advantageously over cemeteries and the professions that spring from them. Progress has humanized something which we preferred not to think about.

But there is one consideration which does not seem to have received much attention:

A cemetery is generally always a cemetery. No one has any authority, at any time, to use it for any other purposes. Very few cemeteries are reclaimed for ordinary utilitarian purposes.

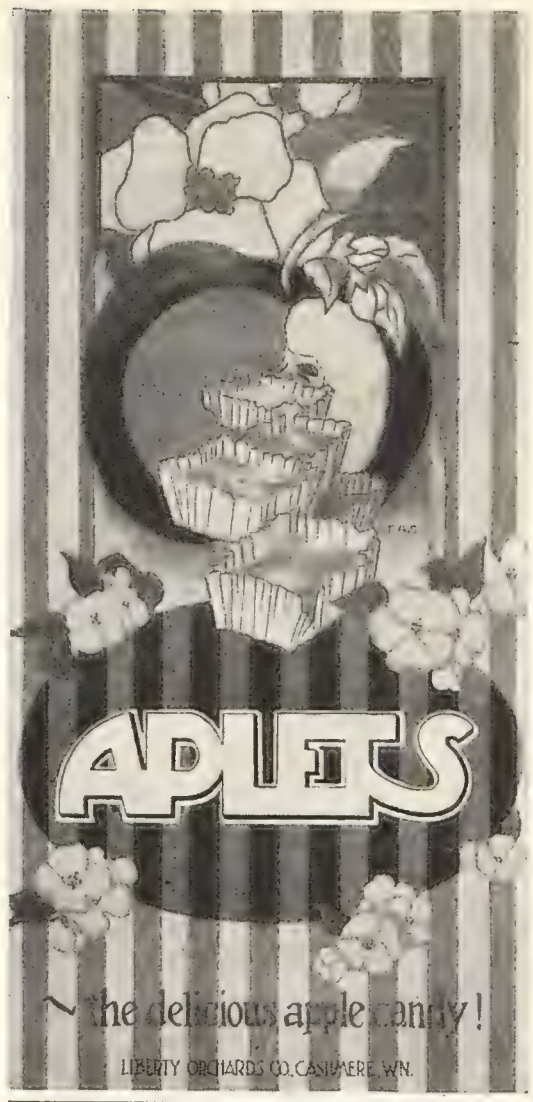
A city may condemn a burial place, but only when the site is necessary for some public improvement, and then the remains in that cemetery must be reburied elsewhere.

We must therefore understand that a cemetery is something which cannot be assimilated by municipal growth; it cannot be transmuted into something else, as can all other real-estate properties.

Almost every city with a historical background has old, disused burial grounds planted in its busiest districts.

New York has some half dozen located in the very heart of the city, and the authorities are unable to do anything with them. In

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858
Dept. G-437 108 N. State St. Chicago Ill.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back
DIAMONDS
Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed
For lower prices and a better selection—order your gifts from Loftis! See these three great specials—your choice at $43.75 each—tremendous values! Rings and watches are 18K solid white gold set with dazzling blue white Diamonds! Terms: $4.37 down, balance payable weekly, semi-monthly or monthly. Shipped (NO MONEY DOWN) subject to your free examination, on request. SEND FOR FREE CATALOG!
$43.75
$1.00 a WEEK
No. 851 $1.00 a wk.
No. 865 $1.00 a wk.
Diamond Watch No. 870

Clear Your Skin

Itching, pimples, blemishes, inflammation, cold sores, cuts, burns, bruises, abrasions, and most other forms of skin irritations promptly relieved by soothing, healing Zemo.

At all druggists, 35c, 60c and $1.00.

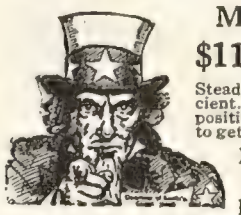
zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201 70 5th Ave., New York

WORK FOR "UNCLE SAM"



Men—Women 18 Up
$1140 to $3300 a Year
Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write today sure for free list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
(No connection with U. S. Government)
Dept. T200 Rochester, N. Y.

Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

Super Illumination Lowest Price Known

LIST PRICE LESS BATTERIES— $2.75 In Canada, $3.70

A STRONG shaft of light—not a flashlight sliver. Used by workers in oil fields, watchmen, tourists—everyone who wants real portable light at low cost. Keep one in your home, cottage or camp. Compact, sturdy, weatherproof. Sheet steel case with vivid red baked enamel finish. Projects a 300-foot flood of brilliant light, hour after hour. Uses two ordinary No. 6 dry cells which last up to a year in ordinary service. See your dealer or write us.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
1201 Delta Block, *Marion, Ind.*

Delta

BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

Clip This and Prove It FREE!

The *pedodyne solvent* treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the *full treatment* guaranteed to bring *complete results* may be yours to try.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. J202, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago. Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

Name .....

Address .....

This is not an order, ship nothing C.O.D.

Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

ASTHMA

Successfully Relieved!

Use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Originated by Dr. J. H. Guild, specialist in respiratory affections. **Quickly relieves** the distressing torments that cause suffering and loss of sleep. Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c.) at your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash. **FREE TRIAL box** (6 cigarettes) with authoritative treatise on causes and treatment sent on request.

J.H.GUILD CO., Dpt. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant) 60c for package of 72 pills.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

the famous Trinity Church cemetery, in the financial section of Broadway, the old mounds and tombstones daily look out upon millions of passers-by. So familiar, in fact, have the passers-by grown with these tombs that they have lost all reverence for them and eat their noonday lunches sitting among them.

In the Bowery there is a little triangular square of ground, entirely surrounded by tenements, where crumbling tombstones mix in a sorry confusion with waste paper and garbage.

A little farther away, leading off by a mysterious little alley from Second Avenue, the main thoroughfare of the congested East Side, there is a little burial ground that was established over 100 years ago.

At that time the owner of the property, Selleck Nichols, died and left heavy liabilities. His creditors decided that this piece of real estate would bring in more as a cemetery than as a place for the habitation of the living.

Their judgment was vindicated. As a cemetery it was very profitable. But it still stands today, tremendously increased in value as land, but useless to the community, and an incongruous place in a street which houses a gayly lit theater on almost every block.

THERE are even old cemeteries in some cities where interments are still made, despite the fact that the development of these cities has hemmed them in on all sides. Court decisions have prevented the municipal authorities from stopping these burials.

Thus, when you consider the permanence of the cemetery with the fact that, for the one year of 1926, 2,258 acres were required to take care of the burials in the United States, the thought involuntarily arises: What part will the cemetery play in municipal affairs a hundred years from now?

All cemeteries are located quite close to cities. The population of this country is increasing by about 2,000,000 a year. The death rate is approximately thirteen per 1,000.

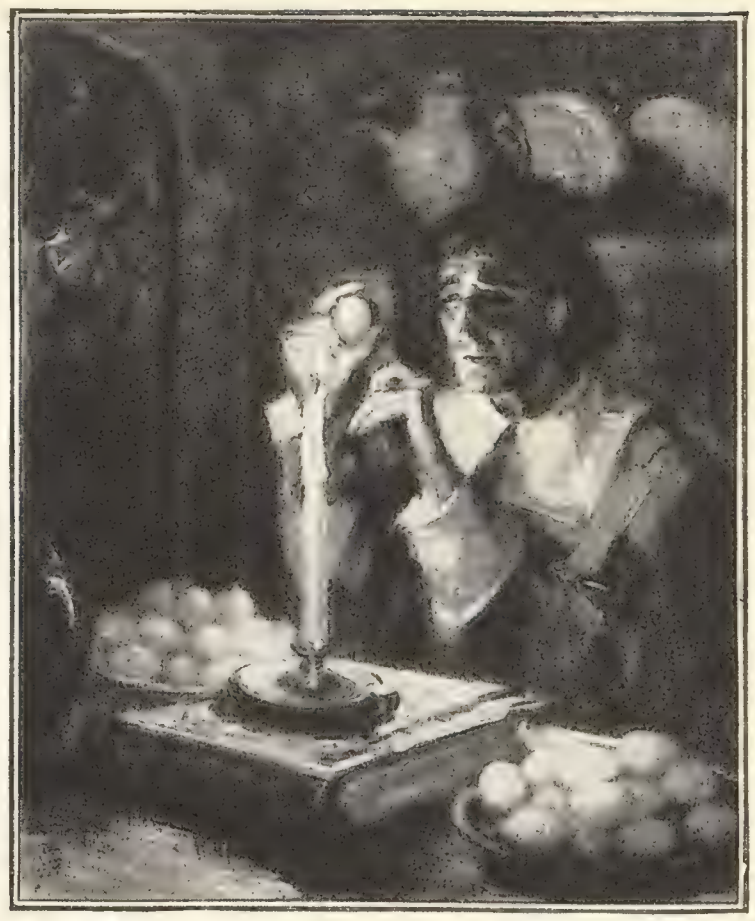
A hundred years from now the population of the United States, basing it on the present estimated figure of 117,000,000 and average increase, will be about 317,000,000. At the present death rate, we then will have 4,121,000 deaths a year. These burials will require 6,647 acres, or almost ten and one-half square miles, per annum. And this is not counting the immense acreage that will be consumed in the intervening 100 years.

Of course, 100 years is a long time. No one knows what the condition of the world will be in 2027.

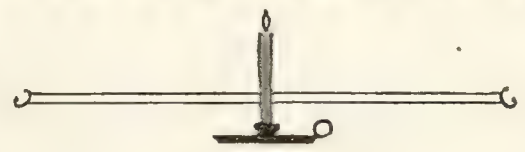
But, even so, it is worth while considering that, once having accustomed ourselves to viewing the cemetery in the light that we view all practical things, we might as well give a deeper thought to its still further development.

How much of our living land shall we in future years dedicate to the dead?

THE END



You can candle an *egg*-but not a *battery*



THERE isn't much difference in the size or shape of batteries. And you can't tell how good they are before you use them. ¶ If you could, one element alone would win your preference for Burgess. That element is *Chrome*. ¶ *Chrome* is the *preservative* that maintains an abundance of unfailing energy in Burgess Batteries—long after most dry cells cease to function. The black and white stripes are individual marks for identifying Burgess *Chrome* Batteries. Buy them for long lasting, dependable performance!

Chrome—the preserving element used in leather, metals, paints and other materials subject to wear, is also used in Burgess Batteries. It gives them unusual *staying* power. Burgess *Chrome* Batteries are patented.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS
FLASHLIGHT & RADIO
BATTERIES

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH DRY BATTERY POWER

Myles Lane, Dartmouth half-back.

P. & A. photo

The BREAK of the Game

Bob McPhail, quarter-back for Dartmouth.

Offense Is Defense Chicago-Dartmouth 1925

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

THERE is an old football adage that a team's offense is its best defense. Its truth was forcibly impressed upon those who saw Dartmouth defeat Chicago, 33 to 7, on the latter's home field in 1925.

The Dartmouth Green eleven of that year was a highly perfected forward-pass machine. Coach Jess Hawley had players who were able to carry out his pet ideas of feinting and hiding the ball, tricks the Dartmouth coach had used many years ago when he was head coach at the University of Iowa.

Hawley has always believed in a deceptive attack. He is keen for a running offense, varied by fake line plunges, crisscrosses, and delayed running forward passes.

On this system was based the strategy employed by Hawley during the season of 1925 when his team was undefeated and the year was capped by the crushing defeat of Chicago.

In his preparation for the Chicago game, one of the important intersectional struggles of the year, Coach Hawley had the Maroons thoroughly scouted in every game. Particular stress was placed upon watching the general play of the Stagg secondary defensive players.

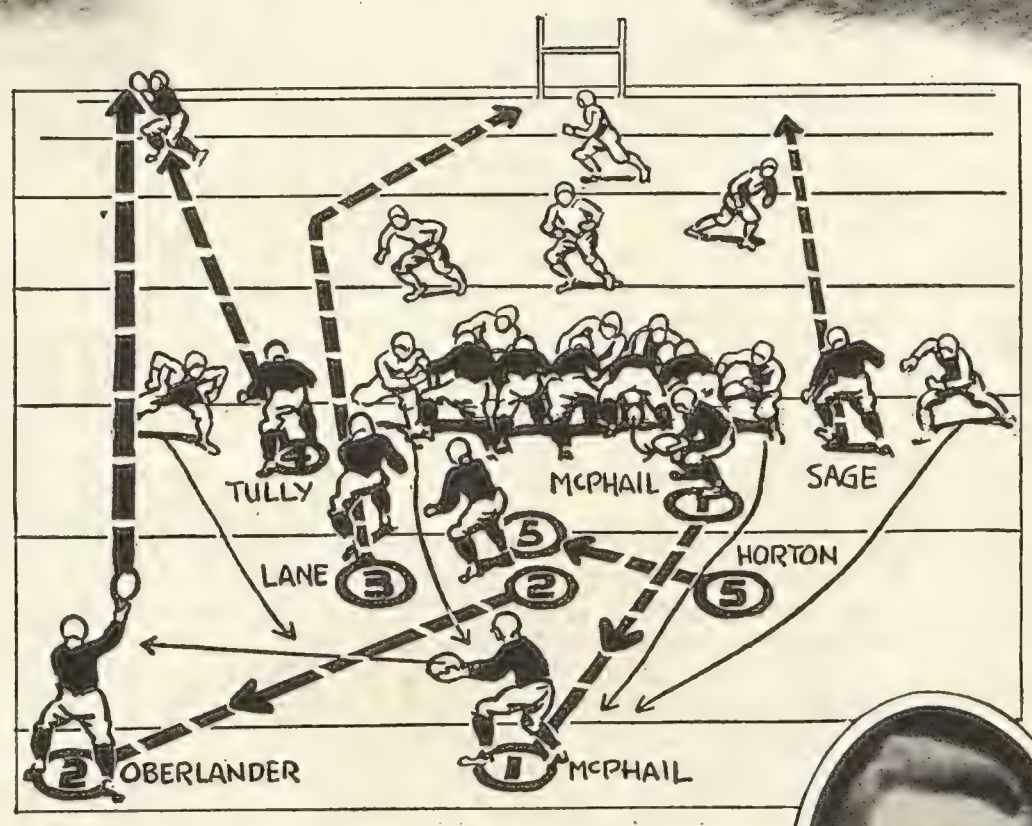
The Dartmouth coach wanted to know whether Chicago employed the man-to-man defense or the zone defensive style against forward passes.

Coach Hawley's scouts had informed him of the strength of the Maroon line from tackle to tackle, so the Dartmouth football teacher decided upon the passing game, with line thrusts and off-tackle slants used for variation only.

Hawley decided to break the morale of the Maroons with forward passes, and he proved that he could.

For the execution of his aerial attack, Coach Hawley had a great passer in "Swede" Oberlander, a half-back who used excellent deception. McPhail and Lane, other Dartmouth backs, were also expert in hurling the oval.

The forward passing gave Dartmouth four of its five touchdowns, while its cunning in following the ball, one of the fundamental principles of football, was responsible for the other.



HOW Dartmouth beat Chicago 33 to 7 in 1925: illustrating one of the Green's great forward passes, engineered by McPhail to Oberlander to Tully.

The forward-passing prowess of Oberlander had been heralded so much that Coach Stagg of Chicago and his team knew that Swede was the main cog in the Dartmouth offensive. Stagg spent most of the week preceding the game in working on a defense to thwart Dartmouth's forward passes.

He instructed his secondary defense to stay back of the scrimmage line unless it was certain there would be no forward pass.

Coach Hawley sent his team into the battle with instructions to forward pass, and not to be discouraged if the first batch of tosses failed.

Hawley, like other smart coaches, wanted that first score, and he practically demanded that it be made in this manner.

IT was apparent shortly after the game started that the Maroons were lamentably weak in defense for the overhead attack. Dartmouth kept forcing the issue and only a few plays were directed at the Maroon line.

Oberlander had been mixing his passes perfectly. Some were purposely thrown a long distance, while others were lobbed over the scrimmage line.

Finally Swede shot a forward pass to Tully, the Dartmouth left end, who was off to one side of the field, and the Green wing-man trotted the remaining distance to the Maroon goal line.

Unlike other teams, Dartmouth did not relax when it apparently had a safe margin. The Green eleven kept forcing the play, and eventually a Dartmouth punt struck Marks, a Maroon half-back, on the back. The oval bounded into free territory.

P. & A. photo

Oberlander, Dartmouth's great passer.

Captain Parker, the Dartmouth tackle, picked up the ball and ran for Dartmouth's second touchdown just before the first half ended.

In the third quarter, Dartmouth again opened with its aerial attack, and Oberlander threw a forward pass to Lane, the Green team's left half-back, for the Easterners' third touchdown.

The same combination was called upon to score Dartmouth's fourth touchdown, and just before the struggle ended, McPhail took up the rôle of forward passer and shot the ball to Lane for Dartmouth's final touchdown.

Chicago scored its only touchdown in the third quarter by a good exhibition of straight football. The Maroon backs pounded through the Dartmouth line and off its tackles until the ball was deep in the Easterners' territory.

Kernwein then scored for the Maroons by skirting off his right end. Drain, the Chicago quarter-back, kicked the goal. Chicago threatened immediately afterward, but Captain Parker of Dartmouth ruined its chances of another touchdown by intercepting a Maroon forward pass on his eighteen-yard line.

Coach Hawley's plans for the breaks materialized as he expected they would. The Dartmouth coach knew that all his team's forward passes would not be completed, but he gambled on some going through as planned.

He knew that Chicago could not check his deceptive offensive if the plays were properly timed and the necessary delay afforded the receivers of the tosses to race down the field and into the open.

Anything may happen in football under the present rules, but the crafty Hawley had prepared for it, and his theory that a strong offense is a team's best defense was proved conclusively in that struggle.

The value of a scoring punch is described by Mr. Eckersall in another article next week.

JOHN NOLAN, Boston's famous mailman and paterfamilias, as he is today. The photograph on the table is of Mrs. Nolan.

This picture impressed President Roosevelt and saved the Nolans' bread and beans. Members of the family shown here are: Standing, left to right—Alice, Molly, Loretta, Archie, John, Matthew, Gertrude, Helen, and Ann. Seated—Raymond, Grace, Mrs. and Mr. Nolan, Agnes, and William. Bottom row—Harry and Dorothy.

The NOLANS of Boston

The Story of a Mailman Whose Children Made Him Famous

An Article by EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 12 minutes 35 seconds.)

WHEN you talk of the Nolans of Boston you think of the theater—first nights at shows warming up for Broadway—dancing girls—George M. Cohan—millions of dollars—hot baked beans adorned with luscious browned pieces of pork—acres of children—Sam H. Harris—a mailman whistling at the front door—a mother dying and her children hurrying from all parts of the continent—Raymond Hitchcock—the actors' strike in New York.

And you get to wondering somehow if John Nolan isn't the greatest long-distance walker in the world, with Edward Payson Weston and all other public walk-takers strolling into the shade.

John carried a mail bag around Boston town, and Charlestown, and Brookline, every day for over fifty years. Every day and every day—Sundays excepted, of course—he walked for miles and miles. And every night he walked around his house, Sundays included, of course, for—well, how many miles does it take to walk a baby to sleep? That's how many miles he walked at night. By day he carried the mails. By night he carried the females. I make it feminine because the girls in his family far outnumbered the boys.

John Nolan, if you measured him by the ordinary standards of present-day civilization, wouldn't be called a success. He worked for the government most of his life. He never had very much. He hasn't very much now.

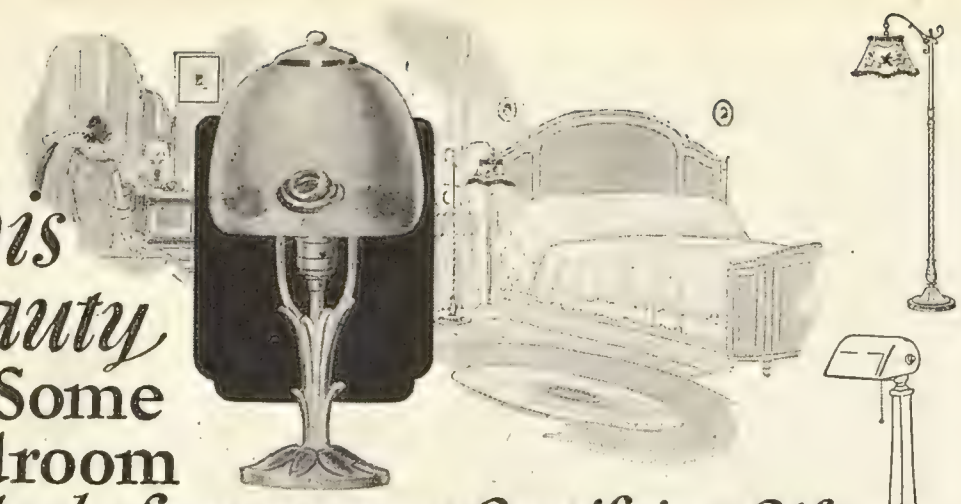
And yet, if you'd ask almost anyone who knows him, you'd be told John Nolan is one of the happiest men who ever lived. And, if being happy is being a success, then John Nolan is more successful than Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller or the man who first invented sleep.

He's about seventy-eight now—none of the Nolans will tell you their ages; the girls have torn out the tattletale page in the family Bible—and he's rather white, of course. But he's still stanch and rugged, and goes in for a swim in the summer whenever the day is good.

His hands are big and strong; his arms are long and thick; and his shoulders are far apart. The sun has tanned him an Indian red, emphasizing the blue of his eyes and the white of his hair.

He spends the summers in his cottage at Kenberma, which is on Nantasket Beach, which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



This Beauty for Some Bedroom will be the Seasons most Gratifying Gift

Aladdin Boudoir Lamps are the vogue. Their sturdy daintiness and authentic designs in wide variety make them this year's most welcome presents.

There is an Aladdin Lamp for every individual purpose and place in the home: for boudoir, living room and sun parlor, for piano, desk, console and table. Their beaming, glowing magic will hold the family circle close and beautify the home.

Write or mail coupon for the Aladdin story of the Magic Lamp—ancient and modern versions.

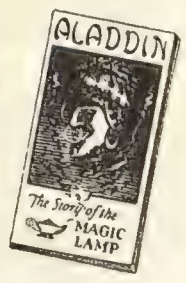
Aladdin Lamps at leading dealers.

At all Leading Dealers.

Insist on the Genuine.

Aladdin Manufacturing Co.
Sales Division No. 17, Muncie, Ind. (The Magic City)

"ALADDIN" ELECTRIC PORTABLE LAMPS
QUALITY AT A PRICE



Aladdin Mfg. Company, Sales Div. No. 17, Muncie, Ind. (The Magic City)
Please send me copy of the Aladdin story of the Magic Lamp and tell me how to become a "Fellow Aladdin." I enclose 2 stamps for mailing. ☐ Rated Dealers check for Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

Can You Stand Comparison

Or Does Your Weight Cause You Embarrassment?

One Very Thin Man Gained Eight Pounds in Three Weeks

THERE are many thousands of exceedingly thin gaunt men to whom a few pounds of flesh would bring a decided improvement in looks and make them feel better, too.

It's to just such underweight people that hundreds of thousands of McCoy's Tablets are sold annually. Often the increase in weight is surprising—one very thin man gained 15 pounds in five weeks—another eight pounds in 3 weeks.

So why not try these little sugar-coated tablets yourself and take advantage of this ironclad guarantee. If, after taking 4 sixty-cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One-Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

[THE NOLANS OF BOSTON
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

is in Hull, Massachusetts; and one of his twelve daughters, Mrs. Helen Fuller, keeps house for him.

He has nothing to do now but enjoy himself: to swim and eat and sleep, to visit the Boston theaters and tell Irish stories to the actors, to visit his sons and his grandsons, and his daughters and his granddaughters, to tramp along the roads, or take a ride in some of his children's limousines—nothing to do but what he wants to do.

He spends quite a good deal of his time with George M. Cohan. He thinks the world of George. And George is forever showing him off to his friends.

They went into one of those pool rooms near Broadway in New York one night. The old man wasn't known there, of course, but he was with George and so he was welcome.

George walked up to one of the young actors and whispered in his ear and gave him a wise-wise wink.

"The old man thinks he can play billiards," he said—confidentially, you know, as one speaks of his father-in-law's little failings. "Take him on for a game, and make him bet real dough. We'll have some fun!"

The actor got his cue—I mean his billiard cue—and sidled up to the nice old man.

"Like to play a little game, grandpa?" he asked. "George tells me you play pretty well."

"Oh, he did, did he? And you think I'll be easy, eh? It's something soft you're looking for, my fine young buck? Go way with you, child! I don't want your money."

It was a lot of fun to the young actor, and he wanted to impress Cohan. So he wheedled the old man into a game, and made him bet a little money.

And then the old man rolled off eighty points without half trying, and then ninety. And the young man realized what Cohan's wise-wise wink had meant.

They enjoyed this sort of thing: cleaning up the smart billiard players of Broadway. The old man enjoyed winning. And Cohan enjoyed the actor's dismay as much as he did the sight of the old man's smile of triumph.

JOHN NOLAN and his wife, Mary, were the parents of eighteen children, twelve of them girls, six of them show girls or actresses. They raised fifteen of the brood and gave them good educations despite the handicap of dad's small salary.

And if you think that's easy to do, go ahead and try it.

John seems to have been born in the North End of Boston. He himself says so; but some of his children feel that this isn't true. One of them says the old man was born in Ireland and came over to this country as a baby. Another says he was about nine years old when he arrived in Boston.

At any rate, he has lived most of his life in and around Boston, and he is as much a part of Boston as the Lodges or the Cabots—or the Lymans, who still exercise

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Recommended Hotel

Featuring an Exceptional Service to Travelers and Visitors to New York

HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER NEW YORK

WEST 45TH STREET
Just East of Broadway
Times Square
HEART OF THEATRICAL and SHOPPING DISTRICT
400 ROOMS WITH BATH
$3.00 and up For One Person
$4.50 and up For Two Persons
Write for Guide to N.Y.

for HEALTH

HEALTH CANDY

Eat YEAST CANDY
Honey or Chocolate Flavor

5¢

Try our new delicious Vegex Health Candy. Each bar contains the Vitamin food equivalent of four cakes of yeast, yet does not taste of yeast. Dealers everywhere are buying our new machine and yeast bars because they find it a Big Money Maker and they get a Big Repeat Business.
DEALERS---Write us for this proposition. State rights on this machine are still open in several states. Correspondence from responsible distributors is solicited.

--- SALESMEN ---
Write us for details on this quick selling proposition and also for Catalog of our complete line of Vending Machines, Novelties, etc.
BIG MONEY for LIVE WIRES.

IOWA NOVELTY CO
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

OWN A BAROMETER
and Foretell the Weather

It indicates changes in weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Scientifically constructed, attractive in appearance. Mahogany case, silvered metal dial, heavy bevel glass front. Size 5½ inches.

An Ideal Gift

Educational, useful and interesting. Indispensable to motorists. Should be in every home. Fully guaranteed; postpaid to any address on receipt of..... **$5.00**

We Repair All Makes of Barometers
DAVID WHITE, Dept. 62, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT
All Standard Makes

Your choice of the World's best typewriters — Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.

$2 and it's yours Free Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete **FREE CATALOG** prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
184 W. Lake St., Department 1289 Chicago, Illinois

Why Irene Castle Won't Come Back

The famous dancer's reason is revealed in a most interesting article

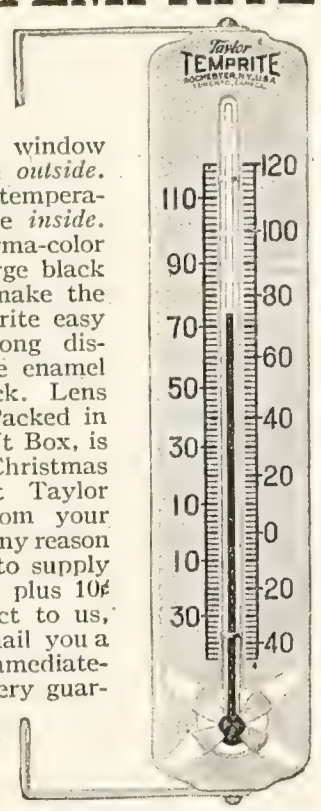
From Dancing Shoes to Baby Shoes

By Elsie Janis

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Taylor TEMPRITE

Window Thermometer



Attaches to window frame on the *outside*. Gives *outside* temperatures from the *inside*. Brilliant perma-color filling and large black graduations make the Taylor Temprite easy reading at long distances. White enamel on steel back. Lens front tube. Packed in attractive Gift Box, is an excellent Christmas Present. Get Taylor Temprites from your dealer. If for any reason he is unable to supply you, send $1, plus 10¢ postage, direct to us, and we will mail you a Temprite immediately, safe delivery guaranteed.

Price $1.00

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
Canadian Plant: Tycos Building, Toronto
Manufacturing Distributors in Great Britain: Short & Mason, Ltd., London

Just Out!

25¢

Lastest Edition of

Radio Station Finder

DOUBLE your enjoyment of your radio with this complete Station Finder. Lists all Broadcasting Stations alphabetically, by call letter, and gives its kilocycles, city and owner, power and meters. Stations listed give *the hour of the day and the day of the week* each station is on the air. Contains map with all stations located. Church services arranged according to denominations and time they are on the air. Nothing else so complete. You can get more stations than ever before. Complete supplement to log your stations daily goes with this most comprehensive station finder *Free*. This revised edition now ready. Get one today from your radio dealer. If unable to obtain it from him, send us 25 cents and we will mail your copy postpaid. Don't wait. Limited edition.

THE COMMERCIAL PRESS CO., Racine, Wis.

ALWAYS Ask For **DENISON'S**—52 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Entertainments,
Chalk-Talk, Amateur Circus and Magic Books.
Black-face Skits, Opening Choruses, **MINSTRELS** Snappy Posters, Window Cards.
Complete First-Parts, with Song Programs.
New Clever **COMEDY SONGS** for your show.
Make-up Goods, Wigs. CATALOGUE FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 173 Chicago

PISO'S *for* **COUGHS**

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally*, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Free Relief for Bleeding Gums!

New, wonder dentifrice makes gums hard and healthy. No need to suffer a moment longer—simply brush your teeth regularly with

Pyor-cheK Tooth Powder

Send for free trial package today!
Pyor-cheK Co., 3551 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

their right of grazing their cow on Boston Common.

He married Mary Brown. She was part English and part Irish, but she looked all Irish to Johnny. And she was the prettiest thing the North End ever saw. He was nineteen then, or almost. She was not quite sixteen.

You can imagine the life they led, after the babies started coming. Johnny had to wait a couple of years before he got a job in the post office. And after he got the job it wasn't so much.

And the stork kept coming back and coming back. Every little while Ma Nolan had to make over an old dress into a new one, learn new tricks of economy, worry and stew and fret over a new name; and—just as she was getting settled in the new order of things—back came Mr. Stork with another worry.

WORRY? Nonsense. The stork was always welcome at the Nolan home. He was always greeted with a cheer, even when the family got too big to sit around the big dining-room table all at once.

Eighteen children, and every one of them "the sweetest little angel ever born." Fifteen children "raised by hand." The three who died young brought the only sorrows the father and mother knew.

Worry? The house was always full of laughter. The girls were a help with the housework. The bigger ones were a help with the smaller ones. There was always plenty to eat. There were always plenty of things to wear.

Luckily, the styles were "very full" when Molly, the oldest girl, was growing up. Balloon sleeves. Trains. High necks. Sure, you could almost make a whole dress for the littlest one from either of Molly's balloon sleeves.

Ma Nolan was the best cook in Boston or Brookline or any other part of Massachusetts. Ask any of the Nolans, big or little. She had to be. She baked her own bread and her own beans. Ask Hitchcock about those beans, or Grant Mitchell, or Ed Wynn, or anybody who amounts to something as an actor.

It became sort of an accolade, in time, for an actor to be invited to Mother Nolan's for baked beans and brown bread. Every Saturday night Ma Nolan would invite somebody out to help the family clean up the viands.

There was really bitter rivalry among the actors who were playing in Boston—and much chicanery too—in the matter of getting an invitation.

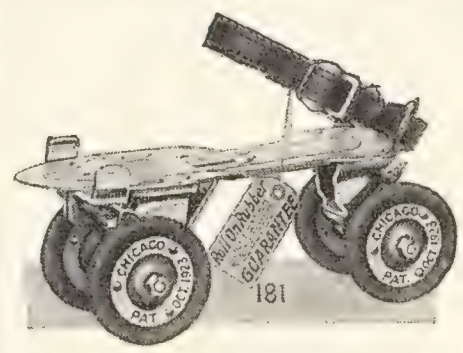
The Nolans' big round table was as well known to Boston and Broadway as King Arthur's. In fact, much better known.

Ma Nolan placed as many around it as she could, and made the others wait for the second call.

It was Loretta who brought Broadway to the Nolan round table—and the Nolans to Broadway. Loretta, known best by her nickname, Lola, was one of the "ponies" in a George M. Cohan

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Make it a ROLL ON Rubber *Christmas!*



Speedy. . . Silent. . . Shock-Absorbing. . .

Noiseless rubber tires prevent shocks and slipping, stop with four-wheel brake effect. Outwear steel two to one. "High Speed" disc wheels spin ten times longer on ball bearings. Highest grade roller skates made and last several years longer.

Write for this FREE BOOK

The only complete instruction book on correct roller skating. A pair of "Chicagos" under the tree and this book in the fireside stocking make a "regular" Christmas.

Copyright 1927

GIVE something different and original this Christmas. The popularity of roller skating makes "CHICAGOS" acceptable for both old and young.

And you could not make a finer gift than these finest of roller skates.

From all good dealers or sent direct on receipt of $4.00 and your dealer's name.

They're Different **"CHICAGO"** TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT OFF. **Roller Skates RUBBER TIRES**

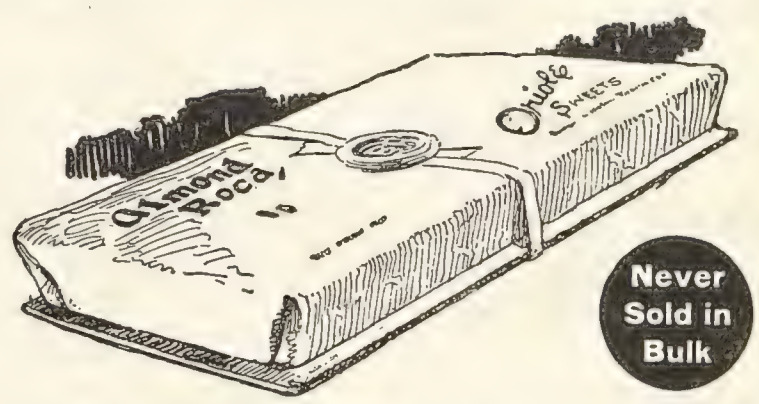
A Skate for Every Purpose

$4.00 Per Pair

Be Sure to look for Guarantee Tag and name "Chicago" on the Wheels

RINK MANAGERS—Write for catalog of complete line of Rink and Racing Skates with shoes attached. We sell 80% of Rinks in the United States.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
4424 W. LAKE ST. *Established Over 20 Years* CHICAGO, ILL.



A Great Gift for Christmas!

THE WEEK between Christmas and New Year's usually is a weak one for the confectionery industry. Last year, however, the —Rush Immediately—orders for Almond Roca for that week were nearly as great as for the week before Christmas. All the result, so the trade tells us, of broadened acquaintance for Almond Roca as the result of Christmas gifts of it. Those receiving it either wanted more or insisted that their friends be counted in on their good find. When a gift proves such a sensation, why not give it? The package price is a dollar and a half — money back if you know another confection its equal.

If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct — prepaid. * * * BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

Can you translate

It means:

"Trade it in for a Zenith"

YOU "trade in" once for Zenith—you will not trade its beauties and its satisfactions for all else in radio.

Thousands of Zenith owners know radio today as it can be known in no other way. With dextrous ease they bring the great and beautiful things of sound to their homes. Zenith picks unerringly, the music of your mood, the news of the moment or the lecture that interests you. No limitation of range, no subtle technique and no hideous interference stand between the Zenith owner and his radio desires.

You will know greater range, greater volume, finer selectivity and more natural reproduction when you buy Zenith.

Model 16

The Zenith 8-Tube chassis with concealed loop and improved cone speaker. Beautiful Spanish Renaissance Cabinet—Fine lacquer finish. Battery operated, $300. Completely Electrical, $400 (with power speaker, $450)

Western United States Prices Slightly Higher

Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3600 Iron Street · *Chicago*

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Radio—16 models—3 different circuits—6, 8, and 10 tubes—battery or electric—antenna or loop—$100 to $2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

[THE NOLANS OF BOSTON Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

show away back when—well, away back.

One day she heard Cohan lamenting that he couldn't get little girls for his new show.

"They're all these six-feet-three *grandes dames*," said George to his partner, Samuel H. Harris; "frogs, when you want polliwogs. Aren't there any little girls left in the world?"

Lola spoke right up.

"I've got two sisters who are just dying to go on the stage," she said.

Mrs. Frank Otto, as Loretta Nolan, introduced her family to the theater and to fame.

"Are they little?"

"Sure they're little. But they're pretty, all right."

"Shoot them over, then. But—remember—they've got to be little."

So Agnes and Alice were taken into the presence of Mr. Cohan and Mr. Harris and put to work at once. They were little enough, but—oh, my dear!—there was havoc in their eyes. And George married one and Sam married the other.

DO you know anything about Irish Catholic mothers? Then you can imagine how Mrs. Nolan felt when she learned that George Cohan wanted to marry her Agnes. Why, the man was divorced! His wife, who had been Ethel Levy, had married again, and he was free legally, of course.

But—the Catholic Church doesn't countenance divorce. And that, to Mrs. Nolan, was the utmost that could be said.

Agnes—and lots of others—pointed out to Mrs. Nolan that George was part Irish, that his mother was a Costigan, that George was a "swell fellow," that he had more money than her pantry had beans, and that he loved Agnes more than anything else in the world.

But Agnes' mother wouldn't hear of the marriage. She couldn't bear to think of it. She didn't even want to see George Cohan, or hear his name.

George had to get a dispensation for Agnes, so that she might marry him and still remain, in her mother's eyes, the fine sweet Catholic girl she had always been. The Catholic Church, of course, had not recognized the marriage of Cohan and Ethel Levy. So the divorce didn't much matter in canonical law.

After the marriage, though, Mrs. Nolan became very fond of George. One of George's three children is named after Mrs. Nolan.

In 1919, during the actors' strike in New York, Cohan put on a whole show for his mother-in-law. He staged it in the ballroom of the Astor Hotel, and there were some verses for each of the eighteen children written into the song, In a Kingdom All Our Own. The play was The Royal Vagabond.

Three Nolan colleens: (left to right) Mrs. Sam H. Harris, Mrs. George Landy, and Mrs. Helen Fuller.

Gertrude Nolan became Mrs. Frank Leland. She is shown here with her son, Frank, Jr.

I went up to Boston the other day especially to see John Nolan and some of his children. I interrupted him while he was shaving, and instead of telling me to wait until he was through, he came downstairs, razor in hand, suds still on the razor. He held the razor in his hand until I left.

HE didn't want to talk. He didn't want anything published about himself or his family, he said. But he hadn't the heart to chase me out, and I think he really enjoyed talking, even to a stranger.

There were two pictures of his wife on the mantel.

"Look at that," he said, handing me one of them with the hand that did not hold the razor. "There was the belle of Boston!"

The picture was that of a woman in middle life: a handsome, wholesome, winning face. Like the face of your own mother perhaps, or the face of mine.

"She was sixty-five when that was taken," the old man said proudly. "You wouldn't believe it, would you?"

Well, you wouldn't. She looked about forty-something.

"Died six years ago," he went on.

And for the first time I noticed that he was old, very old.

"She was the great one! She managed everything. She knew everything. She did everything."

He went on to tell me of her illness.

"We thought awhile before that, you know, that she was going to die. The priest gave her the last

Agnes Nolan—Mrs. George M. Cohan—and the Irish eyes that won the heart of The Song and Dance Man.

rites, and the children came from all over. But—we had her for five years after that. Five years!

"And then the doctors came again. And they said that we'd better call the children home. And they came from Vancouver and Los Angeles and Atlantic City and New York and Great Neck, and—and—oh, all over the country."

He wouldn't answer direct questions. He was still afraid of getting into print. The girls wouldn't like it. His wife had never liked it. Especially that time that Teddy Roosevelt—

YOU may have heard of that.

Nolan didn't show up at the post office one morning, and the superintendent discharged him. Nolan was indignant, and a little frightened too. What could he do, with all those children depending on him, now that he had no job?

He thought for a long while, and then he took the picture of the family group—Pa, Ma, and the children—and sent it to President Roosevelt with a letter telling him of what had happened.

And the President, who loved big families, reached for his big stick and his big pen. And he swatted the post-office superintendent, and he put Pa back on the job with a bang, and a swell to the chest of him, and a proud tilt of his graying head. That was a man, that Roosevelt.

The newspapers all over the country were talking about the Nolans of Boston and their mail-carrier daddy. And Ma didn't like it at all. Nor did the girls.

And there was a lot more publicity when Agnes became Mrs. Cohan, and Alice became Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

Tavannes— the watch expert's gift

LEADERS in watch circles know that a fine timepiece is the most perfect of beautiful gifts, because it is carried more, looked at more, depended on more than any other—becoming actually a part of the wearer's life throughout the years.

These timepiece experts give their own friends or relatives a *Tavannes* Watch. They realize that the name on a watch dial is of vast significance. They will tell you that the *Tavannes* is one of the most remarkable timepieces in existence today. That *Tavannes* inventions have twice revolutionized the watch industry. That the *Tavannes* Factory, with its modern machinery and its technical staff of internationally famous geniuses, is one of the largest in the world and produces the most precisely-made watch ever known.

Make your Christmas gift a watch—and that watch a *Tavannes*. It's your assurance of timekeeping satisfaction.

TAVANNES WATCH CO., Inc.

New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Factory agencies in: GENEVA, BRUSSELS, ZURICH, PARIS, LONDON, MADRID, YOKOHAMA, PEKIN, BAGDAD, CAIRO, CONSTANTINOPLE, BERLIN, VIENNA, LENINGRAD, WARSAW, CAPE TOWN, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES, SANTIAGO, RIO DE JANEIRO, SHANGHAI, SINGAPORE, TOKIO

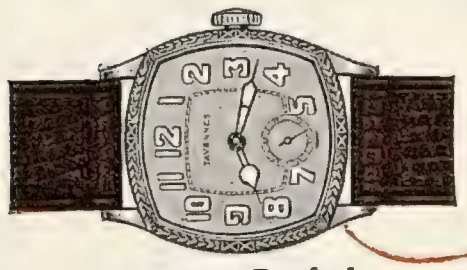
TAVANNES *Graduate*
14K filled white gold.....$35.00

TAVANNES *Maytown*
14K filled white gold.....$37.50

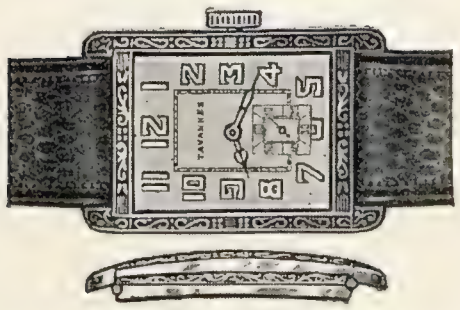
TAVANNES *Oriole*
14K filled white gold.....$50.00

TAVANNES *Cameo*
14K filled white gold, engraved and enameled $50.00

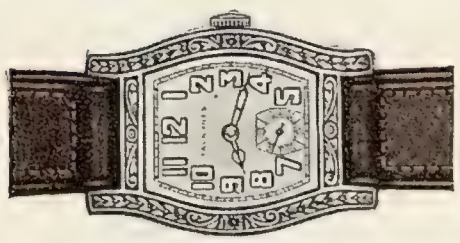
TAVANNES *Polo*
14K filled white or green gold $40.00



TAVANNES *Danforth*
14K filled white or green gold $45.00

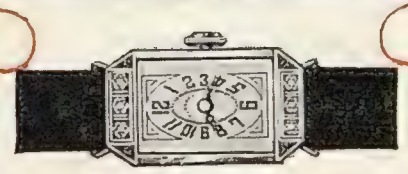


TAVANNES *Mariner*
14K filled white or green gold $50.00



TAVANNES
Bayview
14K solid white or green gold.....$85.00

TAVANNES
Golflinx
14K filled white or green gold.....$28.50



TAVANNES
Venus $140.00

18K solid gold, four sapphires, six diamonds

TAVANNES WATCHES

Laundry-washed-clothes Guard Health

. . . because every step in the laundry process has been planned for complete sterilization as well as cleanliness ✣ For instance, more than 600 gallons of filtered, rainsoft water are used in the numerous sudsy baths and velvety rinses given the average family washing ✣ The ironing process is equally purifying ✣ Delicately adjusted ironing rolls, steam-heated to sterilizing temperatures, purify the fabrics as they smooth ✣ Many articles that require no ironing, are dried and sterilized in heated air currents that speedily destroy any lurking foe to health ✣ Methods vary, of course, according to the types of materials ✣ But in every case the process insures hospital standards of sanitation that definitely guard health ✣ *Visit a modern laundry* ✣ Then you, like millions of other women, will confidently turn to the laundry—for the superior workmanship, amazing economy, and absolute cleanliness that it can give you ✣

The LAUNDRY does it best

Preparing the purifying sterilizing bath—exactly as prescribed by noted experts in sanitary science.

No guess methods here! Every basic formula is as carefully balanced as a medical prescription.

How the Laundry Guards Health

Progressive laundry owners now use sterilizing washing formulas that have been evolved for them by the corps of scientists maintained at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and the proving station at the American Institute of Laundering. What soaps and sterilizing agents to use—the proper washing, rinsing and drying temperatures—the most sterile starch solutions—all this has been worked out by Institute experts. Truly, the modern laundry is a guardian of family health as well as an avenue of escape from wearying washday toil.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

© 1927 L. N. A.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

Harris, and Lola became the wife of Frank Otto, an actor she met while playing in Little Nelly Kelly.

Ma didn't care for it at all. She didn't see why the Nolans couldn't get along without everybody talking about them.

SO Pa, remembering all these things, refused to answer questions. It was only by being indirect that one could learn anything from him. I asked him, for instance, how many grandchildren he had, and he said, "Oh, dozens and dozens!"

It was only by telling him of my grandmother, who was 102 years old last August 15, that I got him to talking of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and so to his own children. But he wouldn't keep to the subject. Thus:

"My daughter Alice hasn't any children. She's got a wonderful home out at Great Neck. She married Sam Harris, you know. I was there not long ago. And the finest pheasants you ever saw! Governor Al Smith gave them to him.

"George, now—he had a house not far from Sam's. But it was too big. I told him so. He sold it for $250,000. I was glad of that. What did he want of that big house, eh? With only three children in it!

"I was telling him last summer that he ought to come back on Broadway with a play. He laughed at me then. 'Governor,' he says—he always calls me governor. We went out to the races at Larchmont—the yacht races—and we went in a fast boat, tearing through the water, and he yelled, 'Hang on, governor!'

"I was telling him that folks would forget him unless he put on a play soon. So he's back with two plays. I was up to the opening of The Baby Cyclone with him. And everybody around the place seemed real glad to see me. I see all the shows, and it doesn't cost me a penny."

He talked in this way for a long time, but his mind always went back to his wife. Three times he took her picture off the mantel. Three times he said, "You'd never believe she was sixty-five when that was taken."

Mrs. John Nolan, mother-in-law to the New York theater. She died six years ago. (Left) Although generally camera-shy, Mr. Nolan posed for this photograph in front of his home in Brookline, Massachusetts.

I had the impression, even after I had left Boston, that the old man was not only the world's champion night-and-day walker, but that he had walked down church aisles more times than most daddies you can name. It amused me to see him—in my mind—taking his flock to mass every Sunday morning. Perhaps in relays. Like a shavetail with his boy-and-girl platoon.

IT amused me, too, to think of him putting on his best clothes every so often, and walking down the aisle with another daughter to give away. I supposed he must know the marriage ceremony by heart now, and the wedding march must be pretty old stuff to him.

But I was wrong. I hadn't had imagination enough to picture that houseful of girls, and the suitors coming, and the remarks of the older sisters about "puppy love," and the little sisters' snooty remarks about big sisters' beaus.

I was all wrong. Most of the weddings were elopements.

One of Broadway's well known actors told me the tale. Raymond Hitchcock had taken him to the famous round table one Saturday night, between matinée and evening shows, and introduced him to Ma Nolan's beauties and beans.

He fell hard for one of them—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For a quiet, restful night—

put one in your mouth at bedtime!

The soothing, quieting effect of a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop insures cough-free nights. It calms irritation, relieves hoarseness, cools, clears and refreshes the throat. Keep a box of them handy at your bedside. 5c S. B. or Menthol.

"THE CHEAPEST HEALTH INSURANCE IN THE WORLD"

Amazing New Glass Cleaner offers $15 a Day PROFIT!

HERE'S an absolutely new, money-making proposition that will bring you big profits—*easy profits*—QUICK PROFITS! You can make $50 a week in spare time—$100 in full time—taking orders for JIFFY GLASS CLEANER—a new, pure, harmless liquid that easily and instantly cleans glass surfaces without water, soap or chamois. Think of it! Unequaled for cleaning windows, mirrors, windshields, show cases, eyeglasses, etc.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Earn Big Money

All you do is demonstrate to housewives, automobile owners, stores, garages, etc., and take orders. We do not sell dealers. All business from your locality must come through you, and you alone get the profit on every order. Every demonstration brings you two to four orders. Just moisten a cloth with Jiffy Glass Cleaner, rub over the surface of the glass and then polish with a dry cloth. Instantly removes all dust, dirt, grease and grime without streaking. After one application windows shine, gleam and sparkle like crystal—and stay clean twice as long.

Albers Made $47 in a Day!

Henry Albers, Ohio, made $47 in one day and he says that $100 a week is easy for him. Men and women everywhere are making amazing profits with Jiffy Glass Cleaner and my 350 other fast-selling products. Chris. Vaughn, Ohio, made $125 in a week; L. C. Van Allen, Ill., averages more than $100 a week; Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., earned $50 in her first week's spare time; Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., earns $18 to $20 a day; H. C. Hanson, N. D., makes $75 a week in spare time. You can make this big money, too!

Send No Money

I don't want you to send me a cent. All I want you to do is let me show you how you can make $50 to $100 a week, without experience and without taking any course of training. I agree to furnish everything you need, to tell you what to do and say in this easy, fascinating work. You positively take no risk whatever. You can't lose a penny and yet you have a wonderful chance to reap big profits quickly. You can make $10 to $20 a day right from the start.

Mail Coupon NOW

Introduce Jiffy Glass Cleaner in your locality while it's new. This is your chance to make more money than you've ever made before. Send coupon for full details—without cost or obligation to you! *Act quick* for big profits. Send coupon TODAY!

THE JIFFY GLASS CLEANER CO.,
3621 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me full details of your money-making proposition without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Print or Write Plainly.)

The MENTHOL HEALS The HOREHOUND SOOTHES

At Night—A Bunte Cough Drop makes breathing easy—clears up congestion—soothes throat tissues—lets you sleep.

BUNTE BROTHERS, CHICAGO
Est. 1876
Makers of World Famous Candies

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS
MENTHOL HOREHOUND COUGH DROPS 5¢
EASING AND PLEASING

Look for the funny fat man on the Red Box

[THE NOLANS OF BOSTON
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

the beauties—never mind which one. But he was always tripping over some rival, or someone who was courting one of the other Nolan girls.

And he was always hearing—or rather overhearing—such remarks as: "Where did you pick that up?" or "Does it think it can support you in the style to which you have been accustomed?" or "For the Lord's sake, marry him and get him out of the house."

There was always another couple in the parlor. There was always another chap ringing the doorbell, or waiting outside the door, or just coming up the stairs when he and his girl were going down.

"It was a hard family to crash," the actor told me. "I tried hard. But—I just didn't have any luck. Imagine going to your girl's house to sit and hold her hand and tell her what big eyes she has, and walking into a picnic."

MOLLY was the only one of the nine girls who survived childhood to remain unwed.

Ann became Mrs. Arthur Downey. Her husband was advertising manager of the Boston *Globe*.

George Holland at that time was an office boy on the *Globe*. Downey sent him to the church with some flowers. There he saw the youngest sister, Dorothy. What a job young Holland must have had, walking off with the baby! However, he did crash the Nolan line finally, and he and Dorothy were married in the church.

There are only a dozen of the Nolan children alive. John, who was manager of the Cohan and Harris Theater, and Molly, and Mrs. Downey have died in the last few years.

Matt is a fire-department lieutenant, assigned to Station G in Brookline. Willie Nolan and Ray are in Los Angeles. Ray is a camera man in the Fox studios, and Willie is chief film-cutter for the Douglas Fairbanks organization. Harry is a salesman. Archie has a string of restaurants.

Grace married George Landy, who is connected with the New York office of First National Pictures. Gertrude married Frank Leland, son of a New York banker of noble Italian ancestry; and her son, Frank, Jr., will inherit $1,000,000 or so when he reaches the age of twenty-one.

There really aren't dozens and dozens of grandchildren. There are, by actual count, only fifteen. But most of the Nolans are young yet, and the old stork still enjoys dropping in on them now and then.

"Would you want your children to raise as big a family as yours?" I asked the old man just before I left.

"No, no!" he said. "It's a terrible job to bring so many into the world, and raise them right, and feed and clothe and educate them, and make men and women out of them. It's—it's a life job."

He walked over to the mantel and looked at one of the pictures.

"I don't know anyone else who could have done so well," he said.

THE END

Safe Instant Relief

CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain in *one minute*. Once the corn is gone it can't come back. If new shoes start irritation again, Zino-pads stop it instantly.

No other method does this. Paring corns gives only temporary relief. Caustics, or liquids, also dangerous, don't do anything to prevent corns from growing again. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *remove the cause*—rubbing and pressing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing, absolutely safe and sure. At all druggists or shoe dealers—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE, that "The Little Corporal" does all we claim, is afforded by letters from actual users, on file in our office. Here are samples:

"Please send me another of your belts 37½ or 38. The last was 39 and the first was 42. I find the new belt much superior—and would not think of doing without them."

Another writes: "Please mail me at once size 37 in. Little Corporal Elastex Belt. My last order was size 42, so you see it is doing its work O.K."

Little Corporal "*Elastex*" Belt

is now made of the new patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric adjusts itself to your size at all times without the aid of clasps, lacers or buckles. It's simple! ***On and off in a jiffy!*** Launders perfectly. Guaranteed one year. Prove it by a trial at our risk.

Illustrated Booklet "THE TRUTH"—Free!
Write for it today. Packed with proof. Gives facts on improved appearance, personality and efficiency which every man should know. *Mail coupon now!*

Women! Write for full particulars about our new creation—the "Elsee" Reducer.

The Little Corporal Co.
Dept 12-T, 1215 W. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet "*The Truth*" and 2 weeks' trial offer.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....*State*.....

SHOWN at left is a dress of brilliant green chiffon, cut in surplice effect, with long sleeves that are tight below, but full at top. Vionnet designed this model.

THE dress at the right is of pale blonde satin, made with a circular apron effect, a big bow falling below the hemline, and long, tight sleeves. Model from Lelong.

Design Your Own Hostess Gown

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

HAVE you got one? No wardrobe is complete without it! A hostess gown! If you are the hostess in an attic studio or a grand salon on Park Avenue that is half the width of the building and has two fireplaces in it, then you ought to have a dress for being just that and nothing else.

It should "go with" or at least not conflict with your woodwork, your draperies, and whatever else contributes toward giving that room personality. If your hangings are of cerise, don't get your hostess dress of blue. If the walls are done in gold, do not preferably have your dress for receiving your guests in gray. Except for a few restrictions such as these, you can let yourself go and "be yourself" with a vengeance in your hostess gown. You can get things you would not think of wearing to a restaurant, and people will say, "Oh, how lovely!" They would merely have commented behind your back, "How extraordinary!" if you had worn them about town.

And one might stick in here that it is very smart this season to wear the colors that are a little out of fashion.

Red, for instance, is out of fashion, having recently been done to death. But if it goes with your setting and personality, then wear it and feel perfectly at ease in doing so.

Of the two hostess gowns here shown, one is by Lelong and one by Vionnet. The most unique thing about them is that they have the long, tight sleeves of day dresses and the long-lined draperies of evening. That is to say, they constitute a cross between formal and practical costuming and make "dressy" afternoon gowns.

They are something to wear to dinner when your guests do not "dress."

Even the most punctilious of men is perfectly at ease in a business suit out of hours when his hostess has on a gown of this type—although whether he ought to be encouraged to shirk dressing for evening is another subject to take up.

TO characterize these dresses—they combine the practical features of day dresses with the artistic graces of gowns for evening.

These two are not so bizarre but that they may be worn away from home. One may go to the theater wearing them, without a car, and be free to walk afterward if she wishes.

The gown on the right is made of pale blonde satin. It is that new kind of satin which is really the oldest kind of all. Very stiff, you know, and with a high luster, and just what your grandmothers would think satin ought to be.

We have been having it very soft, and calling it charmeuse. It still is good, to be sure, but for much more ordinary dresses. This new kind, which is really old, one wears at home.

The dress here made of it has a circular apron effect in front, with a huge puff or bow on the side, and this has a long end which goes down below the bottom of the skirt, giving the effect of an uneven hemline.

The circular apron with the big bow and the tight sleeves are what make this dress distinctive.

The frock at the left is of chiffon and has a wide armhole, with a sleeve that gets tight—very tight indeed—from elbow to wrist. It is almost a period sleeve and constitutes a sort of "fantasie" which you would scarcely wear except for your own at homes and other gala occasions, such as small, informal gatherings or the theater, or perhaps afternoon bridge parties.

The bodice is cut up in a characteristic Vionnet way, with a surplice effect across the front (but not the back). And you will have (we will say) a huge diamond pin, which you will stick through the middle of it, with two buttons of diamonds showing (rhinestones will do all right) in a cuff-link effect.

The dress drapes over in the prevailing surplice fashion on the right side, and has a long, full, circular cascade falling down below the hemline. The skirt is very full and very long on this side.

BLACK Comes Back in French Fashions

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, November 13.

THE color line in the Paris couture conforms to no single standard. There are, literally, all kinds of shades shown by the fashionable dressmakers, and almost every nuance of these shades.

You can put your money on any tone that pleases your fancy. Never has there been such a liberty of personal choice.

And with all of this *laissez-faire*, what happens? The inevitable, of course. Woman, perceiving that it is up to her to have all of the variety in the world, settles down to one thing—contrary creature. She decides that she doesn't care what color she wears, so long as it's black.

There are very few details in the fashions of any season which can be said to be standardized in Paris. The only settled habit of chic possessed by the Parisienne is that of being different. And the one exception to this is in the wearing of black, because there are as many ways of wearing this color as there are women to wear it.

The basis for this ebon fixation, I observe, is sound. Black has distinction, individual cachet, and mystery, not to omit its variable character, which alters to suit the wearer. Black may be sad, sophisticated, daring, or sweetly insouciant, so that it sets off charmingly the woman who wears it. Just the difference between mat and lustrous black is enough to change completely the tone of a toilette.

Where mat black is worn, the fabrics most frequently seen are kasha, diagonal woolen, and dull-finished broadcloth. I should say that about one-fourth of the smart coats and suits I see in Paris this winter are made of one of these materials combined with black astrakhan fur. Nothing could be smarter or more distinguished for the simple daytime costume.

Our tailleur from Chantal, which is made of a loosely woven black diagonal woolen material, shows the kind of mat-black and astrakhan-trimmed costume which is a favorite here. The short jacket is slim and straight, with a diagonal closing that reverses the usual process of slanting lines by sloping from the left shoulder to the right side. The small collar, which extends on the left side to the commencement of this diagonal closing, is made of astrakhan, and a row of buttons placed horizontally just below the shoulderline in front makes a smart and unusual closing. A leather belt marks the waistline.

The skirt is plaited from a yoke at the top, this yoke being arranged in stair-step notches at the sides. The very wide hemline is made actually flaring by means of three narrow tucks in the hem, thus presenting a silhouette which is something new for the tailleur.

When she wants something which has an inimitable elegance, the Parisienne selects lustrous black, usually velvet or satin-finish broadcloth, and trims it with some long-haired opulent fur such as fox or natural lynx.

Our photograph at the upper right shows one of the smartest of smart Parisiennes, Mlle. Hélène Ostrowsky, wearing this kind of coat. It is straight in line, with a slightly flaring skirt, made more bouffant by its extravagant hem of lynx. The alluring character of this coat depends a great deal on the cape back, which is detachable and which is draped around the shoulders in front. The straight sleeves have cuffs of lynx.

With this cloak Mlle. Ostrowsky wears a turban from Reboux, *the* hat of the season, that Reboux drapes in a thousand different ways for different faces.

When she selects a black frock for evening, as she does almost invariably, the Parisienne usually chooses velvet, satin, or chiffon. If the frock is to be worn for formal occasions it is generally embroidered in a spray-like pattern, done either in metallic thread or rhinestones, after the manner shown in our black chiffon evening gown, worn over a silver lamé foundation, and embroidered in gold and silver thread. The chiffon is draped at the waistline, over to the left hip, where it is caught under a motif of embroidery, from which bands of embroidery fall to the hemline. A trailing panel of black chiffon falls from the left hip.

Drecoll made the débutante frock of golden-yellow crêpe de Chine, with a simple surplice bodice and a shirred skirt, which is attached at two points to the close-fitting draped girdle. From the left side-front this skirt is fastened to the base of the girdle, around to the right side-front, where it is lifted and shirred in a line about two inches higher, making an uneven hemline.

Afternoon coats are often made of black velvet, trimmed with natural lynx. Worth places a detachable cape on this very attractive coat.

For the débutante, Drecoll chooses this frock of golden-yellow crêpe de Chine, embroidered with lines of paillettes. The skirt is shirred.

This evening frock of black chiffon is worn over a silver slip and embroidered with metal thread. The draped hipline and trailing panel are extremely smart.

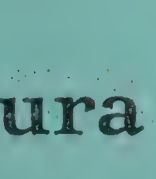
Black diagonal wool, trimmed with black astrakhan, is chic. Designed by Chantal.

Laura La Plante
and
Reginald Denny
wear
"The Watch of Distinctive Features"

If you were to visit the Universal Film Studio in California, and see Laura La Plante and Reginald Denny at work on their latest pictures, you would find them wearing their Helbros Superb Watches—the "Watch of Distinctive Features." Every Helbros Superb Watch in addition to its time-keeping accuracy, its fine jeweled movement and its beauty of design, is known for those special features, listed below, which make Helbros Superb Watches distinctive.

1

Detachable Buckle and Strap — made possible by removable pin bar. A feature of *every* Helbros *Strap* watch.

2 

Three - Piece Case — affords easier accessibility for adjustment and gives greater protection to the fine jeweled movement. A feature of *every* Helbros *Strap* and *every* Helbros *Superb* watch.

3

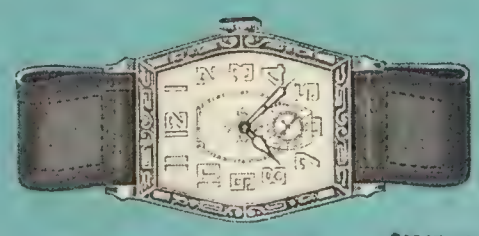
Raised Gilt Numerals — encrusted with radium, a patented feature of *every* Helbros *Superb Strap* watch. This feature gives longer life to radium, greater luminosity and prevents chipping. (Diagram: A-Radium Encrusted; B-Raised Gilt Numerals.)

Ask your jeweler to show you the Helbros Watches displayed here and others from $12 up. If he is not yet selling them, write us direct.

When buying a watch ask the number of jewels, the quality of the case, and its special features.

Reginald Denny, Universal Film Star, wearing his Helbros Watch.

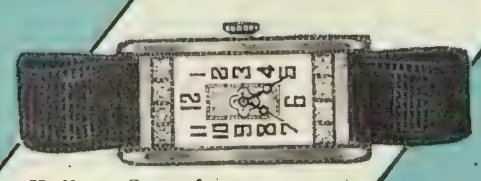
Laura La Plante, Universal Film Star, wearing her Helbros Watch.



"Reginald Denny" Model, $37.50
Helbros Superb 49381, 15 Jewels, 14 K. white gold filled 3-piece case, detachable buckle and strap. Raised gilt numerals encrusted with radium.
"Denny Jr." Model 2379, 6 Jewels, special white engraved oxidized, **$15.50**

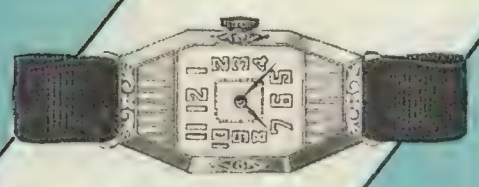
"Laura La Plante" Model, $35.00
Helbros Superb 74231, 15 Jewels, 14 K. white gold filled, 3-piece case, detachable buckle and strap.
"Laura Jr." Model 10289, 6 Jewels, special white engraved oxidized, **$17.50**

HELBROS
WATCHES



Helbros Superb Ladies' Watch $52.50
Model 95283, 15 Jewels, 14 K. solid white gold 3-piece case.

Helbros Superb Ladies' Watch $40.00
Model 72213, 15 Jewels, 14 K. solid white gold 3-piece case.



Helbros Superb Ladies' Watch $32.50
Model 74301, 15 Jewels, 14 K. white gold filled, 3-piece case.
10401, 6 J. special Scepter case **$18.00**

The Helbros Watch Co., Dept. L-12
48 West 48th Street, New York City.

Please send me a picture of:
Miss Laura La Plante, Universal Star, Free ☐
Mr. Reginald Denny, Universal Star, Free ☐
and the booklet "Gift Plus the Giver" Free. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Helbros Superb Ladies' Watch $130.00
Model 95656, 15 Jewels, 18 K. solid white gold 3-piece case set with 4 diamonds and 6 sapphires.

RUB in Absorbine, Jr. at the first warning ache or pain. It rouses the circulation, breaks up congestion, and brings prompt relief.

Nature quickly responds—an application of Absorbine, Jr. is almost instantly soothing and comforting. It keeps muscles and joints limber and free from stiffness.

Absorbine, Jr. is pleasant to use. It is quickly absorbed, is not greasy and will not stain.

There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions" packed with each bottle.

At all druggists' $1.25
Hospital size $2.50
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

for rheumatic pain *rub in*

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

THE CONQUEROR

Junior Morse Reigns as a Basket-ball King

An Athletic Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"MA—oh, MA!" Lil's kid brother yelled. He clumped up the kitchen steps. "Where are you?"

His mother's "Here!" sounded weak. Her head was in the depths of the pantry cupboard, searching for a nutmeg. "Wipe your shoes off," she added—as she did every day at twelve-fifteen.

But Junior rushed on in, stumbling over a rag rug.

"I'm playin' on the team this afternoon! Willya come down an' watch? Oh, Ma, willya?"

Mrs. Morse withdrew her head from the cupboard—ripping a new hair-net on the lacy shelf-paper—with a good-natured: "Why, of course." Personally, she felt that she already deserved an honorary *croix de gymnasium* for fall hours spent upon hard school seats watching basket-ball games.

"What time will it start?" She was popping open the potatoes.

"Three-thirty. An' it'll be some game. Skinny Sumner's playin' center. I'm playin' sub, but maybe I'll get in."

"Sound your g's!" Ma said. "And be careful: the cocoa's hot."

Two-thirty! She called up her across-the-street neighbor.

"Have you anything on?" she inquired.

"Right now I'm in a negligée," Mrs. Sumner laughed. "I'm waving my hair. Do you want a lift somewhere?"

It was a joke in her house that whenever Mrs. Morse needed a lift she just phoned across the street and sweetly asked: "Have you anything on?" That gentle hint failing, she would spend money for a taxi!

"Are you going to the basket-ball game?" Ma asked. "I hear Frank's playing." She just caught her tongue before referring to Mrs. Sumner's *Ichabod-Cranish* offspring as "Skinny."

"That's why I'm waving my hair," Mrs. Sumner said. "Let's drive down together. I'll toot three times at three o'clock. Oh, there's my door-bell—good-by!"

Ma knew this door-bell gag for terminating phone calls, so she didn't stare across at her neighbor's possible afternoon caller!

Three o'clock: Three toots.

Three-thirty: Athletic events at Junior's school were taking place before a maternal row of fond and doting parents. Cheers, whistles, yells, jumping long-legged striplings and the shower-bath-room's steam seeping through a door directly at Ma's back!

"It sounds just like the fake Armistice!" she yelled through the din. "Oh, your son just secured a basket!" And she clapped and waved, not remembering that he and Junior were opponents.

"The steam is terrible," Mrs. Sumner complained. "And it took me an hour to put in my wave. Mercy, how thin Frank looks!"

"Fatten him with raw eggs," Ma said in a loud voice during a lull before the referee's whistle. Guessing her remark applied to Skinny, everybody took up Ma's poultry hint with a shout.

Gymnasium events became a hectic blur for Ma. Steam was dampening her stockings, the ball just missed her hat twice and Mrs. Sumner's nose once.

And Junior was now playing right forward, with a black eye! He shot a sensational series of baskets to the accompaniment of the spectators' excited chorus of "O-o-oh! A-a-ah!"

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Sick 'em, M-O-R-S-E! Woof-woof-woof!"

How Ma thrilled! Her son the Hero of the Hour!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Unanswered Question

Joy's mother was called next door to see a neighbor who was not feeling well. Not wishing to take her small daughter, she said, "Mother will be away for a few minutes; be a good girl and don't get into mischief."

Joy looked up from her play and replied, "All right, mother; where does you keep it?"—Mrs. M. G. Stone, Lisbon, N. Dak.

If Only They Had Her Advantages

Small Margaret was the pride of her teacher, always appearing so neat and clean. Hoping to encourage her other pupils to follow suit, teacher complimented Margaret one day before the class.

"Well," observed Margaret seriously, "you'd be clean, too, if you had *my* mama to wash you."—Franklin Dunbar, 1412 W. Chestnut St., Yakima, Wash.

LOVE Letters of an INTERIOR DECORATOR

Mike Tells What Makes the Ocean Swell

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

(ELEVENTH SPASM)

A frail with a milk fed guy, and, oh, how that woman can hoist the shampaine. I think theyre on their funnymoon.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 50 seconds.)

On bord Beeringaria.

DEAR MARG,—

You wood have heard from me sooner but they didnt close the bar in time. As I wrote you before, the customers come sliding out on deck from the bar. Then they stagger round the promenard deck and after they have been round once or twice they hafta go in for another shot as the boats so big they get all run down. (You better save all my letters about this trip abroad, because if we ever get married you wont have to go over. Youll save that much dough for purmanent waves and stuff like that.)

You neednt worry because Ill explain every thing in detail so itll be as clear as mud. You see when you travel first class you learn so much because you hear all the passingers conning each other. They all sit round on deck in steamer chairs and each one starts tellin the other that hes on his way to the Orient or Switzerland or some other joint that will keep him away from the States for about eight years.

He knows darned well that hes either goin over to Paris for a divorce or some french post cards. Or else, hes goin over to London to get boiled. They all lie like hell, Marg.

For instance, theres a fluff next to me whats supposed to be married to a crack-pot with plenty of heavy sugar! And Oh, what a ring-around shes givin him. Hes been plastered the hole trip.

He cant wait till they open the bar in the morning so he can get his liquor for breakfast. And does she go to work on him every time she catches him. Shes about as easy on him as a dentist. Shes afraid hes goin to stagger over the rail some night and shell have to row back. Shes got so many diamonds on her she looks like the back of an ice wagon.

Its a great rackit they pull. She pays the stewards to find him and he lathers em back to lay off. Shes trying to keep him sober so she can feather him with that baby voice stuff. Why should she be flitting around in the chorus when she can be layin around on deck. Its a game they play. The taming of the stew. But hes a smart egg.

He staggers up to the boat deck and climbs in one of the life boats so he can read the radiograms from his wife. But she aint foolin him any. He knows his Bermudas. They cant seem to keep him away from the booze so her lover, the card shark, can take him. Theyve both tryed to get him to shuffle the pack but no go.

Then theres another frail with a milk fed guy what waits on her hands and feet. Every time she opens her mouth he runs around the boat and gets her this and that as though she was dieing. First, shes to hot, and then shes to cold. I think theyre on their funnymoon.

They lowered about eighty-five tons of trunks down on mine. By the time I got it I couldnt tell it from an inner tube.

Shes one of those things that gets something on everybody elses birthday. Bigharted? She wouldnt give you the paint off her lips.

You should see her in the Ball Room at night when the other fellows flock around. Oh, how that woman can hoist the shampaine. And hold em! Shes down on the passingers list as a countess, but she aint of no account Marg. Just plain blah.

We had a concert on bord last night. Oh it was swell. It was held in the Lounge. Thats the big saloon where they all sit around and get plastered. The wimin all come in half nakid and the men get all dressed up in their motermen coats and everybody sits around drinkin and lafin.

Then the Purser got up and made a speech and sang a coupla songs. He had a great voice. I thought he was caught in the door. Then a feller got up and tickled the ivories. His name was Misha Raviola or some label like that. I cant pronounse it, but I can eat it.

I couldnt give him much. He played a lot of junk like Lists Hungerian Rapsody and a bunch of stuff like that as though he was toonin the piano, and they all clapped him for more. You would think a lotter people like them would know better.

Hes on his way over to play some resitals in London, Paris, Berlin and Poland. But what do those guys know about music? We had a feller in the army that could certainly twist the piano. And what, I mean. The Rags and Blues that bird used to pull outer that piano would make you kiss your wife and like it!

And he could play standin on his head too, Marg. We has to take the thing away from him fer fear we would burst out in teers.

WELL, the next one up on the bill was a Russian dancer. She was the Bugs ear. She didnt have enough close on to lay on a stamp. She was a tow dancer and HOW! You should have seen her do the split. Oh boy. She could keep you steppin.

The next one up was a cartoonist. His name was Bert Green. He shure was rotten. I can draw as good as him. I think he was a bit kicked up, too much lafin soup! He put the nose on the guy where the ear should be. He was turrible.

Then they call on me! Can you imagine that Marg. Gettin up in front of a bunch of high hats like them. But I fooled em. Instead of makin a speech, I resited that poem called She learned about wimin from him. The bunch went wild. But nobody clapped.

I guess they was so filled up with remorse it stopped em. Every time I think of that poem it reminds me of you. I just get so full of sediment I could scream.

You know that I wrote you that I was comin

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

FIGHT *Dangerous* COLD WITH Pines *Automatic* Winterfront

In this way you sidestep 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear

ENGINEERS have found that 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear occurs between September and April. Tests prove that this damage begins when temperature reaches 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold, your motor's worst enemy, strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you!

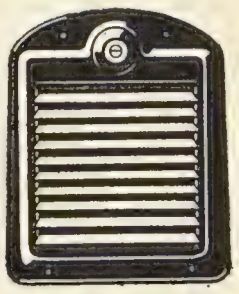
Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke" — flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Closes Itself
when your motor needs heat



Opens Itself
when your motor needs cool air

Important — The moment your motor stops, Winterfront shutters begin to close, automatically, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car — summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes. Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West — also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 420 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

* * *

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is considering your interests *first*. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

147

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods.

You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

over hear to attend the Interior Decorators Convention at the Haig and Haig. Well, I just got a radiogram that says, CONVENTION WILL BE HELD AT PICKADILLY CIRCUS, and signed by King William himself. I guess theyre goin to hold the convention in a tent.

Theres goin to be a lot of big shots there. Johnny Walker, J. Dewar, Tom Collins, Joe Bacardi, John Jameson, Bill Buchanan, Pol Roger, G. H. Mumm, Ernest Erroy, Gordon Gin, Jack Martini and the rest of that gang. I guess we'll all have a good time.

ON these English boats they have a funny custom. Before you go in to meals (most meals are drunk instead of et) a feller comes out and blows a bugle. He plays Comin thru the Rye. I dont think its a bad idea, do you?

These English people are a funny bunch. They talk as though something was hurtin em. They say Cawnt for Cant. I Saw for I Seen and things like that.

The way they punish the American Languige is brutal. But they all like the Yankee slang.

For instance, if they want some guy to hurry up they used to say, Hurry along old fellow. But now they say, Beat it, old thing!

Don't you love it, Marg. It hands me a great kick the way they pull it. They always get everything balled up.

If you want to see something funny you want to see the passingers walkin round the boat. It would slay you. The fat broads keep it up till they get winded. The old birds keep follerin the chickens about the decks tryin to get some excuse to talk to em. The movie actor struts around so people will point him out.

The sweetie with the vermine coat walks like she never did in her life. The furtherest she ever walked in town was to Tiffinys to get her heels straightened. Women of forty and up have everything on but the steamer trunk. They seem to be so greatful to the young saps they talk to.

We are getting near England. The steward passed the word round that we were just passing the Silly Islands. I guess everybodys glad, because they cant drink much more anyway.

* * *

Well, I had to finish this letter when we got to London Marg, as I had to go down and pack my trunk. I wish you could a seen the business we went through to get ashore. First, we had to get a landing card. That's nothing more than an imigrants license to land.

Then the guy asts you a lot of sap questions about if your married or sober, and what you do for a livin, as though you didnt know yourself and a lotter rube questions like that. Then when we get through the Imigration shock absorbers they let us go down on the dock. Then the fun starts, tryin to find your baggage.

The hole works is piled up about fifty feet high and youre supposed to find yours. I was a big sap to get my trunk packed first, thinking all the time if I had it on dock early I would beat the gang to it. Instead of that they lowered about eighty-five tons of trunks down on mine, and I was the last one to get off. By the time I got my egg crate, I couldnt tell it from an inner tube.

Then you take the thing over to the custom officers and they start to go thru your stuff as though you had the Kings rist watch hidden in your pajamas.

Then you walk about a mile and a half to a funny lookin train with doors on one side and they lock you in, just like an ice box. Everybody sits facing each other like a bunch of ninnies. Everybody asks the other what a nice day it is all during the trip for something better to talk about.

THEN when you get to the other end, a place they call Waterloo, thats where the battle was battled, everybody gets off. The baggage business starts all over again, only worse. Youre lucky to get your baggage in a coupla hours. Then you get yourself what they call a taxi. Well Im not kidding you, you cant tell whether its a peanut stand, a mouse trap or a thing they use to lay roads. Its a bit of each.

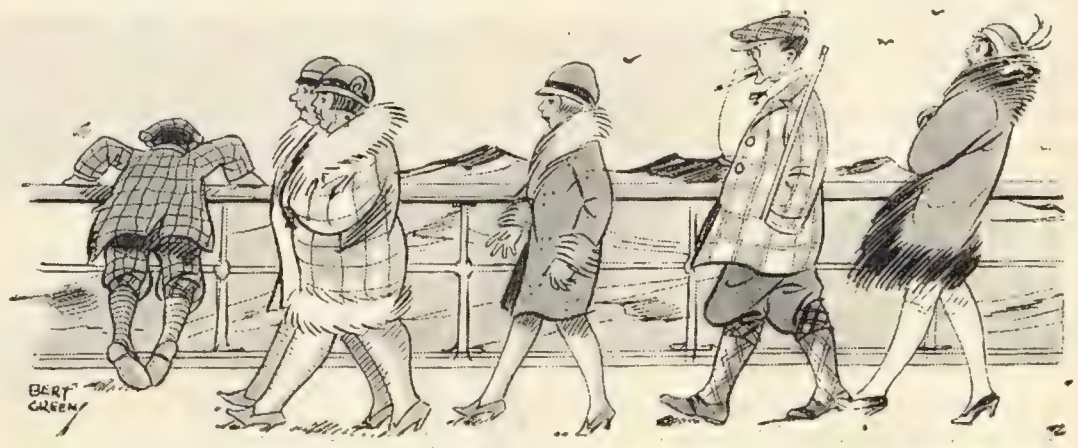
When you get organized and started the feller goes up all the streets on the wrong side until you think that its time for you to ring out your socks.

So here I am at the hotel Marg in London. I'll write you all about it in my next letter. Watch for it, its goin to knock your hat off. Well, Ive got to go now and get a drink and soak my feet.

Remember me to your father and the garbage man, your mother and the cook. Wishing you the same,

Yours till it hurts,

MIKE SHEA.



The fat broads keep it up till they get winded. The old birds keep follerin the chickens about the deck.

Wait till this guy uncorks himself on the Haig and Haig conference. It ought to be mean stuff. In an early issue.

Disowning the HAIR APPARENT

By EILEEN BOURNE

EXTREME care is required in applying beauty's final touch.

ONCE, at Nice, on the famous Boulevard des Anglais, I saw a young woman who typified in an extraordinary degree the French capacity for turning a defect into an asset.

Beautifully dressed and gayly chatting with her escort as she strolled along, she was caressing with one hand her carefully waxed and cultivated little dark mustache. The gesture was one of proud possession.

No American woman I ever knew would have been capable of such defiance of fate. To us superfluous hair is an unmitigated curse. Indeed, we go to such lengths in our efforts to get rid of it that we expose ourselves constantly to the unscrupulous methods of quacks and fakers who promise to cure us.

Far be it from me to suggest that we bow submissively before this strange trick of nature, for many cases are curable. But we must select the right method. Moreover, it often happens that if you wait a while the trouble disappears.

Hyperactivity of hair growth is still as mysterious as the opposite tendency, baldness. But scientists do know that, aside from heredity, the greatest influence in promoting or checking its growth is glandular disturbance. It follows, therefore, in many cases that the unwanted growth disappears when the glands cease to function abnormally.

Sometimes adolescent girls experience this disorder for a while, and then, as the inner secretions of the body adjust themselves to maturity, relief follows. It also occasionally happens that the expectant mother finds herself burdened by a hirsute facial condition, which stops after the birth of her child.

Sound advice, therefore, indicates that we should give the manifestation time to wear itself out before seeking any other remedy.

Probably because of its effect on the gland secretions, great nervousness often stimulates the growth of superfluous hair. It is said that during the World War, when every moment was a nightmare of anxiety to them, many French and German women were permanently afflicted by this enemy to beauty. Of course, not all women who worry suffer this result.

When all these special cases are cited, however, there remains the general tendency to superfluous hair which a great number of women always have to combat, and which a still larger number are obliged to struggle with after they reach middle age.

They find that the use of tweezers makes the hair come in coarser and more often, and that some depilatories inflame and injure the sensitive skin about the mouth and chin.

Now, my point in presenting to you the little French girl is to indicate that women would do well to borrow a little of her *sang-froid*. Do the best you can and refuse to be crushed by the inevitable.

There are some growths of hair that are too formidable to attempt to cure. For these I suggest some form of wax or paraffin treatment and bleaching. Go to the very best beauty parlor in your city and learn how to use the wax treatment correctly.

The application should not be permitted to get too cold before removal, because of the possibility of injuring the tissues. Properly used, it is harmless and temporarily effective. With care you can use it yourself.

Between times you can greatly reduce the visibility of facial hair by the use of a bleach. To one tablespoon of peroxide of hydrogen add one drop of ammonia. With a bit of absorbent cotton apply this mixture—made fresh each time—every night.

Now, however, if you have only a few coarse hairs on the chin or about the mouth, it might be very well for you to get permanent relief. The safest, as well as the most lasting, method is electrolysis. This is the electrocution of the hair papilla by means of a tiny current applied by a needle of steel or iridioplatinum.

The needle never reaches the blood vessels, but penetrates the upper layer of skin down to the hair root. It is difficult to do this with absolute accuracy. The hair may grow at an angle, and its position on the surface does not always indicate the exact location of the papilla. Yet if the needle doesn't follow along the hair line, it is apt to leave a small pit on the surface.

Experience and scientific knowledge are essential to guide that needle so surely that it kills the hair without injuring the skin. For this reason you must never let any but an expert give you electrolysis.

There's no gainsaying that this process takes patience. In half an hour you may have had sixteen hairs removed. Sometimes the process must be repeated for the reason that the hair bulbs along that tiny passageway are not always destroyed at one contact with the needle. As for expense, it is never a cheap undertaking.

Expert service has its price. But often some arrangement may be made with a dermatological clinic whereby some of the younger doctors who are skilful, but not yet quite so much in demand, may be engaged at a very reasonable price.

I knew one young woman who, for fifty dollars, was able to rid herself in this permanent way of the most aggressive facial offenders. On the other hand, another friend of mine spent more than that at a reliable hospital and, as a result, has a very much pitted upper lip and chin. So there you are! What method to take is difficult to determine and still harder to recommend.

The X ray still is considered a very dangerous means of removing hair. The risk of burns, which spread in a highly malignant way, is too great. As a layman I have thought certain modified and carefully timed usages of the X ray might prove harmless, and several persons who had been treated in this way have reported successful results. But until we have the advocacy of medical authority we can hardly be sure of safety.

One of New York's most reliable dermatologists predicted recently that some day the X ray would undoubtedly be adapted to this feminine need.

Aside from the more serious matter of hair on the face, women have other patches of superfluous growths to consider. It is no longer correct to permit so much as a wisp under the arms. Yet few entirely escape this nuisance.

The most common antidote is shaving. There is no doubt that continued use of a razor makes the hair coarser. But the method is perfectly safe, it is speedy, and, for the time being, entirely adequate, and so no wonder it is employed by the well groomed modern woman.

However, it is not so well adapted to hair on the legs. The sheerness of present-day stockings makes the production of bristles something to avoid. For the same reason, hair, especially if it is dark and thickly distributed, is decidedly detrimental. Bleaching is not a bad thing to do in this locality.

Even on the beach, where the modern girl who really dives and swims, not just lolls on the sand, wants to be as free as a mermaid in her short trunks and tunic, the presence on her sturdy bare legs of a soft covering of colorless hair is not in the least unpleasant.

It can be clipped short and bleached and—provided the skin is not too sensitive—some of it may be scrubbed off with soap and pumice-stone.

Here again, and for the arms as well, some form of wax, gum, or paraffin treatment, or some of the other depilatories, are safe and satisfactory too.

THE wax substance is put on warm and enmeshes all the tiny hairs. As soon as it is quite solid on the outside, it is peeled off with a quick jerk, and the hairs with their little bulbs come with it.

It has to be done just right, it hurts a little, and the skin is red and irritated for about an hour afterward. Moreover, since the follicle has not been reached, the removal is not permanent. Skin specialists tell us the method does not even discourage or weaken new hair.

But, like all good depilatories, it never produces coarser hair. It removes the entire growth from a large area at once. The irritation is quickly allayed, and apparently no bad results are to be expected. A reliable antiseptic should be applied both before and after the treatment, and a healing salve left on for fifteen minutes.

Follow these safe and sane methods, turn a deaf ear to quacks, buy only the best products, go only to the most reliable sources for help, and listen to what the medical men say!

Better repeat over and over some harmless and impermanent process than to ruin your skin and risk your health in the search of permanent relief.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 69

Vox Pop

Portrait of a Scotchman

BOSTON, MASS.—You may print this in Vox Pop if there is no expense to me.

Just read "A Woman Who Did." I am greatly pleased to note you have now entered the "Confessions" class of magazines. Why should I spend twenty-five cents for *Zippy Stories* when LIBERTY is only a nickel? —*Angus McDonald.*

They Asked Us Not to Tell

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—In LIBERTY for October 22, I noted in a "Twenty Questions" answer that there are,

in the United States, according to the 1920 census, a total of 12,967,565 bachelors and 12,550,129 spinsters.

Would you kindly enlighten us "three old maids" as to where these 417,436 bachelors are hiding?—*Jane Alden.*

Well, If You Insist—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your story Revenge was *awful.* If there is any sense in it, I am a Hungarian goulash. —*L. E. J.*

Sacco-Vanzetti: Another View

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The writer of your excellent article on the Sacco-Vanzetti case (not the editorial, which was piffle) overlooked the really big point in this case. Sacco and Vanzetti were kept alive for six years after the logical date for their hanging. Why? *So the hat could be passed, and repassed.*

The actual total cost of all the real "litigation," the appeals and transcripts and journeys, was around $100,000. It is estimated that more than $3,000,000 was raised in the United States from reds and pinks and damphools generally.

Our State Department knows that Moscow sent over here, raised over $350,000, and *took it back to Russia.* They didn't want the two silly Wops pardoned. They didn't want them sent to prison for life. They didn't want anything but to keep them in deadly peril and *pass the hat.*

This is the *inside* story, the *real* story of the Sacco-Vanzetti delay. I *know,* because I was on the inside myself, working (like a fool) to correct what I thought was the deadly injustice of it, until I *found out.* The Sacco-Vanzetti funds, the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Bureau, the Sacco-Vanzetti Press Bureau—look into these and LIBERTY will have a *real story.* —*Earl J. Brennan.*

A Challenge to Kickers

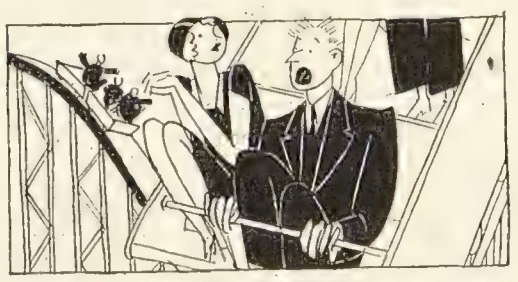
KANSAS CITY, MO.—I want to hear some "nut" crack about Grandfather's Cluck! It's the *best* you ever published. More power to Frank R. Adams.—*John G. Meahan.*

A Basso Note

AUBURN, N. Y.—Why doesn't that Vox Popper, H. Williams, join an Afternoon Tea Club and sit around and crochet, instead of thinking about this *murderous* game of football? Football is a man's game—a builder of health and strength. And there are no more fatal accidents in football contests than there are in baseball, polo, or basketball. I say, give football the welcome sign. It is a Yankee game—a man's game; clean and health-building, requiring mental alertness as well as physical. Let Williams and his sisters gossip—we'll play football!—*E. S. Osburn.*

Masculine Squeals

DALLAS, TEX.—Was reading that Vox Pop letter from H. V. L. where he said he'd got a Big Thought from Homer Croy's article, "The Lady Must Squeal"—a Big Thought about how swell it was to take a squaw-friend up on a roller-coaster, scenic-



railway contraption, and how she was bound to grapple with you and smother you with caresses on the first dip, and it all sounded pretty dern good, only I tried it out and I was scared stiff from the first dive till we ended the thing, so I don't know yet whether I collected any kisses or not, and it's a cinch I'd rather hold on to the seat rather than some flexible neck, so hereafter my attempts at getting acquainted will be confined to a peaceful, sympathetic back seat of a car of tin complexion, and I know I can depend on that.

Also tell that Vox Popping "Decent Modern Girl" that the only reason she can get along without boys is because she can't get along with them, and I'll bet she wears cotton stockings and two petticoats.

Yours for stability and freedom. —*B. Myers.*

Pain Killer

JAMAICA, L. I.—Am anxious to see Bert Green's delightfully clever nonsense in book form. Here's hoping some of your readers with generous hearts and purses will supply the boys at the various base hospitals—here and in Canada—with numerous copies. Something to ease that hurt and help digest the Christmas dinner. "Letters of an Interior Decorator" will do that—and how!—*H.L.S.*

Below the Belt

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In view of the fact that you have published many articles concerning sporting events, such as "I Fought Them All," by Tom Sharkey, we believe it appropriate that you now publish "I Outran Them All," by Gene Tunney. —*Bob Houts, Ken Reimer, Phil Schmidt.*

Speak for Yourself, John

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—How pure of thought is Ruth of San Francisco, who objects in Vox Pop to "this silly habit of attaching a lot of sex significance to legs." Her "legs are to walk on." Sometimes back from a ride with the boy friend?

Dear "Ed"—How old are you? Do you recall that some years ago the "girls" in the "gilded palaces" received the boys in short skirts such as they wear on the streets today, and with a cigarette and much rouge? Don't you suppose that they knew their garden truck? What thinks Ruth?

Now, what has puzzled me—and I'd still like someone to inform me—were those "girls" considerably ahead of the time or have we slid back, morally, to near their level? —*John A. Johnson.*

No Comfort

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I must say I was sorry to see such a story as "One of the First Ten," by Will Levington Comfort, in LIBERTY. It is the first time that I have read a "junk" story in your magazine, and hope you don't give us any more. —*One of them Callich Boys.*

Who's Loony Now?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Elliott White Springs, in his article "Cornwallis, We Are Here!" mentions the shooting of Barbara Frietchie by the British. He might have mentioned, also, their famous march through Georgia and their encounter with Sitting Bull.—*Earl H. Christian.*

It Takes Two Sides to Make an Angle

BOSTON, MASS. — For heaven's sake get your history somewhere right. In his article, "The Light Eyes Have It," McGuirk has Cæsar invading England and telling about the English. You might as well have William the Conqueror chatting with Cal Coolidge, or Columbus shooting up the Red Knight of Germany.

Cæsar talked of the Ancient Britons—Celts—now called Welsh. The English are mainly a mixture of Saxons and Normans who invaded Britain hundreds of years later, after the Romans left.

LIBERTY is an American magazine and read abroad. Don't make it a laughingstock.—*F. W. Poole.*

No, to Beat Off the Sharks

CORNING, N. Y.—In "A Thing Like That," George S. Brooks has *Frank Robelee* wishing to stand by a trout-stream with "an eleven-ounce steel casting-rod in his hand." Shades of Izaak Walton! What would *Frank* do with an eleven-ounce steel casting-rod, on a trout-stream—drive the bears away?—*Bill Arland.*

A Husband Pours Out His Heart

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article entitled "Etiquette in Marriage: What Is It?" by Eleanor Gilbert, seemed to suggest that the only ones who have any reason to complain of wedlock conditions today are the women.

But, if your author had been able to get frank statements from many—yes, probably *most* of the married men in the United States—she would have found out that they are not at all satisfied with what they get from the average, non-child-bearing, dress-crazy wife of these times.—*A Reader.*

Depressing Observations of a Window-Washer

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Just a little letter from a *once time* bad man *re* Judge Oberwager and his criticisms of the morals of modern women.

I'm a window-washer and have been washing windows around the homes of middle-class and upper middle-class of citizens in this city for seventeen years and I wish to say that among women approaching middle age the judge is very lenient in his assertions.

My work brings me into intimate contact with hundreds of married women, widows, divorced women, and old maids, and I can honestly say without exaggeration that from 22 to 28 per cent are immoral. Another 30 per cent would be immoral if they dared.—*I Know.*

Make Room for the Guest of Honor

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—To me the cleverest things about Vox Pop are the titles or captions to the letters—the work of the editor. They are always apropos and clever.—*Stroud Miller.*

The Traveler. The aristocrat of safety razors. In Gold Plate, $10.00. In Silver Plate, $7.50. Genuine leather case.

A G*ift* that is personal — a G*ift* that is practical

THE ideal Christmas gift has three qualities—it is personal, it is practical, and it is the finest thing of its kind. Certainly the Gillette is personal—a man learns to like his Gillette razor just as he learns to like his favorite pipe or his favorite tobacco.

Surely it is practical—there's a lifetime of daily service in the Gillette, built of selected, tested steel.

And there is no other razor used by so many men (70,000,000 Gillettes have been made and sold) as the razor which originated the self-shaving habit. Your choice among a variety of Gillette models, all appropriately packaged for the Christmas season. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

The Bostonian. In Gold Plate, $6.00. In Silver Plate, $5.00.

The New Standard. In Gold Plate, $5.00. Genuine leather case.

The Tuckaway. Compact, space-saving. In Gold Plate, $5.00.

What! —no Oh Henry?

Why-y-y Santa Claus!

CHRISTMAS is the HOME day of all the year—home folks, home coming, home cooking. AND home-made candy. That's where Oh Henry! comes in—the candy made the home-made way. Everybody's much too busy to make home-made candy at this season—so of course they "let George do it!" George who? George Williamson, inventor and maker of Oh Henry!

This is how George does it

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Oh Henry!

Buy your Christmas Oh Henry! by the box

The CLOCK Strikes TWO

Phyllis Shocks the Master of Mystery House

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 15 seconds.)

FORTUNATELY, Phyllis Hale was tenacious and strong-nerved. Thomas Boardman had urged her to accept the position of private secretary to his father, Colonel Boardman, explaining that the old gentleman was in his nineties, blind and perhaps a trifle unbalanced. Now, after she had accepted, Thomas and Thomas' three sons, Franklin, Charles, and Herbert, all seemed determined that she should throw up the job.

Surely, there had been something sinister about the whole affair from the first. Thomas had answered her ad, which appeared in the paper the same day Colonel Boardman had advertised for a secretary. It was explained to her that she would receive fifty dollars a week: twenty-five from the old gentleman and twenty-five, secretly, from Thomas. She was to apply at the Boardman town house, as if in answer to the Colonel's ad.

The moon gave light enough to see a man and a girl walking down the path.

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

Having been admitted to the presence of the shrunken, irascible blind man, she was engaged and told to meet him and the family at Swiss Lake, their country place, the next day. A surprising thing happened as she was leaving the house. She heard a pleasant voice at the front door—the voice of a young man—ask for Colonel Boardman. "The position is filled," she heard the servant answer.

"But I'm not applying for a position," said the voice. "I am Colonel Boardman's grandson."

"The house is closed," came the answer; then the door slammed.

And a woman stood in the shadow, listening: Edith Pierce, Colonel Boardman's granddaughter. And it was Edith who stood behind the curtain, watching, when Phyllis, leaving the house, was addressed by the young man.

After this, every obstacle was put in the girl's way. She was warned that the old man might become unmanageable. Then, when she stuck to her guns, Herbert proposed to drive her out to Swiss Lake in his car. Suspicious, she refused. Thomas said he would call and take her to the station. He failed her, and, not to be late, she had to travel part of the way in a taxi.

Arrived at Swiss Lake, she met the youngest member of the family: Elizabeth, Edith's daughter. Certainly Elizabeth knew nothing of the grandson mystery. Coming from the phone, she said innocently: "Mother, grandfather and Uncle Franklin are bringing down a perfectly new cousin—Cousin Blair." Whereupon Edith looked as if she were going to faint!

Then Phyllis calmly announced that she had seen this cousin the day before.

PART THREE

"YOU saw him!" Elizabeth cried. "How did you know who it was?"

Phyllis addressed her answer to the older woman, who had said nothing, but was sitting rather still and tight in her chair.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

A Holiday Homecoming *at Chicago's 46-Story* MORRISON HOTEL

A Corner of the Lounge, Morrison Hotel

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms.

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

"Let's be in the Morrison at Christmas!" When travelers find themselves in the Middle West at this time of the year, it's a popular habit to plan a stay at Chicago's Morrison Hotel over the holiday season.

The Boston Oyster House And Terrace Garden

The "personal" character that built up the fifty years' celebrity of the Boston Oyster House reveals an even more cordial note at this season, and the festive spirit of the holiday reaches a climax in the lavish entertainments of the Terrace Garden, the most picturesque of "dine-and-dance" restaurants.

1944 Rooms, Each With Bath

All guest rooms are outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. There is a housekeeper for every floor, and garage privileges for all guests. The location, at Chicago's very center, so enhances sublease revenues that rooms are rented at *little more than half* the rate that other leading hotels would be compelled to charge for similar rooms.

Room With Bath and Servidor

$2.50 Up Single **$4.00 Up Double**

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00
Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

" Oh, what's the use! " she cried. He caught her by the arm and pushed her back into her chair.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

" He spoke to me as I was leaving your house yesterday. It seemed the caretaker had just told him the house was closed. But he happened to see me coming out, so he stopped me to ask me if I weren't perhaps a cousin of his. He said his name was Blair Boardman."

" That must have surprised you, rather," Mrs. Pierce remarked. " What did you say to him? "

Phyllis had been thinking pretty fast.

" I didn't know exactly what to tell him," she confessed, " except, of course, that I wasn't his cousin. I didn't know whether I ought to tell him that you and Colonel Boardman just happened at that moment to be in the house or not. I decided I wouldn't. I gave him Mr. Thomas Boardman's office address instead."

MRS. PIERCE'S manner relaxed a little. She said to Phyllis, more naturally than she'd spoken yet:

" It is hard to know what to do in a case like that. I really think you decided right. My grandfather's quarrel with Blair's father embittered the old man's whole life. What will happen when he sees young Blair I don't know."

" I don't see that it matters much what happens," Elizabeth observed, " if great-grandfather wants to go off in a fit of rage over a quarrel that happened forty years ago."

" You don't know what you're talking about, my dear," her mother said reprovingly. " A sudden excitement like that might have terrible consequences—fatal, perhaps."

" That's what I mean," the girl said mutinously. " What of it? "

" Elizabeth! " The mother's voice sounded terrified. " We'll speak of other things," she went on, after a tight-stretched silence. And they did.

After lunch Mrs. Pierce excused herself, still very much upset. Phyllis had an hour before she was to report to her employer.

" It's rather decent out-of-doors," Elizabeth suggested. " Would you like to stroll around and see the place? "

The gardens, of course, were past their beauty, except for the cosmos and the chrysanthemums. But the foliage, already touched with frost, made up for their lack. There was no trace of neglect anywhere. The lawn was of the sort you couldn't get save with half a century's constant care. Even on the tennis-court it was unworn.

" Do you play? " Phyllis asked.

" When I get a chance," Elizabeth told her. " There's no one to play with but Herbert, and he never comes down except for week-ends; and then he's usually busy."

Phyllis wondered whether the girl was lying. Herbert certainly had been here—or hereabout—this morning. But perhaps Elizabeth didn't know it.

They strolled down the path to the lake. The grounds apparently fronted on it for more than a quarter of a mile. There was no beach; trees and bushes overhung the water. There was a small landing-pier with a canoe on it. Two hundred feet out there was moored a raft with a spring-board and a high-dive on it. A small, ungainly building stood at the water's edge, near the pier.

" Isn't that hideous? " Elizabeth commented, following Phyllis' look. " It was built for an ice-house. They were going to tear it down, but Herbert decided he wanted it for a shop. I wish he'd build one somewhere else where it didn't spoil the view! "

PHYLLIS laughed. " It would take more than that to spoil it for me," she said. " Don't you really love it here? "

" I hate it," Elizabeth said, with an accent of passion.

Then, as if she didn't wish to leave that impression, she went on:

" It wouldn't be so bad if there was anybody here. Herbert's the only one of my uncles that's any good—any fun, I mean. And nowadays, when he does come down, he spends most of the time in his shop."

Phyllis made no comment on this. She guessed another outburst was coming, and presently it came:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

"I was glad you said what you did to mother at lunch about telepathy. I hate to talk about things like that, don't you?"

"About telepathy?"

"Oh, all that sort of thing—spirits and messages. Look here; you don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

Phyllis stopped in her tracks and stared at her.

"Why? Is there supposed to be one here?"

"Not that I know of," the girl said. "What made you ask me that?"

The answer that came to Phyllis' tongue, "Because your great-grandfather asked me the same question yesterday," she suppressed.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose I was wondering whether all those secretaries who've slept in your Great-Aunt Flora's room—"

"Oh, it was no ghost that drove them off. It was just plain, undiluted great-grandfather. You don't want to be late for him, you know. We'd better be getting back to the house."

PHYLLIS thought her watch was right; but as they entered the dim hall she looked up for confirmation at the huge old grandfather's clock.

"No good looking at that," said Elizabeth. "They say it hasn't gone for forty years."

Phyllis remembered something. "Wasn't there a clock in the library, too, that—"

"Yes," Elizabeth told her; "that doesn't run, either. Great-grandfather can't stand it to hear a clock tick. He hasn't since any one can remember. I don't know why; I don't believe even mother knows."

William, the houseman who had brought in her bag, led her to within pointing distance of the Colonel's door, and retired hastily.

"Come in!" the old man called, as she paused outside his door.

Like her own room across the hall, and the library in the town house, the old man's study was flooded with light, dazzling in contrast to the dim hall and the rooms downstairs. The corner of it was an immense circular bay that was practically all windows. Otherwise, as far as she could see, there was nothing unusual about it. Bookcases filled with books, an old-fashioned roll-top desk, plenty of comfortable chairs, a sofa, and a typewriter desk for herself.

He didn't give her time, however, for more than a glance around before he said: "Go to the corner window and look out. Tell me if you see anybody."

"There's a man riding a bicycle down the drive," she told him after a moment. "I think it's your servant, Haller."

"You think!" he snapped. "Don't you know?"

"Yes," she told him; "it *is* Haller."

"Good! Now turn that big chair around so that it faces the windows. I'm going to sit there and enjoy the view myself."

Did he say things like this simply to keep people wondering whether he couldn't see, more or less—or could he somehow feel the difference between light and dark?

Next he told her to move up a chair for herself and get a book.

"Any book. It doesn't matter a bit. Face so that you can see both the doors, and sit near enough to me so that I can touch you if I want to."

When she had carried out these curious directions—he didn't even ask what book she had chosen, but he took care to satisfy himself that she was within reaching distance—he said:

"Now tell me everything that has happened, from the beginning. I shall know if you try to leave anything out. If you see a door-handle move, or anything else that suggests that any one is listening, turn over a page of the book and begin reading instantly with the first word. Do the same thing if I touch you. I'm more likely to hear something than you are to see."

His hand shot out to her arm before she'd spoken a score of words. She turned the page of her open book and began reading in the middle of a sentence.

"All right," he interrupted with a chuckle. "I hadn't heard anything. That was just a fire drill. Go ahead now. We have time enough. I gave Haller half a dozen errands in the village, and it's four miles from here."

As straight as she could think, she told him the story of her advertisement in the paper and Thomas' answer to it; of her interview with him, the telephone interruption, Franklin's coming in and going out again; Herbert's invitation to lunch; and of the countersign that had procured her admission to the house in town.

"Why didn't you tell me all this yesterday?" he asked.

"I couldn't be sure yesterday whether you were quite sane or not."

This produced the same grimly appreciative smile that she'd seen when he learned that she'd been, as he said, planted on him.

"MEANING to say," he commented, "that if I were mad they'd be justified in lying to me—fooling me, if they could? Well, perhaps that's true. But how did I convince you this morning that I wasn't crazy?"

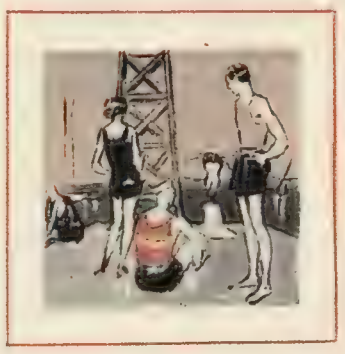
"*You* didn't convince me, altogether. It was they more than you."

"By trying to trick you into not coming? Well, that's good logic. Tell me what they did."

She told him of Herbert's invitation to drive down with him in his little car instead of coming by train.

"At first I said I wouldn't, just because I thought it would be a little better to do exactly what you had told me to. Then it struck me that he was a little too eager, and angry when I finally refused. I don't see what he could have done. He wouldn't have kidnaped me, I suppose."

"He wouldn't have had to do that," the Colonel said reflectively. "All he would have had to do would have been to break down on the road and wait until the car I was riding down in came along. I'd have sent you home then and there if that had happened. Go on. What happened next?"



She told him of the telephone message after breakfast, and of the conversation which, apparently by accident, she'd overheard.

"Why didn't that trick work?" he demanded.

"I remembered that you'd warned me they might try to frighten me off. Besides, it seemed queer that I should have happened to overhear just what they'd have said if they'd wanted me to overhear. Anyhow, I was angry by that time, and curious."

"That's a good explanation," he grumbled. "Too good, if anything. Well, go on. Finish it up."

SO she told him how she came to miss her train.

"Why didn't you wait for the next one?"

"I thought," she said, "that if I didn't get here till half-past three you'd probably be so angry you'd send me home without giving me a chance to explain."

His reluctant nod conceded that he would have done exactly that thing.

She obeyed an impulse, and added: "You see, you play right into their hands."

He scowled at her—had it on his tongue, apparently, to tell her to mind her own damned business. But instead his face relaxed.

"It begins to look," he said at last, but grudgingly, "as if I'd found somebody who can tell me the truth—say, half the time."

His voice was keen and clear again when he went on speaking:

"When I asked you if you knew why they changed their minds about you and decided to keep you away, you said you didn't know, but had a guess. What was that guess?"

She found herself embarking on this part of the story a little reluctantly, she didn't know why.

"I'm not as sure of it now as I was when I said that. A man spoke to me just as I was leaving your house yesterday afternoon. We stood there talking for a minute or two, and I saw one of the drawing-room curtains move a little. I got an idea that Mrs. Pierce was watching us. I'd met her in the hall just a moment before. So I told him to come along with me, and we walked away together."

"A man you'd never seen before?"

"Yes."

"Who was he? Who did he say he was?"

"He began by asking me if I wasn't perhaps a cousin of his. He said his name was Blair Boardman."

"What!"

He fairly barked the word at her, and then sat back panting in his chair. He made her think of a wild animal starting back from the suspicion of a trap.

"And you'd never seen this man before—nor heard of him?"

But for the addition of that last phrase, she could have answered with a straightforward no. But she faltered over it a little.

"N-n-no!" he mocked her. "You'll have to lie better than that."

"I'm *not* lying," she said furiously. "I was half-way down the first flight of stairs from your library when I heard the door open. I heard a man ask if Colonel Boardman lived here. He asked it twice before the caretaker answered him.

"I suppose she was puzzled because he'd given her the countersign too, just as I had. She said the position was filled. He said he wasn't looking for a position. He said he was your grandson. She told him the house was closed and the family away for the summer, and shut the door.

"When I got down to the drawing-room floor, I found Mrs. Pierce at the head of the first flight of stairs—listening too, and watching, I suppose. She could have seen the man at the door from where she stood. She asked me to stay and have tea with her—just as you said she would. I said I couldn't. I wanted to get out of the house.

"When the man spoke to me and asked me if I was a cousin of his, I recognized his voice as the same one I'd heard at the door saying he was your grandson. That's why I didn't say no straight out when you asked me whether I'd ever heard of him."

THE old man offered nothing, either in word or manner, that suggested an apology.

"Go on," he ordered. "What did you say to him?"

"I said I wasn't his cousin. I said I'd just been engaged as your secretary. He asked if you were still alive. He said he didn't know anything about anybody; that he was a total stranger to everybody in the family. He'd never been in this part of the world before, he said.

"He told me the caretaker hadn't let him in. I didn't know what to say, because I didn't know then whether I was on your side or on theirs. I did tell him, finally, that the house was closed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

that will never wear out

It's a tremendously popular idea—giving Ingersoll Pens for Christmas. Without strain on your purse, you give a handsome, dependable gift that is guaranteed to last a lifetime!

For Ingersoll Pens, in writing durability, are absolutely the equal of the finest pens money can buy —*a fact proved by impartial scientific authority.*

This remarkable pen is the creation of the same Chas. H. Ingersoll who won world-wide fame as a manufacturer of popular-priced watches.

Improved methods of production, enormous daily output and Chas. H. Ingersoll's policy of profits in pennies instead of dollars, make this amazing value possible.

Ingersoll Pens are unsurpassed in beauty. They are leak-proof, smooth writing and as durable as can be made, with solid 14K gold points—*everlasting hard iridium tips*—unfailing self-fillers and nearly *double* the usual ink capacity.

Ask your dealer to show you these *new* Ingersoll Beauties in brilliant red, green, black and mottled color effects.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

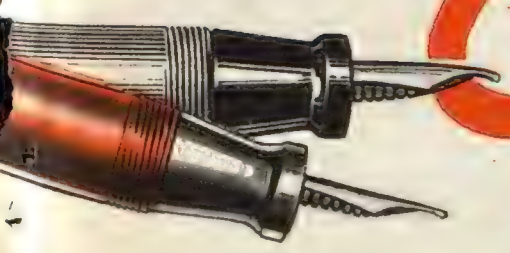
If your dealer is not yet stocked with the complete Ingersoll line, send us correct price for model desired, specifying color, and we will fill your order direct.

Standard size, $1.00 *Oversize, $2.00* *Ladies' and Junior sizes, $1.50*

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO., 567 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Grindstone-Tested

Ingersoll



$1 - $1.50 and $2.00 PENS

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

If you'd ask me I'd tell you give me Old Briar Tobacco . . .

OLD BRIAR TOBACCO brings to men far more satisfaction than the usual gift. All of the genuine pleasure, solace and the cheer of pipe smoking is in this gift. Men, everywhere, welcome Old Briar as they've never welcomed *tobacco* before. It gives them many hours of complete contentment at home—repose and satisfaction! Such comfort and pleasure is beyond price.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in its ripe fragrance and full-bodied aroma. Enjoy its natural tobacco flavor—its satisfying taste. Notice how cool it is—and how smooth. Now you know why Old Briar Tobacco is *One* gift every pipe smoker will welcome.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, with generations of tobacco culture back of them, to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected. *It all shows up in the smoke!*

Make a Gift of Old Briar Tobacco to Yourself This Christmas and to Every Friend Who Enjoys His Pipe. Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

L.B.12-10-27

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a $1 or $2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift—also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

.....

Send the coupon now, with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, $1 and $2—air-proof and sealed. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

and the family living at Swiss Lake. But I said that Mr. Thomas Boardman was in town and I gave him Mr. Boardman's office address."

"What's he like, this—'cousin' of yours?"

She heard the warning sneer in his voice plainly enough, but she didn't heed it.

"He's young," she said, "not more than two or three years older than Herbert—not handsome, but good-looking, and he's straightforward and pleasant and unsuspicious. I liked him the minute he spoke to me."

"So you strolled off down the street with him. Did you spend the rest of the day with him?"

"I left him at the corner, at the Park, where my bus was coming along."

"Without telling him anything more than you've told me?"

"I did tell him one thing more: I said I wished he really *would* see you before he went away—even if it turned out to be rather hard to do."

"Go on. Tell me the whole of it. What are you to him—his wife or only his sweetheart? I knew I'd find the nigger in the woodpile presently. I know now why you wouldn't be frightened away. You had too good a reason for trying to get in. Well, why don't you answer my question?"

"I DIDN'T think it was worth while," she said wearily. "I'm not married to him, if that's the question you mean, nor engaged to him. I didn't know that such a person existed until I heard him tell the caretaker who he was."

"Love at first sight, eh? Of course it is! Why else are you on his side—trying to win me over to him—trying to make his way smooth? Why choose him more than any of these other vultures that are waiting around for me to die?"

"He isn't a vulture," she declared, almost too outraged to speak at all. "He's just a decently honest, friendly—" She had to stop there and blow her nose.

"Crying over him, are you?" he observed. "Well, he's not worth it. His father may have been worth it. I don't know. He had the pluck to quarrel with me, anyhow, and to go off and make his own way in the world. I respected him for that, and at last I wrote him a letter and told him to come back. He never answered the letter and he never came.

"He died not many months ago. I suppose this young whelp, rummaging around among his father's papers, found that letter and thought he'd come back and see how the picking was. Then he found you and made love to you. He needed you to sneak him into the house so he could get at me."

She held her voice as steady as she could:

"I think you *are* insane. I *hope* you are! And I wish I could help him. He's the only endurable one in your whole horrible family. But he doesn't need my help—not for getting him into this house, anyhow—because your son is bringing him down tomorrow for a visit."

"What's that?" he cried, staring at her, startled clean out of his anger. "You say Thomas is bringing him here? How do you know?"

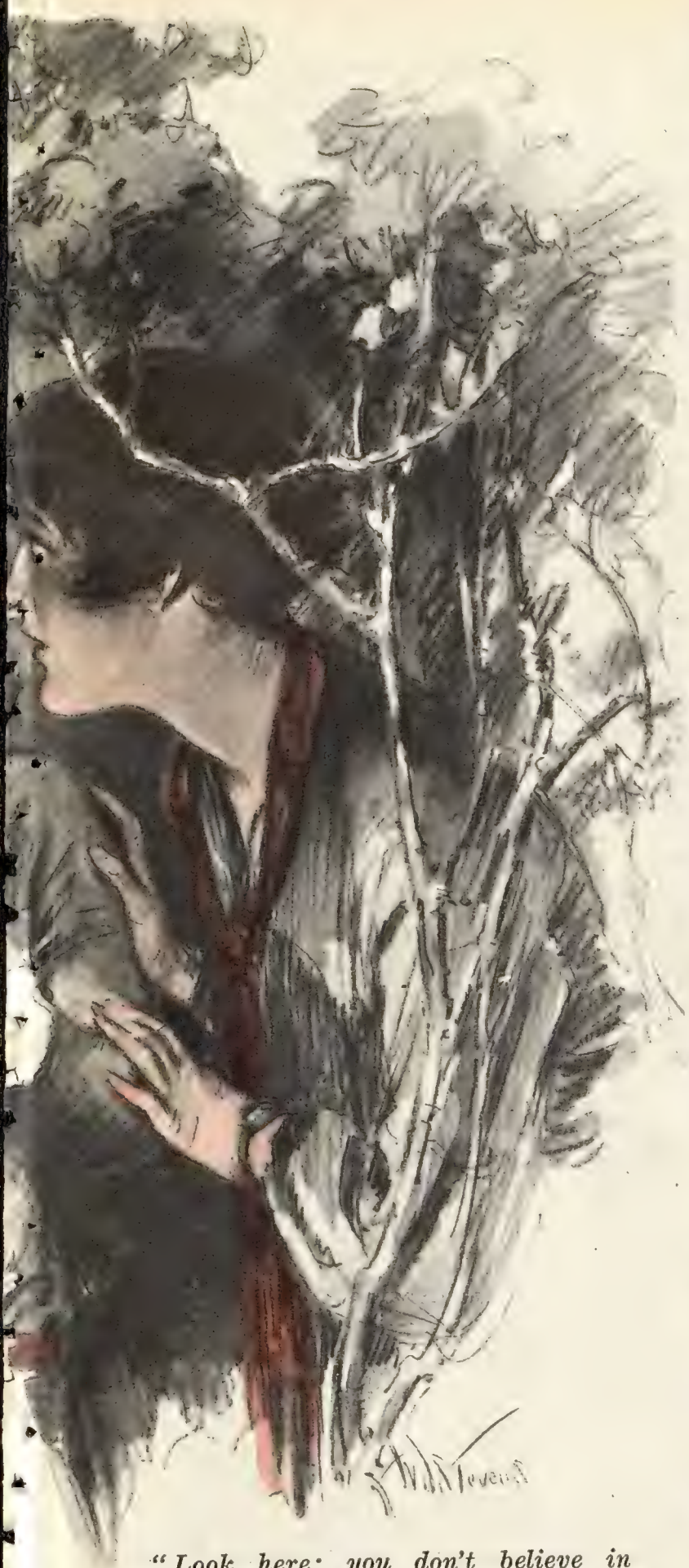
"Elizabeth told me at lunch. Mr. Boardman just telephoned to her."

"You must warn him," the old man said, almost in a whisper. "Thomas never invited him down here in good faith or for any good purpose. Get word to him not to come."

"I can't get word to him," she objected. "He's staying at some hotel, but I don't know which. Anyhow, he wants to come, and I know he'd rather come openly than behind anybody's back. Besides, they can't—do anything to him, can they—murder him, or anything like that?"

"I don't know what they'll do. Already they've done something."

"Do you mean Mr. Boardman



"Look here; you don't believe in ghosts, do you?" Phyllis stopped in her tracks and stared at Elizabeth.

and your grandsons? What have they done?"

"I don't know. That's what I can't find out. Something that frightens them. They're all in it, and they're all afraid—except that young fool of a Herbert. They're afraid I'll find out. That's why they watch me so close. That's why they never, if they can help it, let any honest person get through to me. If you turn out to be honest, they'll get rid of you. My granddaughter suspects you already, since she saw you talking with the boy."

"I DON'T believe," Phyllis ventured, "that she suspects me as much as she did. When Elizabeth told us at lunch that Blair was coming, I said I'd seen him as I was leaving the house and that he'd asked me if I was his cousin."

"What then? What else did you tell her?"

"I told her the exact truth as far as I went: that I'd decided not to tell him that you and she were in the house; that I had said the family were at Swiss Lake, but that Mr. Thomas Boardman was in town, and that I'd given Blair his address."

"That's the way to fool them," he said approvingly. "Tell the truth. Tell as much of it as you can."

ANOTHER gust of frantic suspicion caught him.

"Is that the way you're fooling me?" he demanded fiercely. "Who told you to give Thomas away to me? Thomas himself? So that I'd believe that at last I'd found some one on my side?"

"Oh, what's the use!" she cried, and would have risen, but he caught her by the arm with surprising strength and pushed her back into her chair.

"Wait!" he panted. "Don't give me up yet. I take that back. Listen to me. Let's make a bargain. You can't prove to me that you're not playing tricks, and I can't prove to you that I'm not wrong in the head. But I'll treat you as if you were honest and you treat me as if I were sane. Take it as a hypothesis and see how it works. Will you agree to that?"

He smiled—not grimly, as he had smiled before, but rather wistfully. She got a glimpse of what it must be to be so old, so alone, so completely walled in by the dark.

Impulsively she laid her hand upon his arm.

"All right," she said; "I'll try it."

His face changed a little and he gave a malicious chuckle.

"It's a good thing I made you cry," he remarked. "Haller will be coming in in two or three minutes, and it's just as well he should find you like that— Oh, of course I know he's coming. Didn't you hear his bicycle on the drive? Pay attention, now, and remember what I say.

"Complain of me. Let them think I treat you brutally. Accept all their explanations, no matter how thin they are. Collect your extra twenty-five dollars a week from Thomas. Find out what they want you to do. Find out what they're watching me for—what they're afraid of. And then perhaps we'll find out— Here's Haller now. Begin reading, and sniffle a little if you can."

She began reading aloud, though she hadn't heard a sound from outside the room. But before she'd finished the first sentence she saw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

Madam
the right tobacco means so much to him—give *him* Old Briar

GIVE him Old Briar Tobacco and you will give him more real enjoyment and contentment than he has ever gotten out of his pipe before. This Christmas many thousands of women will get almost as much pleasure from their gifts of Old Briar Tobacco as the men get themselves... When you see his enjoyment, when you, yourself, enjoy the fragrance of the smoke, when he tells you, as he will, that you've given him the best pipe tobacco he's ever smoked, your thoughtfulness will be more than repaid.

It has been the life work of experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending tobaccos, that has produced Old Briar. Generations of tobacco culture have gone into its perfection. Its natural leaf—flavory, cool and slow-burning—has been developed and blended—and step by step perfected into the most satisfying tobacco ever made.

Give him Old Briar Tobacco this Christmas. His appreciation will be whole-hearted and sincere. The friendly fragrance of your gift and its good cheer will be enjoyed by him every day.

Of all the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

IF THE NEAREST CIGAR STORE OR TOBACCONIST DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

L.B.12-10-27 Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a $1 or $2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift—also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

Print Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
.....

Send the coupon now, with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, $1 and $2—air proof and sealed. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

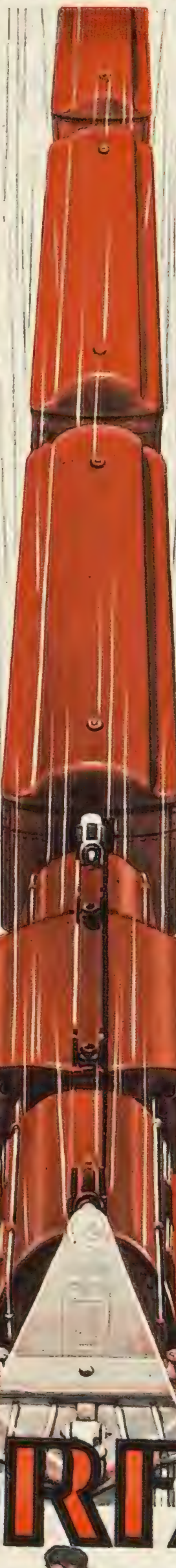
UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

Here is the ELECTRIC TRAIN SET for Your Boy

Here is the famous Dorfan Take-apart Engine and electric train set boys have been talking about. The only engine made that they can take apart piece by piece—even the powerful, reversible motor—and put together again.

And here, too, is the fastest and most powerful of all engines—with its patented non-magnetic die-cast housing—another exclusive Dorfan feature—which prevents inductance loss and releases every bit of power for useful work.

This thunderbolt of power, zipping along the rails, will give him undimmed pleasure—for when he is tired of watching it—he can take it apart and see how it works—learn what makes it go! Only Dorfan—the originators—can make this lifelike take-apart engine, the one that outspeeds, outpulls and outlasts them all. No wonder he wants a Dorfan!



Dorfan Take-apart Engine and Electric Train Sets retail from $6.00 to $38.50. Available for both narrow and wide gauge. Dealers also carry the new line of Dorfan accessories.

Ask your dealer today for a catalog. If he does not have the new catalogs yet, send us his name and he will receive a supply for you and your friends. The Dorfan Company, 137-A Jackson Street, Newark, New Jersey.

DORFAN

TAKE-APART ENGINES

ELECTRIC TRAINS

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Eighty-one]

the door-handle turn. The slightly foreign-looking man servant came into the room.

II

WHEN she came downstairs dressed for dinner at 7 o'clock, she found Herbert there, as well as Mrs. Pierce and Elizabeth.

"Well, you did get here, after all," was his greeting—a rather audacious one, she thought, in the circumstances.

To see what would happen, she asked: "After all what?"

"After all the time you had to change your mind in. I had what Edith, here, would call a presentiment that, without me at hand to encourage you, you'd do a vanishing act."

"Well, you see," she rejoined carelessly, "I did get here long before you did."

She was looking, not at him, but at Elizabeth. The young girl's face didn't change. Apparently she hadn't known of Herbert's earlier visit.

"Oh, I'd have been called early, like the Queen of the May," Herbert said, "if it had been a question of bringing you down. As it was, I overslept, and put in what would pass for a half a day at the office, to father's deep disgust."

Evidently, then, he hadn't seen who the passenger was in the Ford he'd met at the crest of that hill this morning.

Haller appeared just then, bringing down word that Colonel Boardman was fatigued and would dine alone in his study.

"Thank heaven for that!" Herbert said coolly. "That means we can have a decently pleasant evening. I suppose it also means," he added, turning to Phyllis, "that he exhausted himself on you this afternoon."

She remembered her instructions.

"Well," she said judicially, "he made me cry twice, which is something I don't very often do."

"I knew he was in a bad mood when I drove down with him this morning," Mrs. Pierce remarked. "Did anything go especially wrong?"

Phyllis could have sworn they were waiting rather tensely for her answer. It wouldn't do to overplay her part.

"No, I don't think it was about anything special," she said. "He had me read him a philosophical essay, and after that he got out some trays of his coins—"

"Coins!" cried Elizabeth, with a shudder. "Don't mention coins to me."

"Let's forget him," Herbert said, as they went out to dinner, "and talk about something pleasant."

Strangely enough, they did. At any rate, they chatted pleasantly through the meal, like four ordinarily amiable people with nothing particular on their minds. Even when Elizabeth asked Herbert if he'd seen the new cousin, he answered in a perfectly natural manner:

"I didn't see much of him. Father and Franklin had taken him on to show him the sights of the great city. He seemed a likely lad enough. He's never been east of the Rocky Mountains before—unless you call the Philippines east. He graduated at Stanford University, I think he said. And I believe he means to be an anthropologist, whatever that is. He's on his way now to Washington to see the Smithsonian. I didn't find him as exciting as grandfather probably will tomorrow."

Phyllis stood gazing at the masked portrait.

Phyllis held her breath for a minute. If they asked her whether she had told the old man that Blair was coming, what should she say?

But apparently no one thought of asking her.

They played two mild rubbers of bridge after dinner, Herbert squabbling with his sister and teasing his niece.

Then Mrs. Pierce discovered she was sleepy and said she was going to bed. Elizabeth yawned sympathetically, but announced no plans. Phyllis got a momentary impression that she was waiting for instructions. She got them at once.

"You'd better run along," Herbert told her. "I'm going to take Phyllis out in the canoe for half an hour, if she'll go. You haven't been initiated down here till you've been out on the lake."

PHYLLIS hesitated a moment. The possibility of something sinister in Herbert's intentions flashed across her mind. Then she laughed at herself and went—and had a perfectly uneventful time.

It was rather stupidly uneventful, really. Herbert's manner was slightly preoccupied, and he seemed almost in a hurry to get her back to land.

As he ran the canoe alongside the pier, she remarked, for want of anything better to say:

"Are you making anything interesting in your shop?"

The canoe gave a sudden tilt just

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Discovered

The Scientific Secret of Caruso's

Amazing Vocal Power

A post mortem of Caruso's throat showed superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle—again proving the soundness of Eugene Feuchtinger's theories of voice production.

Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M., Musician - Scientist, who discovered the function of the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in voice production and a method for developing the singing or speaking voice of any man or woman by strengthening this muscle.

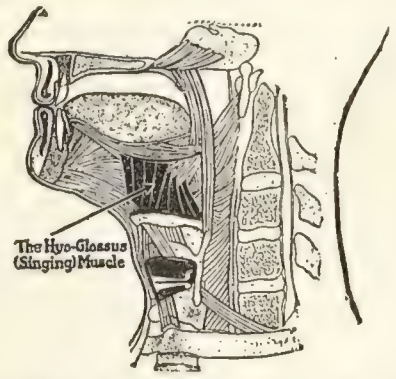


Diagram of the throat showing the superb development of the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in Caruso's throat. Your vocal organ can also achieve exceptional power under proper direction.

WHETHER YOUR VOICE IS strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus Muscle is developed by correct training.

The Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Opera Stars His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, orators, choir singers, club women, preachers and teachers—over 10,000 happy pupils have received his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Physical Voice Culture will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Send for Free Book

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligation but will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 17-69, Chicago

Please send me FREE your new book "Physical Voice Culture," I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering
☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

.....Age.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

then, as if he'd started violently. Then he said:

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"Elizabeth told me this was your shop and said you worked in it a lot," she explained. "So, in order to be polite, I asked if you were making anything interesting."

"Not a thing," he told her, with a laugh. "Would you like to see the place? It looks a lot more mysterious than it is."

She hadn't thought of its looking mysterious.

"Come along and have a look. It won't take you but a minute," he said.

He unlocked the door with a Yale key and pulled it heavily open. The thickness of it surprised her until she remembered that the thing had been built for storing ice. There was a rather odd smell in the air, but it seemed unusually dry rather than damp. He shut the door behind them at once, even before he switched on the light.

The only objects visible, besides an electrically driven lathe and a litter of small tools, were a couple of dismantled radio sets and a broken-down phonograph which he said he meant to repair when he got around to it.

SHE noted as rather curious the fact that as they were leaving the place he tugged quite hard at the door he had just pushed shut, to make sure that the lock was caught. Why, if there was nothing more in the place than he had shown her, should he care?

But she dismissed the question impatiently. Was the old blind man's suspicion mania catching? she wondered.

They walked back rather briskly to the house, and hardly bothered to speak all the way.

William, the houseman, was waiting around, obviously to put out the lights and lock up as soon as they got in. Herbert nodded a casual good night to him, and then, having walked beside her to the top of the first flight of stairs, wished her a good night in almost exactly the same manner.

It was an emotion of pique, rather than anything else, that she took with her to the big yellow room that forty years ago had belonged to a girl named Flora.

Forty years was a long time. She stood gazing awhile at the big square of brocade which masked the portrait over the mantelpiece, possessed of a lively desire to see what the girl who for so many years had been veiled behind it looked like. It wouldn't do to risk pulling it down, of course.

Briskly she undressed and got into bed. How unnaturally still the house was! That must be because not even the clocks in it were allowed to tick. The big one on the stairs hadn't run, Elizabeth said, for forty years. Forty years, again. Had the ghastly thing, whatever it was, that had happened to Aunt Flora any connection with the stopping of all the clocks?

Her thoughts flew about, glancing from one wild surmise to another wilder still.

They weren't all wild, though, nor all imaginary. Herbert *had* driven down here last night after taking her to the theater, and had driven back again this morning, and had lied about it afterward. She'd take her oath that Elizabeth, whose every emotion showed in her face, hadn't known that he was lying—hadn't known that he had been here that morning.

WHERE had he been hidden? In the shop? Elizabeth had said that he spent most of his time there lately when he was down at the lake. Doing what? Repairing an old phonograph?

He *had* started violently when she'd asked him if he was making anything interesting there, and then had pretended he hadn't heard what she was saying. He'd insisted on her going in and looking at it, with no other possible purpose than of convincing her that there was nothing there to see. Why, then, should he keep it locked as tightly as a safe? Why should he use a building like that for a shop, anyhow? Why, there wasn't a window in it! She was sure there wasn't. What was the place really? A prison? Was Blair going to be locked in there tomorrow?

They had meant to keep Blair away. From the moment she herself had spoken to Blair, they had tried to keep her away. And when they'd failed they'd tried to conceal the fact that they'd tried. The old man wasn't mad, though they seemed to be doing their best to make her think he was.

The silence pressed so heavily against her ears, it made her want to scream. She lay for what seemed hours, listening to the hurried beat of her own heart.

And then she heard a sound—a real sound: the click of a closing door. It seemed to come in through the open window. She sprang out of bed, under a mere blindly terrified impulse to turn on the light; but with her fingers on the switch, she changed her mind, picked up her bathrobe instead, and stole out on the balcony.

The moon wasn't full, but it gave light enough to see by. Enough to see two people—a man and a girl—walking away from the house down the path up which she had come from the lake with Herbert.

This riddle of the moonlight walkers was a fitting prelude to one of the strangest nights Phyllis was ever to live through. Follow her into a maze of mystery in next week's instalment.

Guard Children's HEALTH

throughout the danger period with the iodized salt that POURS

In many localities as high as 70% of the school children are afflicted with simple goiter. Needlessly, too. For science has stepped in. Protection through the danger period—10 to 18—is assured by the daily use of iodized salt on the table and in cooking. Morton's Iodized Salt is our famous salt that pours with Nature's iodine restored. It looks no different, tastes no different, costs no more.

Heed the advice of health authorities. Get Morton's Iodized Salt and begin using it *at once!*

Morton Salt Co., Chicago

MORTON'S SALT

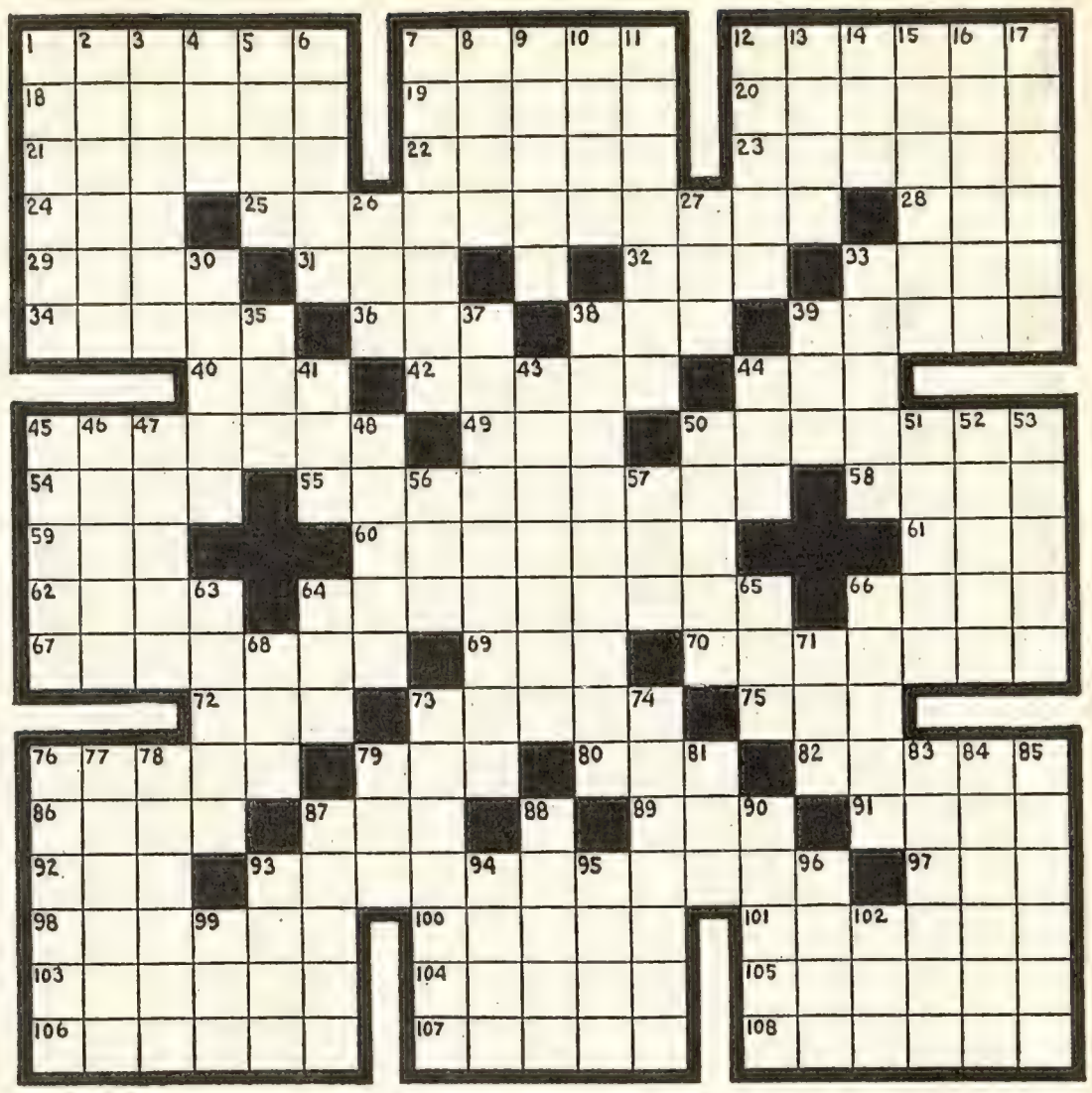
WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

You can still get Morton's Salt without iodine if you prefer. Both plain and iodized come to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout.

IODIZED OR PLAIN

Send in a $25 Winner

IN going after that $25 weekly prize for cross-word puzzle constructions (there is no award for *solutions*), bear in mind that your design must include an all-over interlock. This means that it must be possible to go from any point in the design to any other point by way of white squares. Puzzles can be returned and questions answered only when they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please do not send loose stamps. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 66

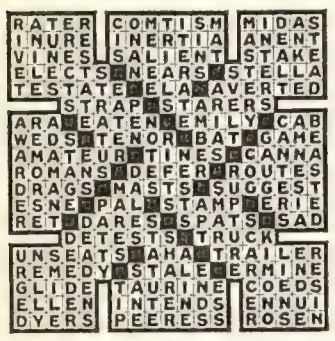
By E. D. SUTTER, Atlanta, Georgia

HORIZONTAL

1 Consecrated
7 Expunge
12 Riding academy
18 Exasperate
19 Day in the ancient Roman calendar
20 Fruit (plural)
21 Beast
22 Pigeons
23 Splinter
24 Religious recluse
25 Designates
28 Born
29 Confine
31 Female swine
32 Yea
33 Land measure
34 Funeral song
36 Corded fabric
38 Color
39 Vapor
40 Murine animal
42 Made into small cubes
44 Parcel of ground
45 Peculiar to a locality
49 Hasten
50 Emit rays
54 Filthy substance
55 Allegorical
58 Clothed
59 Freeze
60 Objects
61 Pull with great effort
62 Dissolve, as ice
64 Consecrated
66 Mentally sound
67 Germinal
69 Feline
70 Rumors
72 Instantly
73 Valleys
75 Small, compact mass
76 Pamphlet
79 Babylonian deity
80 Lair
82 Small creeping animals
86 Rodent
87 Lick up
89 Beak
91 Encounter
92 Margin
93 Managed
97 Vehicle
98 Absconded
100 Unit of weight for gems
101 Gorge
103 Charge with air
104 Part of a harness
105 Searches uncertainly
106 English poet
107 Auctions
108 Drains

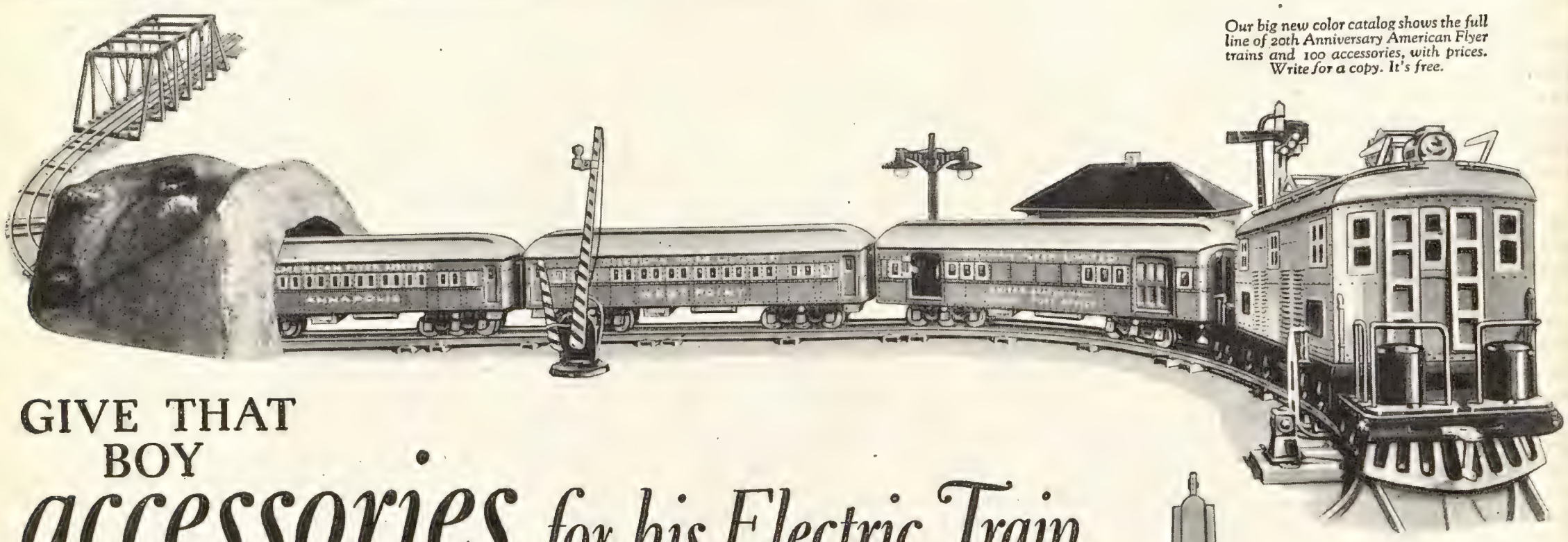
VERTICAL

1 Spiritualistic meeting
2 Yearly
3 Wince
4 Thrust violently
5 Exclamation
6 Deletes
7 Invested
8 Chamber
9 Blacksmith's block
10 Observed
11 Attempted
12 Hebrew prophet and lawgiver
13 European mountain range
14 Nothing
15 Make evident
16 Groups of species
17 Regard
26 And not
27 Spread for drying
30 Heron
33 Garret
35 Edible tuber
37 Pertaining to piracy
38 Restored to freshness
39 Turf
41 Tilt
43 Three-dimensional
44 100,000 rupees
45 Amends and revises
46 Recessed space
47 Vision
48 Dromedary
50 Space between stairs
51 Place of sacrifice
52 Tease
53 Borders
56 Measure of length
57 Allow
63 Flinch
64 Jackdaw
65 Moisture
66 City mentioned in Genesis xviii
68 Negative
71 Scrape with the forefoot
73 Portrays
74 Legislative bodies
76 Teeth of a screw
77 Scolder
78 Depository for weapons
79 Prohibit
81 Insect's egg
83 Rule for a mixture
84 More contemptible
85 Strain
87 Burdened
88 Pertaining to a wall
90 Icebergs
93 Apportion
94 River in Brazil
95 Ornamental braid
96 Risk
99 Cushion
102 Pledge



Answer to Puzzle No. 65

Our big new color catalog shows the full line of 20th Anniversary American Flyer trains and 100 accessories, with prices. Write for a copy. It's free.



GIVE THAT BOY

accessories for his Electric Train

If your boy has an electric train—or if he is going to receive one this Christmas—give him an assortment of American Flyer accessories. Nothing will please him more.

It doesn't cost you much to buy a few added lengths of track—curved or straight—and switches, crossovers, semaphores, telegraph poles, crossing gates, warning bells, arc lights, water tanks, tunnels, bridges, freight cars, passenger or freight stations. Yet how much they add to the boy's fun!

A variety of American Flyer accessories will be seen at your department, electrical or hardware store. They are realistically designed, strongly made, mechanically perfect. See also the colorful American Flyer 20th Anniversary Line of trains—*rivaled only by the rainbow*, and headed by the wide-gauge "President's Special". Electric trains, $5.75 to $55; mechanical trains, $1.25 to $5. Western prices slightly higher.

If your dealer hasn't the American Flyer equipment you want, he'll order it.

"Over six million satisfied owners"

AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO., 2233 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

"American Flyer"

Transformers Electric Trains Mechanical Trains

Why Not USE Your BANK?

© U. & U. photos

ONE of the world's largest banks, the National City of New York, and (left) its president, Charles E. Mitchell.

What It Will Do for You If You Give It a Chance

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

(Reading time: 11 minutes 10 seconds.)

YOUR bank, whether you live in Great Falls, New York City, or Hohokus, is the biggest service station of your community. Just about 5 per cent of the people use these service stations, and a large percentage of those don't know half of what a bank can do, and does do, for its customers.

Our old prejudice against banks and bankers prevents us from using them; that and sheer ignorance of the functions of a modern bank. Most of us hesitate and get nervous even when we enter a bank to cash a check, and we walk out with a guilty feeling.

When stress of circumstances compels us to go to a bank to borrow money, we are in panic; and when the fishy eye of the banker lights upon us, we stammer and get ready to plead guilty to almost anything. If we need $10,000 we weaken and beg for $5,000, and go out firmly convinced that the banker suspects us of designs to rob, swindle, cheat, and steal.

The trouble is that few of us know how to avail ourselves of the services freely offered by banks. Instead of being panicky and half awed by the banker (or rather his money), we should realize that he makes his profits by helping others make money.

The larger banks welcome most warmly the small accounts.

I was forty years learning what banks are for. Not understanding them, I half feared them. My first experience turned me against them. That was when I was about ten years old. My father offered to pay me if I would take a vacation task of cleaning up about two acres of land covered with underbrush.

At the completion of the task he gave me some money and a piece of paper, explaining that it was the same as money. The cash, of course, vanished quickly; and a few months later, desiring to raise bantam chickens, I summoned my courage and went to the bank, presented the paper, and asked for money that could be spent.

The banker knew me. He asked questions; then he laughed, called another man, and they roared. I knew they were laughing at me, and, not understanding, I was hurt. However, they gave me money—several dollars more than the paper said. I told them they had made a mistake, but they said it was all right.

I went out hurt and angry—and had no idea what it was all about until Dad came home in the evening slightly irritated over the fact that I had gone to the bank and sold his note.

THE little incident made me bank-shy. I became worthless as a money manager. In spite of a lifelong ambition to slap John D. Rockefeller on the back and call him Jack, I remained timid about approaching any one who handled money, and conceived the idea that constant contact with money hardens the soul, and that bankers are mostly old *Scrooges*.

When it became necessary to enter a bank, I did it in fear and trembling, and with some hazy idea that I was looked upon as a potential burglar. Any paying teller could make me mad just by the way he looked at a check and then at me.

There were a score of times when I could have made money had I known what credit was, or suspected that, even with my modest deposits and savings account, I could have had the assistance and the advice of men of experience. I could have borrowed money to put over deals that I gave up as impossible because I didn't have money enough in the bank to finance them.

Years later I discovered that, had I known how to use a bank and to avail myself of its offices, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to get the necessary capital.

Banks have changed; their activities have increased; and, during recent years especially, they have become humanized. They have made a determined effort to get into close touch with a greater percentage of the public.

It is odd: while the three great service stations in each community—the church, the doc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOYS! . . . get your equipment for winter sports *free!*

Are Monroe Bitzen and his friends having a good time with winter sports stuff received free from LIBERTY? Ask us another!

HOW WOULD you like to get a dandy pair of ice skates free? Or a speedy sled? Or one of those great moleskin coats to keep you warm on the coldest days when you're at play? Here's your chance! Join the great organization of LIBERTY Boy Salesmen in your own city. We'll show you how you can get many prizes free—and, in addition, earn money every week. It's easy! Thousands and thousands of boys are doing it. So can you! Just work in your spare time. Right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. We will send you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes, showing radios, bicycles, sleds, all kinds of sporting goods, etc. Here's the best chance you ever had to get free prizes and earn spending money every week! Make the most of it. For full details, mail the coupon today! Then watch for results!

Mail this today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[WHY NOT USE YOUR BANK? Continued from Page Eighty-five]

tor, and the bank—offer themselves freely, through a kink in human intelligence few ever avail themselves of the proffered advantages until a time of dire need.

The banks are trying to educate the smaller moneyed class to use them. With the tremendous growth of American business and the huge stores of money, it is necessary for banks to open new fields of investment.

Their efforts have not been entirely successful, simply because we who have little refuse to accept their invitations, either through ignorance or through shyness.

The man with a few dollars or a few hundred dollars is apt to shun the big banks, housed in their great marble-and-gilt palaces; and if he does business with banks at all, it is with the pawnbroker type. This explains why the wildcat little banks succeed—and why, when they fail, it is the ones who least can afford to, who lose.

As a matter of fact, the larger banks welcome most warmly the small accounts. They have evolved the Christmas Savings Fund, the Dime Savings Bank, children's and women's departments—every possible plan to start us saving and learning how to do business with banks. And still we refuse—or are too timid.

PERHAPS the greatest banking institution in America, if not the world—the National City Bank of New York, which deals in billions—is one of the most active in encouraging the dollar class. It and some others even pay interest monthly to the small depositors to encourage small savings accounts. That is done only to encourage saving.

This, of course, is done at a loss to the banks. In fact, few of them make money directly on checking accounts—that is, on any individual account. It is all "build-up" business to widen the contact of banks.

You would be amazed what any bank will do for you in the way of service. The wealthy and the experienced business men know—and they make the banks work for them.

After, for instance, the bank has encouraged you to start a small account with it, on the monthly compound-interest plan, it watches the account grow—often watches it more closely than you do. It tries to encourage saving until it becomes a habit.

The banker can take your monthly deposit and withdrawal reports and predict accurately whether you are going to succeed or fail in your line of business. Whenever you start an account with a bank you are building up credit as well as getting interest in cash.

Recently a young man in Brooklyn had this experience:

He had been out of college three years, working for a small salary, when his father died, leaving him a small but successful manufacturing business. The death was unexpected, and came when the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DEARBORN
"Capitol of the World's Greatest Industrial Empire"

THE EYES OF THE WORLD are focused upon Dearborn, the heart of Henry Ford's greatest industrial triumph. Here, he will dwarf all past production records.

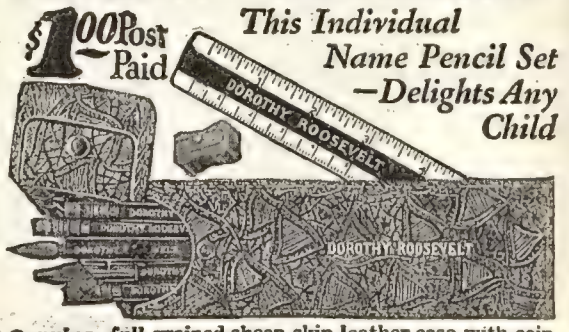
Dearborn is the logical place to live for the thousands upon thousands of men who operate the millions of dollars of machinery in the great River Rouge plants. The City of Dearborn is rushing in public utilities to speed the building of homes for Ford workers. The wonderful future of the once quaint little village of Dearborn is assured.

Will you be one of the many wise investors in Dearborn property? "Detroit"—a profusely illustrated book, tells the wonderful story of Dearborn. *You should have this book.* It is mailed *Free* upon request—write, wire or telephone.

Wanted — experienced colonization men in every state.

GLOVER WATSON ORGANIZATION, INC.
Washington Blvd. Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.

$1.00 Post Paid — *This Individual Name Pencil Set —Delights Any Child*



Genuine, full grained sheep-skin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed, containing penholder and pencils in assorted colors, point protecter, ruler and sharpener. **Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. $1.00 complete. Junior Set**—3 pencils, assorted colors, embossed leather case, **name engraved—50c.** The *Genuine "Write Gift de Luxe Set"* trade mark reg. is supreme in its class and not to be confused with ordinary pencil sets of inferior quality.

Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc., 112 Fourth Ave., L-2 N.Y.

"Heaven and Hell"

The most startling of the **profound writings of SWEDENBORG** the renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist. 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of 5c

Write for complete list of publications

THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING & PUBLISHING SOCIETY
Room 1211, 18 East 41st St., New York

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

ROUGH TRADE MARK ON RATS

Sold at all Drug Stores — Refuse Substitutes

Used the world over for generations

E. S. WELLS, Chemist JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CLOSED CAR THERMOMETER

10 SECONDS TO INSTALL—HINGED PIN ON BACK FASTENS IT SECURELY TO ANY PART OF INTERIOR
RED & BLACK ENAMEL ON NICKELED BACK
JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH $1
POSTPAID IN U. S. A.
CONN. N.P. WORKS 275 NOBLE AVE.
BRIDGEPORT-CONN.

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]
father was increasing the size of the factory.

The boy had had some experience in the factory, and took charge, to discover that he must complete the improvements and increase output rapidly—and that he must borrow money.

He went to his banker and stated the case. The banker immediately ordered the loan made and called in an expert, who, after going over the books, advised the young man how to handle the situation. He also sent a man to help at the factory, arranged for changes in the plan of paying the contractors—and all without demanding any mortgages or liens.

"We don't want to hamper you in selling," the banker explained. "Go ahead and use the money freely."

The boy was amazed and, in thanking the banker, asked him why he did it.

"I have watched your savings account," he said. "You started saving, and saved regularly; your withdrawals were for good purposes—and even when you married you did not withdraw your savings funds until you did so to take out life insurance.

"When you got a few hundred dollars past your first thousand, you came to our bond department and bought a bond. There was nothing further needed to prove that you were a good risk for any bank."

Just about 5 per cent of the people use banks, and many of those don't know half of what a bank does for its customers.

THAT is the manner in which the majority of bankers, city ones especially, judge their customers. In smaller places, where it is possible for the banker to know the customers intimately, this is unnecessary. But every banker must know his customers, and must know as much or more about their business than they do, besides judging their capacity and their honesty as individuals.

To the business man the bank is insurance—and the money it makes from his account really acts as premiums. In other words, he is paying premiums to the bank so that, when he needs money, he can secure it.

If you never do business with a bank beyond using its facilities to keep your money, to make change or cash checks, it can hardly be expected to advance you a lot of money when pressure of business demands money, or to give you an interest rate as low as it can give a regular customer.

After the bankers have lured you into saving money and watched your progress until you have accumulated $500 or $1,000, they consult with you, and if you have no business plans they advise the purchase of some high-grade bond that will yield more interest than your savings.

They lose money on these early processes, but figure it a solid investment if they can get one in four depositors as a regular customer. Modern banking is, naturally, a give-and-take affair—the prosperity of the bank depending upon that of its customers—so there is nothing unselfish about the efforts of a bank to help you.

Unless banks can encourage and stimulate business, they cannot keep their stores of money busy; and unless they can keep their money working, dividends drop.

You have no idea what a bank will do for a customer. The big banking organizations hire the best experts they can get. They keep closer in touch with business conditions and know more about how to handle a business than the owner possibly can, unless he is a financier.

The great majority of business men are salesmen rather than financiers. They understand buying and selling goods, but when it comes to manipulating finances advantageously, most of them are lost.

One of the worst types is the fellow who "shops around" banks to see whether he can borrow money at a slightly lower rate from one than from another, instead of selecting a reliable bank and sticking to it.

The regular customer will get the better of the rates in the long run, and when he needs money quickly, an established relationship with one bank is like money on deposit.

I have a friend, an excellent salesman, who went into business for himself with (as is usually the case) insufficient capital. He was making money, but was constantly hampered by lack of capital, and unable to expand his business, although the field opened rapidly and his opportunity was evident.

He ran around among his friends, soliciting capital, and finally some one suggested he consult his banker. He had used the bank as a depository and had borrowed small amounts.

"Bring in your books," the banker ordered. "We'll study them and let you know."

Two days later the banker telephoned to him.

"We are prepared to put $50,000 at your service," he said.

"But I only need $25,000."

"Perhaps—but twice as much will put it over more quickly."

"I'll check out what I need."

"No; it is like throwing money away to borrow and let the money lie idle. We'll advise you how to proceed."

THEIR experts handled the entire matter for him: advised as to amount of purchases, helped him buy stock at the opportune minute and get the heaviest discounts, and put him in a position to take the cream of the season's trade.

He offered stock and plant as security, but the bank declined them.

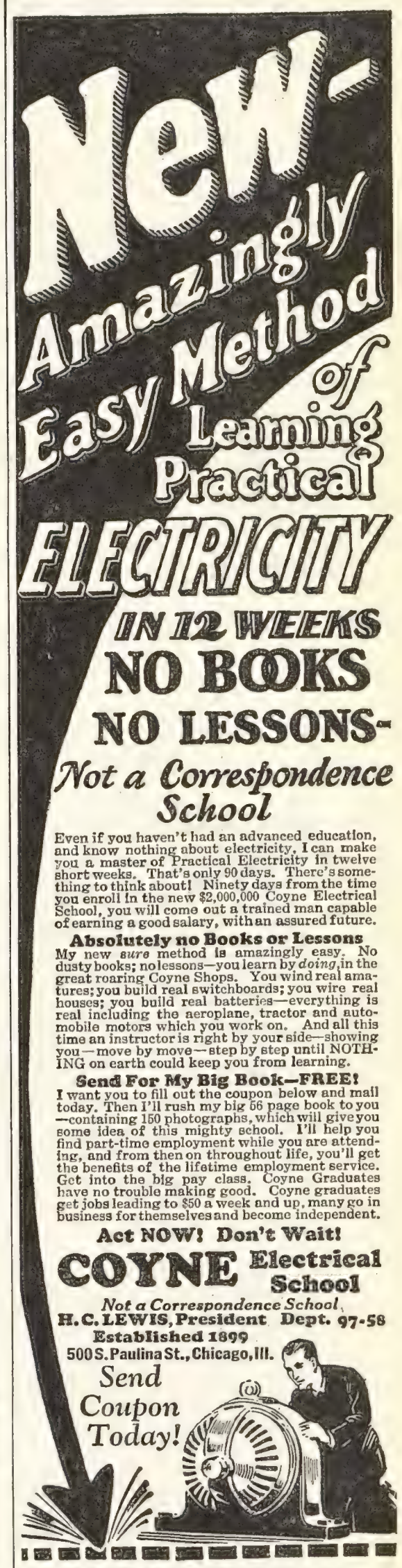
"No," the banker said. "You'll move faster if not hampered, and you will make more money."

Which proved to be true.

This is not an isolated case. Bankers in New York estimate that more than three-quarters of all business houses in the city use their banks in that way—especially in stocking for holiday trade, or for laying in big supplies of raw material at advantageous times.

In those cases the bankers lend quickly to regular customers in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



H·A·I·R
that bespeaks→
Individual Expression

Billie Dove is an outstanding screen star whose glorious hair tells its own story of *personal* supervision.

DO I make it quite clear when I say I have tried many hair rinse suggestions — and invariably return to *real* fresh lemon juice—immediately. Truly, I do not feel my hair is soft and clean and brilliant until I have rinsed with *real* lemon juice.

Emil washes my hair, with say two lively soapings, then rinses and rinses to clear out all the soap. Then into a fresh bowl of water* goes the juice of two juicy California lemons.

Emil mixes this vigorously, then gives my hair a *great* rinsing—and all that disagreeable soapiness is washed out.

Then comes a rinse in clear water—and back comes the glorious gloss —each time, a trifle glossier, it seems to me.

Billie Dove

(*Four quarts)

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on margin of this page, tear off and mail to

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 912, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California

[WHY NOT USE YOUR BANK? Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

good standing, and without mortgage or lien securities.

The people who really know how to use a bank, and who discover how willing the modern one is to assist regular clients, are inclined to appeal to the bank for aid in any or all emergencies. For instance,

Our old prejudice against banks and bankers prevents us from using them.

in one week in one branch of the National City in New York, these were some of the things the bank was asked to do:

Advise a client which college to send a son to, and how to regulate his allowance to check a tendency to wildness and spending.

To select a girls' preparatory school of a certain type for the daughters of a merchant.

To arrange a budget for a college youth and to fix periodic payments to him.

To select banks and arrange credits for a party planning a year in Europe: to choose the steamship, engage the passage, and arrange with their corresponding banks in European cities to have reservations made for the party.

To buy $40,000 worth of bonds and "use your own judgment."

To advise a customer, who owned a number of high-grade stocks and bonds which he did not want to sell, how to buy a lot and build a home without selling the high-grade securities. (They worked it out for him so that his interest on the bonds, etc., would more than cover interest payments on the mortgage.)

PERHAPS the most unusual call of the week came from a woman whose husband was a big customer with a large deposit. She had returned from a matinée the preceding afternoon to discover that her husband had taken unto himself another woman and departed for parts unknown.

She wanted to know what to do —and, beyond advising her to see her lawyer and get quick court action to tie up the husband's cash, the bank could do nothing. She had not even a joint interest in the funds.

Before she left, a man came in for information regarding a fishing trip in Canada and its probable cost—and got it.

All these things are outside of banking. Yet the banker has to know them, or have some one in his organization who does, to advise customers who use the bank as a public service station.

The proper way to use a bank sanely and to the advantage of both bank and customer, was pointed out by Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank and the National City Company.

HIS rules, briefly, are:

Start with your local bank, and start early in life.

Among several safe banks, choose the one whose officers are most progressive and who keep in closest touch with current affairs.

Maintain intimate relations with your bank.

Borrow as necessity arises. It is throwing money away to borrow and let money remain idle.

The amount any bank may loan is limited by law. As your business increases until your money requirements may exceed the lending limit of one bank, take on a new one—usually in another city.

In choosing a second bank, choose one large enough to cover your needs—which means a larger city bank.

Do not have a long string of banks.

Keep a fair-sized deposit, although never an artificially large one.

Do not shop around for rates or try to shade discounts. If you think a bank is not giving you fair rates, go to another one.

Make certain, by frequent personal calls, that your bank knows you and knows what you are doing.

Keep your bank supplied with information about your business and, if possible, with audits prepared by professional auditors.

Get out of the books of the bank at least once a year on your borrowings. Examiners always criticize loans of long standing, because the chances are the borrower is using the money as capital.

Whenever a bank becomes unduly technical or set in its ways, make a change.

THE END

Fat Goes
Without Starving

Perhaps you have exercised and dieted, and learned some of the ill effects. Now try an easy, pleasant way.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It acts to correct the cause. People have used it for 20 years, so the place it holds has been secured by countless demonstrations.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

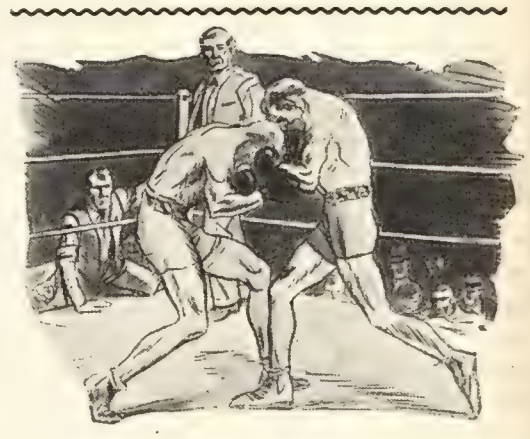
You see the results wherever you look today. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. Ask your own friends what Marmola did for them.

You should try Marmola in justice to yourself. Watch the reduction, watch the new vitality that comes. Then tell your friends. The greatest kindness you can do the over-fat today is to tell them this easy, pleasant way to reduce.

Go try it now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



He-Man Stuff!

LIBERTY is packed with man-interests. Boxing, golf, aviation, business, history—all the diversified interests of men are covered in a lively, informative way. Every article of genuine value for future reference.

Save your LIBERTYS, gentlemen. Every day we receive requests for back numbers from men who can profitably use the information they recall having read in LIBERTY.

We can't supply back issues. **Save yourself future disappointment by saving your LIBERTYS *now*. LIBERTY Binder holds 3 months' issues. Easy to operate — nothing mechanical to fuss over. Makes a beautiful book in black leatherette, gold stamping. Send coupon and 80¢ for one *today*.**

80¢ MAIL COUPON NOW 80¢

LIBERTY Binder Dept.,
247 Park Ave., New York.

80 cents herewith. Send me Binder to hold 3 months' issues of LIBERTY.

Name.....

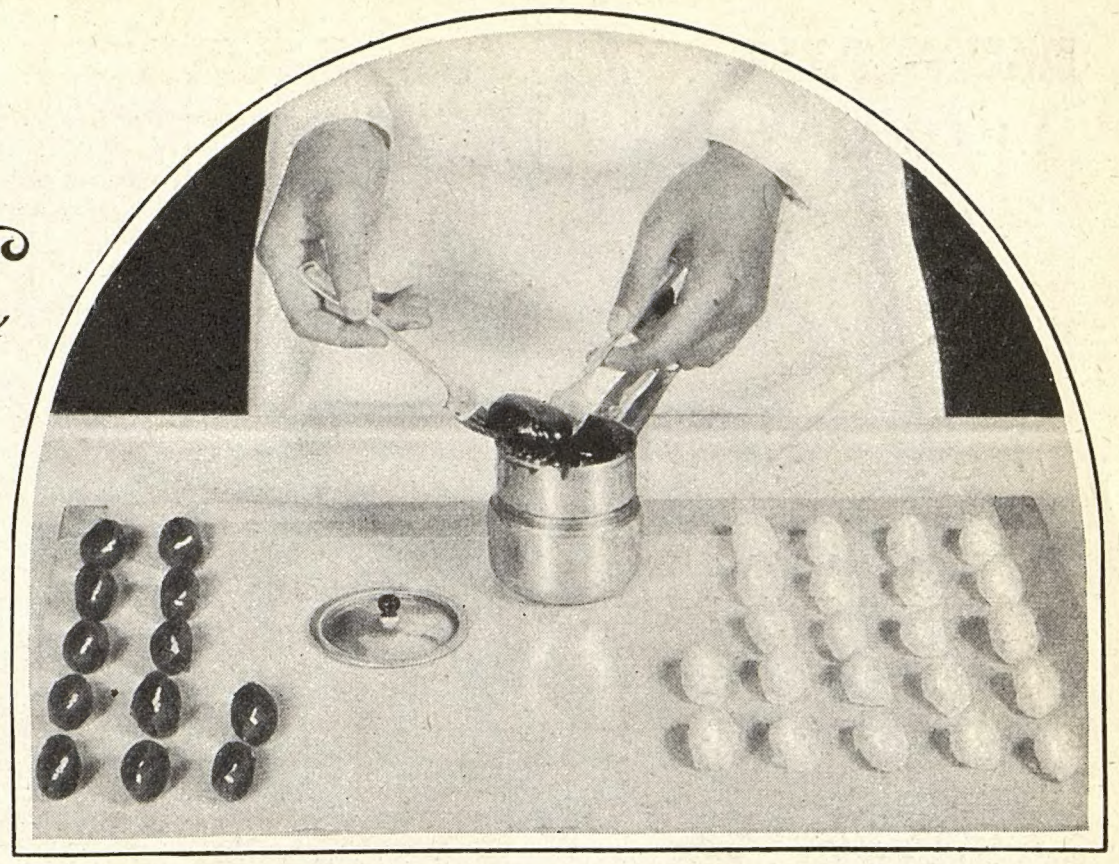
Address.....

City..... State.....

12-10-27

Christmas-time Is CANDY-TIME

By ETHEL SOMERS



TWO forks and a tiny double boiler from the ten-cent store are all the accessories needed for making dipped chocolate creams comparable to the professional product.

CANDY-MAKING is a fascinating art, and professional results are readily attained if one selects recipes in keeping with one's skill. For the adept at sugar cookery there is nothing that will compare with the possible combinations and variations of the cooked fondants.

For amateurs we suggest uncooked fondants, fudge, and fruit candies. Both the cooked and the uncooked fondants may be made up into patties, decorated bonbons, chocolate creams, and stuffed fruits.

COOKED fondants, such as the following, should be made up into bonbons or chocolate creams several weeks before Christmas, and packed in air-tight wax-paper wrappings so that the candy may ripen without drying out.

Plain Fondant

(May be kept air-tight indefinitely before dipping)

2 cups sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup water
*¼ teaspoon flavoring

Velvet Fondant

(May be kept air-tight indefinitely before dipping)

2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons glucose or white corn syrup
1 cup water
*¼ teaspoon flavoring

Whipped-Cream Fondant

(Must be shaped and dipped the same day it is made)

2 cups sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup water
*1 stiffly beaten egg white
*¼ teaspoon flavoring

Butter-Cream Fondant

(Must be shaped and dipped the same day it is made)

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
OR
2 tablespoons corn syrup
*1/6 cup butter
*¼ teaspoon flavoring

PUT all of the ingredients of the recipe to be used, except those marked with an asterisk (*), into a perfectly smooth saucepan. Stir until the sugar is practically all dissolved. Place on a hot fire or quick flame. (Slow cooking will produce an undesirable gummy product.) Stir until the sugar is *thoroughly* dissolved, but be careful not to stir it after the syrup starts to boil.

Wrap a fork with a piece of damp cheesecloth and use it to wash off any crystals or grains of sugar that may be on the sides of the pan. This is most easily done by dipping the fork into water, preferably hot water, and then rubbing it well over all of the exposed area inside the pan. Redip the fork in the water as often as may be necessary to keep it freed of crystals. (Remember that a single crystal of undissolved sugar or the slightest stirring or jarring after the boiling point is reached may cause the candy to be grainy.)

Cover the pan tightly during the first 5 minutes of the boiling, in order that the steam may collect and dissolve off any grains of sugar which may have escaped being washed down. Remove the cover and let the syrup boil to the soft-ball stage (or 238° F.) for Plain and Velvet Fondant. Cook to 242° F. for Whipped-Cream and Butter-Cream Fondant.

At this stage a few drops of the candy syrup when dropped into ice-cold water may be gathered into a ball and picked up in the fingers. The ball will, however, flatten out quickly as it becomes warm from handling. Care must be taken to make sure that the water is cold for this test. Some skill is required to judge the proper softness of the ball, and therefore it is far safer to use the thermometer test, which insures success the first time. Remove from the fire. Lift out the thermometer gently, being careful not to disturb the syrup. Place the thermometer, figure side up, in the center of a damp platter which has been previously cooled by soaking in cold water.

After the candy ceases to bubble, pour it gently on to the prepared platter (do not pour from a height because of the possibility of jarring). Do *not* scrape the pan. Let cool to a point anywhere between 80° and 105° F., or until the candy no longer feels warm to the hand. There should be no signs of a grainy crust over the top or on the edges. Such granules indicate a grainy, finished product. Remedy by adding the original amount of water and cream of tartar called for in the recipe, and proceed more carefully to cook it over. Then place the remaining ingredients, which are the ones marked off by the asterisk (*), on top of the cooled candy.

Coloring may be added at this stage or kneaded into the candy after it is finished. Using a spatula knife or large fork, beat the candy with a stroking motion until it begins to crystallize. At this point the mass suddenly softens, after which it becomes very stiff if it is not taken up quickly and kneaded soft and smooth *at once*. No harm can result from taking it up too quickly, except that the mass will be sticky and hard to handle. So, as soon as the clear candy starts to turn a pretty white, watch out for this softening, which is caused by the heat given off during crystallization. Pick up the candy quickly and knead and squeeze vigorously. Knead until the ball of fondant is smooth and free from lumps. Cover with a damp cloth and keep air-tight until used.

Uncooked Fondants, such as those in the third column, do not keep well. They are best made up into candies the same day and then packed in air-tight boxes to be kept not over one week.

IF breakfast tastes like supper, if luncheon tastes like breakfast, and if dinner tastes awful—it may be you need a change of meals. Try the new ones given in LIBERTY'S three recipe books: 100 Standard Recipes (substantial meals); Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks (light luncheon guide); and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes (suggestions a hostess can always use). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
12-10-27

Plain Fondant

1 pound XXXX sugar
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
½ teaspoon flavoring

Creamy Fondant

1 pound XXXX sugar
1 stiffly beaten egg white
1 tablespoon rich cream
OR
1½ tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon flavoring

Chocolate Fondant

2 cups XXXX sugar
1 stiffly beaten egg white
1½ tablespoons butter, melted
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon cream
½ teaspoon vanilla

BE careful in selecting the sugar. Do not be satisfied with powdered, pulverized, or confectioner's sugar unless it is stamped XXXX. Such sugar is very fine and less apt to give a grainy product. Sift the sugar to remove all lumps. Add the cocoa, if used. Gradually sift the sugar into the stiffly beaten egg white, stopping when the mixture is stiff enough to be easily handled. The exact amount of sugar depends on the size of the egg white. Add the flavoring and other ingredients called for in the recipe. Knead vigorously or until smooth and creamy. Do not add any more sugar unless it is impossible to handle the candy otherwise. The softer the uncooked fondant is when made, the creamier the product will be and the better its keeping qualities.

Chocolate for Dipping the Fondant Centers

(To coat about 2 pounds of candy)

½ pound bitter chocolate
¼ pound sweet chocolate
1 tablespoon grated cocoa butter

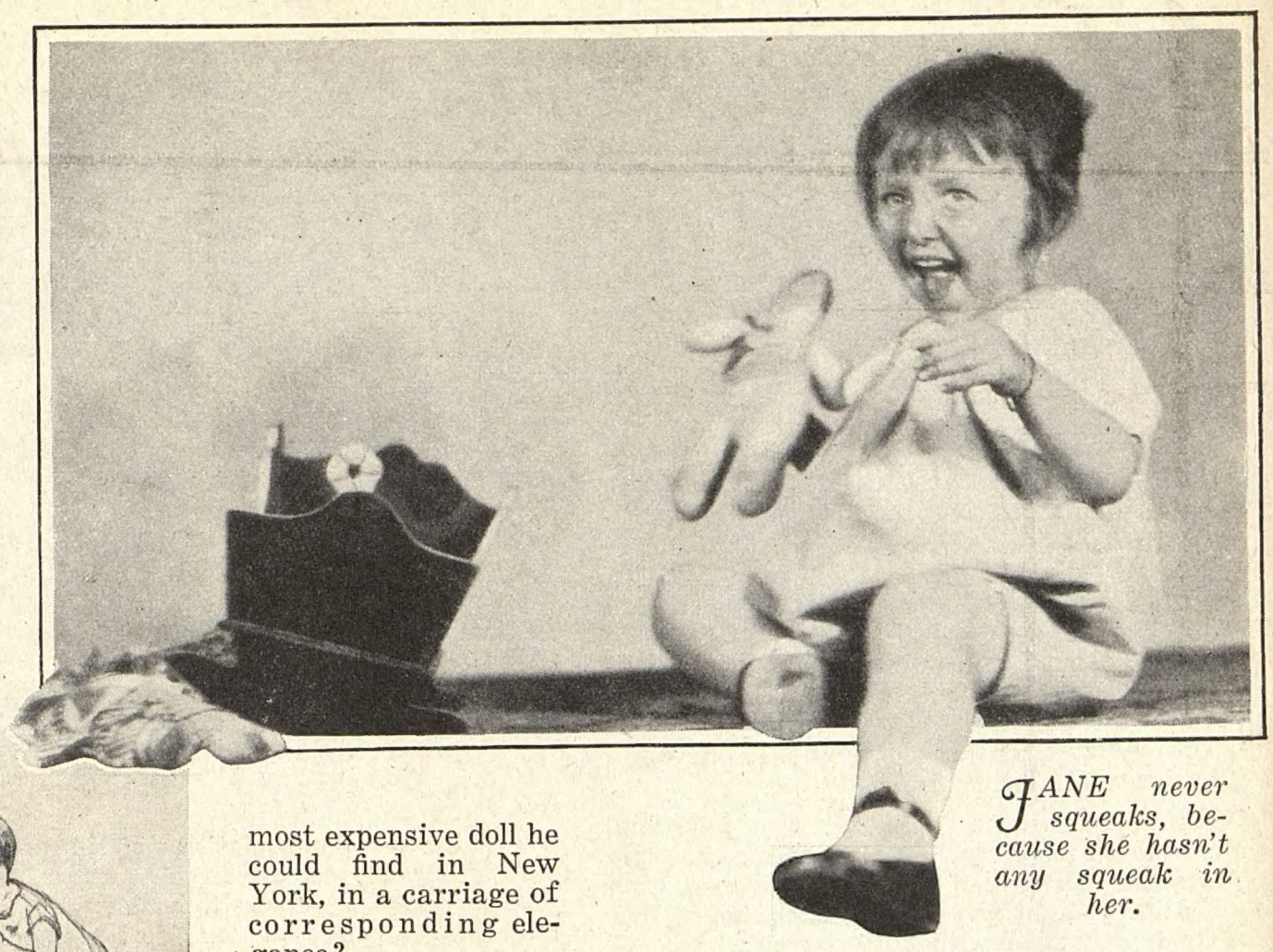
CUT the chocolate fine and mix in the cocoa butter. Place over hot, *not* boiling, water. (Tiny double boilers are excellent for dipping candy.) Remove from the fire as soon as the chocolate around the outer edges starts to melt. When it has melted on both the sides and the bottom of the pan, remove from the hot water. Beat until thoroughly melted. The caution to be observed is to simply melt the chocolate, not heat it. The chocolate must never get hotter than 80° F. A tablespoon of melted paraffin may or may not be added to the melted chocolate. If used it will make the dipping easier. Working in a cool room will accomplish the same results without its use. Keep the chocolate melted by placing over water at 80° F. Drop the shaped fondant centers, one at a time, into the melted chocolate. Remove with a small fork or steel skewer. Hold a minute to drain, and place on waxed paper mounted on a chilled board or marble slab. The cold surface underneath will prevent a heavy ring of chocolate at the base of the chocolate cream. When the dipped candies are hardened, remove and pack in air-tight boxes to ripen.

DIPPED BONBONS are made by using melted colored fondant in place of the chocolate. Care must be taken not to overheat it, as it may become grainy if so abused. If the melted fondant coating stiffens during the dipping, it may be necessary to thin it a bit with cream and reheat before proceeding.

I *Don't* WANT *to be* Dignified

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 3 minutes 50 seconds.)



JANE never squeaks, because she hasn't any squeak in her.

DEAR WORLD:

"I wonder why it is that youngsters shower the most affection on the most disreputable - looking member of their doll families?" Aunt Toni asked Mudder.

Yes, I have to start calling her Mudder now that I am big enough to pronounce it prop-er-ly. Although someone around our house says it will not be 'xactly proper until my *d*s thaw out, whatever is meant by that. I can't see, myself, why my Mommy wants to be called Mudder, unless it is that it makes her feel more important when she stands over me and says: "Did you hear what Mudder said, Toni?" Per-son-ally, I much prefer Mom or Mommy. It's chummier. She doesn't seem so big or so far away. Mudder sounds like law and order to me, if you get what I mean. Neither of which I am much in favor of.

I do hope I'll never have to start saying, "Yes, Fadder." Because Daddy just fits. He doesn't expect me to be dig-ni-fied or a lady or any of the things I don't want to be myself.

Do you know what Daddy's teaching me to do now? To fight! Make my arms go like this, and dodge when his go like that. He says:

"Who knows what the girls of her generation will be doing a few years hence? Maybe Toni will be the first girl to fly across the ropes in a fight arena, and I want to train her so she'll stop this side of the bleachers."

Mommy—Mudder, I mean—doesn't take very kindly to the idea.

"I don't intend to raise my daughter to be a fighter," she says. "And, besides, she has too much fight in her as it is."

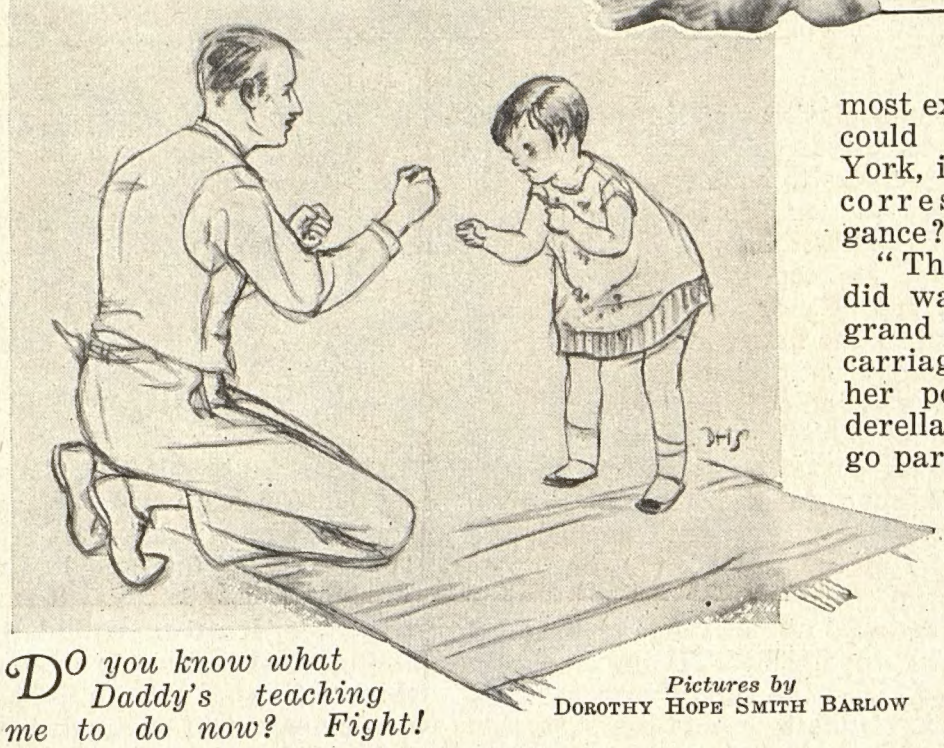
"Most women have," says Daddy, raising his arm to avoid any sudden blow. "The trouble with them, though, is they don't know the rules and they don't fight fair—"

"They don't, don't they?" says Mom. "For instance?"

"Well, ferninstance," says Daddy, warming up as if he were expecting something good to come off, "how about those alimony ladies and pocket-riflers and gold-diggers and—"

"Let's change the subject, Daddy," said Mom. "It's no conversation for Toni to be listening in on."

"We were talking about youngsters loving the most disreputable doll they own," Aunty interrupted, feeling also that the subject was in need of changing. "Do you remember Mary Louise, the Christmas her uncle sent her the most expensive doll he could find in New York, in a carriage of corresponding elegance?



DO you know what Daddy's teaching me to do now? Fight!

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

"The first thing she did was to yank the grand lady out of the carriage and install her poor little Cinderella in its place and go parading down the street to show her off!

"The female heart," she continued, scratching her head to find an explanation, "must be divided off into partitions, with the largest one reserved for the black sheep. Look at Mrs. Carey. The wildest in her flock gets more affection and spoiling than all the good ones. It must be something born in the critter, over which she has no control. The old mother complex—loving most what needs her love most."

"Look at Jane," says Mom. "Was there ever a mangier creature to get such affection? You should have heard the fuss Toni made when I tried to substitute a new Jane for the old one! The new one was the identical same doll, except that the old one had lost her eyes, her nose was punched in, her hair half off, and her dress in rags.

"The fact that Jane had lost her physical attributes as well as her reputation for being a nice, if not beautiful, being made no difference in Toni's affections. She couldn't be replaced."

I never, never wonder why
I love my Jane the mostest.
For she is she
And I am I—
And that's the biggest reason why,
Of all my dolls, she's clostest.

I don't think Jane's dis-rept-i-bubble,
For she is far the leastest trouble.
About her clothes she isn't fussy,
And she doesn't care if I am mussy,
Which I like to be
And so does she—
Which makes another reason why we both agree.

If I were Jane and she were me,
Her fav-or-ite I know I'd be;
For I love her and she loves me—
Which are reasons enough,
Since that makes THREE.

How can anybody 'splain why we love someone more than someone else? And why do people think the one you love should be all dressed up? It isn't nearly so comfortable when you want to hug and kiss.

Aunty brought me a doll from Paris, but she is so prim and proper I don't like to play with her. You know how it is with girls like that. You've got to be so par-tic-u-lar that you don't hurt their feelings. She is such a silly, too. Hasn't sense enough to let her arms drop down if you put them up. She'll sit a whole day like that.

A good little girl that does everything she is told. *Ouch!*

JANE hasn't any hinges and not much spine. Mom says if she had a little more of the latter, she wouldn't stand for the treatment I give her. She never squeaks like Fifi, because she hasn't any squeak in her.

But she sits alongside of me while I eat and I feed her oatmeal, and this way don't have to eat so much of it myself. Her left eye fell out one day and rolled away so far we couldn't find it. We looked so hard I guess that was the reason the other one fell out too. It must be hard not to have one eye even to see with, and that's why I have to spend so much time with her—so I can tell her everything that's going on so she won't miss her eyes too much.

"The female heart must be divided into partitions, with the largest one for the black sheep."

She doesn't mind if she isn't beautiful, for she says:

She hasn't any eyes
To fill with tears.
She never, never cries
When they're washing 'hind her ears
(Because she hasn't any).

She hasn't any figure,
And very little hair.
Unlike a lot of other Janes,
Her life is free from care.

What does Toni want for Christmas? Plenty, as she modestly outlines next week.

WURLITZER
PIANOS

Reproducing	$6,750 to $675
Period Grands	$5,000 to $735
Grands	$2,500 to $625
Players	$665 to $435
Uprights	$475 to $295

Plus transportation

WURLITZER
TREASURE CHEST OF MUSIC

A beautiful Grand Piano that plays for you. At a touch of the control button, dance numbers, popular airs, selections from the opera are rendered as though by a master artist . . .

$995, plus transportation

The most popular Upright Piano in America ~~ a WURLITZER

SMALL in size, low in price, charming in performance—this remarkable little Wurlitzer Studio Upright is an achievement in modern piano building. It places the joy and inspiration of owning a fine piano within the reach of all.

In size, it is suitable for even the small home or apartment, requiring much less space than a standard upright. And the price, $295, with convenient terms of payment, fits any income.

See this marvelous little instrument, and you will be enchanted with its grace of line and beauty of finish. Hear it, and you will be delighted by the full, rich volume, the golden tonal qualities, that characterize every Wurlitzer.

Visit your nearest Wurlitzer dealer,
or write to us for photographs,
and convenient terms of payment.

WURLITZER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Dealers and Branches Everywhere

UPRIGHT PIANO DIVISION,
N. TONAWANDA, N. Y.

GRAND PIANO DIVISION,
DeKALB, ILLINOIS

© 1927 Wurlitzer

ATWATER KENT RADIO

It's good *after* Christmas, *too*

MANY men and women who wanted to offer their families something more than the pleasure of a day have chosen Atwater Kent Radio as their principal Christmas gift.

This year even more people will solve their Christmas problems in the same enduring way. For here, in these simple, beautiful, reliable instruments, is happiness that lasts.

If *your* home lacks Radio — is not Christmas the time to put it there? Or, if you have a set which does not do justice to the really fine programs — what better can you do than replace it with Atwater Kent Radio?

Through the months, the years, every day will renew the satisfaction of the first day and gratitude to the thoughtful giver.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4749 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. The result of nearly three years' laboratory work. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 9 feet of flexible cord.

MODEL 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Crystalline-finished cabinet; gold-plated ship-model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada.

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002.

MODEL H RADIO SPEAKER in two shades of brown. Crystalline finish; with 9 feet of flexible cord.

"B" Power Unit

MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob.

MODEL 33, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver with antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob.

"B" Power Unit. Automatically controlled by switch on receiving set. Plugs into A.C. light socket. Delivers up to 135 volts. Operates Atwater Kent Receivers or other make consuming not more than 40 milliamperes. Approved by National Board of Fire Underwriters. Brown crystalline finish, including long-life rectifying tube and 7-foot flexible cord. Type R, for 60-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current. Type S, for 25-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current.